The Reformed Church Hymnal

ORDER OF WORSHIP PARTIAL EDITION

Roger C. Weiner

Donor
Roger C. Hemer

ORDER OF WORSHIP

[PARTIAL EDITION]

FOR THE

REFORMED CHURCH

IN THE

UNITED STATES.

Worship the Lord in the beauty o. holiness.

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THE REGULAR SERVICE

OF

THE LORD'S DAY.

HAVING taken his place on the right of the altar, the Congregation also standing up, the Minister shall say as follows:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD: If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Let us, therefore, humble ourselves before the throne of Almighty God, our heavenly Father, and confess our manifold sins and transgressions with lowly and contrite hearts, that we may obtain forgiveness of the same through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Then the Minister and Congregation shall kneel, and repeat the following *Confession.*

ALMIGHTY and most merciful God, our heavenly Father, we cast ourselves down before Thee, under a deep sense of our unworthiness and guilt. We have grievously sinned against Thee, in thought, in word, and in deed. We have come short of Thy glory. We have broken Thy commandments, and turned aside every one of us from the way of life; and in us there is no soundness nor health. Yet now, O most merciful Father, hear us when we call upon Thee with penitent hearts; and for the sake of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, have mercy upon us. Pardon our sins, and grant us Thy peace. Take away our guilt. Purify us, by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, from all inward uncleanness; and make us able and willing to serve Thee in newness of life to the glory of Thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then shall the Minister rise, and pronounce to the Congregation, still kneeling, the following *Declaration of Pardon.*

HEARKEN now unto the comforting assurance of the grace of God, promised in the Gospel to all that repent and believe: As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Unto as many of you, therefore, beloved brethren, as truly repent of your sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, with full purpose of new obedience, I announce and declare, by the authority and in the

name of Christ, that your sins are forgiven in heaven, according to His promise in the Gospel, through the perfect merit of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Here, and at the end of every Collect and Prayer, the Congregation shall say:

Amen.

The Congregation shall now rise, and join with the Minister in repeating the *Apostles' Creed;* immediately after which shall be sung, chanted or recited, the *Gloria in Excelsis;* all in the following order.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hades; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

Minister. Praise ye the Lord.
Congregation. The Lord's name be praised.

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee,

we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sin of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Then shall the Minister read the proper *Gospel* and *Epistle* for the day; adding, so far as he may see fit, other portions of Scripture.

After the reading, the service shall proceed thus, the Congregation rising:

M. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

C. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

M. The Lord be with you.

C. And with thy spirit.

M. Let us pray.

Then shall be offered the *Collect* for the day, and after this the following *General Prayer;* except that, on Festival days, the first two Collects of the same shall be omitted and the proper Festival Prayer used in their stead.

[During Lent, or in other seasons of humiliation, the *Litany* may take the place of the General Prayer.]

ALMIGHTY GOD, Father of all mercies, we, Thine unworthy servants, do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving kindness to us, and to all men. We praise Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech Thee, give us such due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

GOD of all power and glory, who hast not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, perfect and fulfill in us, we beseech Thee, the work of Thy redeeming mercy; that, being delivered more and more from our sins, we may be able to serve Thee in newness of life. Sanctify us in body, soul, and spirit; and guide us evermore in the way of peace. Help us to overcome the world. Beat down Satan under our feet. Give us courage to confess Christ always; and patience to endure in His service unto the end; that having finished our course with joy, we may rest in hope, and attain finally to the re-

surrection of the just, through the infinite merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

O Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, cause Thy blessing, we beseech Thee, to rest upon the Church, which He has purchased with His most precious blood. Illuminate her ministers with true knowledge and understanding of Thy word Send down the healthful dew of Thy grace upon all her congregations. Deliver her from false doctrine, heresy and schism; and clothe her with the beauty of holiness and peace. Establish and reveal Thy glory among all nations. By the tranquil working of Thy perpetual Providence, confound and destroy all wicked devices formed against Thy holy Word, and bring in speedily the full victory of Thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty God, King of kings and Lord of lords, from whom proceedeth all power and dominion in heaven and on earth, most heartily we beseech Thee to look with favor upon Thy servants, the President of the United States, the Governor of this Commonwealth, and all others in authority. Imbue them with the spirit of wisdom, goodness, and truth; and so rule their hearts, and bless their endeavors, that law and order, justice and peace may every where prevail. Preserve us from public calamities; from pestilence and famine; from war, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; but especially from national sins and corruption. Make us strong and great in the fear o'

God, and in the love of righteousness; so that being blessed of Thee, we may become a blessing to all nations, to the praise of the glory of Thy grace through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

O God, The Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we implore Thy mercy in behalf of all classes and conditions of men; that it may please Thee to visit them with Thy most compassionate help, according to their manifold necessities and wants. Especially do we beseech Thee to show pity upon all widows and orphans; upon all prisoners and captives; upon all sick and dying persons; upon those who are desolate or sore afflicted in any way; and upon all such as are persecuted for righteousness' sake. Enable them to look unto Thee, O most merciful Father, and to call upon Thy name, that they may find Thee a present Saviour in their affliction and distress. And let it please Thee to deliver them, and raise them up in due time, giving them patience under all their sufferings, the rich comfort of Thy grace here below, and eternal rest with Thee in heaven, through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Here may be introduced any special *Collect* or *Collects* suitable to the occasion.

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee, and dost promise that where two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge

of Thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting. *Amen.*

A suitable *Psalm* or *Hymn* shall now be sung.

Then the Minister, having taken his place in the pulpit, shall proceed to deliver the *Sermon.* This should be in harmony with the general order of the Church Year.

After the Sermon, the service shall be continued as follows:

M. Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY God, Fountain of all goodness and truth, receive our thanks for the lively oracles of Thy grace, which are able to make us wise unto everlasting life; and mercifully grant, we beseech Thee, that the words, which we have heard this day with our outward ears, may through Thy blessing be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth in us the fruit of good living; to the honor and praise of Thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O GOD, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom; defend us, Thy humble servants, in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in Thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries, through the might of our glorious Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Here let the People join aloud in the *Lord's Prayer.*

OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in

earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

The Deacons shall now collect the *Alms* of the People; and the Minister may make any necessary *Announcements.*

Then a *Psalm* or *Hymn* shall be sung, ending with a *Doxology.*

After which the Minister shall close the whole service with the *Apostolic Benediction.*

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

THE EVENING SERVICE.

Having taken his place at the altar, the Congregation also standing up, the Minister shall say as follows:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY GOD, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our minds, we beseech Thee, by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that, being delivered from every unholy motion of the flesh and spirit, we may perfectly love Thee, with a pure heart and sanctified lips worship Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Here, and at the end of every Collect and Prayer, the Congregation shall say:

Amen.

A Psalm or Hymn shall now be sung.

Then shall the Congregation rise, and join with the Minister in repeating the *Apostles' Creed;* immediately after which shall be chanted, or recited, the *Gloria Patri;* all in the following order.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hades; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

Minister. Praise ye the Lord.
Congregation. The Lord's name be praised.

M. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:
C. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Then shall the Minister read the *Evening Lessons*, as indicated in the Table of Scripture Lessons.

After the reading, the service shall proceed thus, the Congregation rising:

M. The Lord be with you.
C. And with thy spirit.

M. Let us pray

M. Create in us a clean heart, O God:
C. And renew a right spirit within us.

M. Cast us not away from Thy presence:
C. And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.

Then shall be offered the *Collect* for the day, and after this the following *General Prayer.*

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may by Thy protection pass our time in peace and quietness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O Lord, our heavenly Father, by whose almighty power we have been preserved this day, and to whom the darkness and the light are both alike; by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; and so refresh our weary nature with the help which our weakness needs, that we may behold the dawn and the day with joyfulness, and be devoted to Thee both in body and soul, for the love of Thine only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

In goodness art Thou exalted, O Lord, our Father, for ever and ever. We magnify Thee, we praise Thee, we worship Thee, we give thanks unto Thee for Thy bountiful providence, for all the blessings of the present life and all the hopes of a better life to come; let

the memory of Thy goodness, we beseech Thee, fill our hearts with joy and thankfulness unto our life's end; and let no unworthiness of ours provoke Thee to withhold from us any needed good, seeing that all Thy blessings come not by our desert, but only through the merit and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who hast promised to reveal Thy glory by Jesus Christ among all nations; remember, we beseech Thee, Thy holy Church throughout all the world; unite all who profess and call themselves Christians in the bond of a holy faith as one body, and so replenish them and us with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may bring forth abundantly the fruits of peace and good works; and that, having persevered in the way of godliness to the end, we may, with prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors and saints of all ages, come into full communion with Thee and with one another in Thine eternal and glorious kingdom; through the mediation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

O MOST powerful Lord God, King of kings, and Lord of lords, who alone ordainest the powers that be; take under Thy most gracious government and guidance, we beseech Thee, Thy servants, the President of the United States, the Governor of this Commonwealth, and all others in authority; and so enrich them with heavenly wisdom and grace, that they may attain Thine everlasting favor, and we lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all godliness and honesty; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY and most merciful God, who art a seasonable refuge in time of trouble; let the prayers of those who, in tribulation or any sort of extremity, cry unto Thee, reach Thy merciful ears, and grant them relief according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions; for the sake of the suffering and sorrow of Thy dear Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Here may be introduced any special *Collect* or *Collects* suitable to the occasion.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee, and dost promise that where two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting. *Amen.*

A suitable *Psalm* or *Hymn* shall now be sung.

Then the Minister, having taken his place in the pulpit, shall proceed to deliver the *Sermon*, or he may expound in course a portion of the *Heidelberg Catechism*.

After the Sermon, the service shall be continued as follows:

M. Let us pray.

O GOD, who didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful people by sending to them the light of Thy Holy Spirit; grant unto us by the same Spirit to have a right

understanding of Thy saving truth. Visit, we pray Thee, this congregation with Thy love and favor; enlighten their minds more and more with the light of the everlasting gospel; graft in their hearts a love of the truth; increase in them true religion; nourish them with all goodness; and of Thy great mercy keep them in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Here let the People join aloud in the *Lord's Prayer.*

OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

The Deacons shall now collect the *Alms* of the people; and the Minister may make any necessary *Announcements.*

Then a *Psalm* or *Hymn* shall be sung, ending with a *Doxology.*

After which the Minister shall close the whole service with the *Apostolic Benediction.*

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

THE LITANY.

Minister. O God the Father in heaven; have mercy upon us.

Congregation. Have mercy upon us.

M. O God the Son, Redeemer of the world; have mercy upon us.

C. Have mercy upon us.

M. O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son; have mercy upon us.

C. Have mercy upon us.

M. O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God; have mercy upon us.

C. Have mercy upon us.

M. Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take Thou vengeance of our sins: spare us, good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood and be not angry with us for ever.

C. Spare us, good Lord.

M. From all evil and harm; from the power of sin, and the snares of the devil; from Thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. From all blindness of heart; from pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. From all impure lusts and desires; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. From lightning, tempest, and earthquake; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from all disasters by land and by water; from battle and murder, and from sudden death;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. From tumult and riot; from sedition and rebellion; from heresy and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy word and authority;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. By the mystery of Thy holy incarnation; by Thy holy nativity and circumcision; by Thy baptism, fasting, and temptation;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. By Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy cross and passion; by Thy precious death and burial; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. We sinners do beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

C. Son of God, we beseech Thee to hear us.

M. That it may please Thee to keep us in all time of temptation and heaviness; to comfort and help all the weak-hearted; to raise up them that fall, and finally to beat down Satan under our feet;

C. We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

M. That it may please Thee to succor, help, and comfort all that are in danger, necessity and tribulation;

C. We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

M. That it may please Thee to preserve all travellers and strangers, all women in the perils of childbirth, all sick persons, and young children, and to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives;

C. We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

M That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children, and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed;

C. We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

M. That it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men;

C. We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

M. O Son of God, Redeemer of the world;
C. Have mercy upon us.

M. O Lamb of God that takest away the sin of the world;
C. Have mercy upon us.

M. O Lamb of God that takest away the sin of the world;
C. Grant us Thy peace.

O God, merciful Father, who despisest not the sighing of the contrite, nor rejectest the desire of the sorrowful: be favorable to our prayers which in our afflictions that continually oppress us, we pour out before Thee; and graciously hear them, that those things which the craft of the devil or man worketh against us, may be brought to nought, and by the counsel of Thy goodness be dispersed; so that being hurt by no persecutions, we may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may by Thy protection pass our time in peace and quietness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

PREPARATION FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

Having taken his place at the altar, the Congregation also standing up, the Minister shall say:

THE Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him. *Amen.*

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Congregation. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep all these laws.

Minister. Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind

This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

M. Let us pray.

O Lord God, who didst at first deliver Thy commandments from the mount which burned with fire, amid blackness, and darkness, and tempest, at which terrible sight even Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake: we thank Thee that this same law is now published unto us from mount Zion, through the Mediator of a new and better covenant; and we humbly beseech Thee to put these words into our minds, and write them in our hearts, that we may delight in Thy law after the inward man, and serve Thee in newness of spirit, through Jesus Christ our Lord; who with Thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

Then all shall kneel, and join in the *Litany* as follows:

M. O God the Father in heaven; have mercy upon us.

C. Have mercy upon us.

M. O God the Son, Redeemer of the world; have mercy upon us.

C. Have mercy upon us.

M. O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son; have mercy upon us.

C. Have mercy upon us.

M. O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God; have mercy upon us.

C. Have mercy upon us.

M. Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take Thou vengeance of our sins: spare us, good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever

C. Spare us, good Lord.

M. From all evil and harm; from the power of sin, and the snares of the devil; from Thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. From all blindness of heart; from pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice and all uncharitableness;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. From all impure lusts and desires; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. From lightning, tempest, and earthquake; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from all disasters by land and by water; from battle and murder, and from sudden death;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. From tumult and riot; from sedition and rebellion; from heresy and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy word and authority;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. By the mystery of Thy holy incarnation; by Thy holy nativity and circumcision; by Thy baptism, fasting, and temptation;

C. Good Lord, deliver us

M. By Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy cross and passion; by Thy precious death and burial; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment;

C. Good Lord, deliver us.

M. We sinners do beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

C. Son of God, we beseech Thee to hear us.

M. That it may please Thee to keep us in all time of temptation and heaviness; to comfort and help all the weak-hearted; to raise up them that fall, and finally to beat down Satan under our feet;

C. We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

M. That it may please Thee to succor, help, and comfort all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation;

C. We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

M. That it may please Thee to preserve all travellers and strangers, all women in the perils of childbirth, all sick persons, and young children, and to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives;

C. We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

M. That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children, and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed;

C. We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

M. That it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men;

C. We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

M. O Son of God, Redeemer of the world;

C. Have mercy upon us.

M. O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world;

C. Have mercy upon us.

M. O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world;

C. Grant us Thy peace.

O God, merciful Father, who despisest not the sighing

of the contrite, nor rejectest the desire of the sorrowful; be favorable to our prayers which in our afflictions that continually oppress us, we pour out before Thee; and graciously hear them, that those things which the craft of the devil or man worketh against us, may be brought to nought, and by the counsel of Thy goodness be dispersed; so that being hurt by no persecutions, we may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may by Thy protection pass our time in peace and quietness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A suitable *Psalm* or *Hymn* shall now be sung.

Then the Minister, having taken his place in the pulpit, shall proceed to deliver a brief *Sermon*, or *Exhortation.*

After the Sermon, the Minister, at the altar, shall address the communicants, and say:

Beloved in the Lord: Our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, when He was about to finish the work of our redemption, by making Himself a sacrifice for our sins upon the cross, solemnly instituted the Holy Sacrament of His own Body and Blood; that it might be the abiding memorial of His precious death; the seal of His perpetual presence in the Church by the Holy

Ghost; the mystical exhibition of His one offering of Himself made once, but of force always, to put away sin; the pledge of His undying love to His people; and the bond of His living union and fellowship with them to the end of time.

The same night, we are told, in which he was betrayed, He took bread; and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is My body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of Me. After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in My blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me.

It has not been without reason, therefore, that the celebration of the Holy Eucharist has ever been regarded by the Church as the inmost sanctuary of the whole Christian worship. We have to do here, not with outward signs only, but with the heavenly realities themselves which these signs represent. Our Lord Himself calls the bread His body, and the cup His blood, or the new testament in His blood. The cup of blessing which we bless, says St. Paul, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? And it is the same Apostle who utters, in another place, the solemn warning: Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup; for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.

Being of such high and awful character, it is plain that the Lord's Supper can be rightly and safely ap-

proached only by those who are of a truly devout and religious mind. These holy mysteries are not for the irreverent, the worldly, or the profane. All who are impenitent and unbelieving, and who refuse to obey the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, have no right to partake of this Christian altar. They can do so only at their own peril; for coming to it thus in the spirit of hypocrisy and wickedness, they turn the blessing of the Sacrament into a curse, and that which should be a savor of life unto life is made to be for them only a savor of death unto death. They eat and drink damnation or judgment to themselves; not because they are sinners, but because they are impenitent sinners; not because they are unworthy, but because they eat and drink unworthily, not discerning the Lord's body.

If any of you who are here present, then, know yourselves to be the willing servants of sin, being without repentance and faith, and yielding yourselves to the power of worldly affections and lusts, we solemnly warn and admonish you, that ye presume not, so long as this is your character, to come to the table of the Lord. Do not pretend in this way, to join righteousness with unrighteousness, and light with darkness. Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of devils.

On the other hand, we cordially invite to this table all who are truly grieved and penitent for their sins, who look to the Lord Jesus Christ for righteousness and salvation, who abide in the fellowship of His Church, and who earnestly desire to possess His

Spirit and to walk in His steps. To all such the voice of the infinitely compassionate Redeemer Himself speaks: Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Fear not, therefore, as many of you as have this mind, to embrace the joyful and glorious privilege which is here offered for your use. Having, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh; and having an High Priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.

Only ye must take good heed, that your particular preparation for the Sacrament at this time be sincere and whole, according to God's command; so that no let or bar may be found in yourselves to its proper comfort and benefit. See that ye have grace, not only in general habit, but also in present exercise and power. Renew your repentance and faith. Be in perfect charity with all men. Put away from you the leaven of malice and wickedness. Remember earnestly your past offences and shortcomings, that ye may humble yourselves, with true hearty confession, under the mighty hand of Him, who alone has power to exalt you in His own good time. Thus, clothed in the robes of salvation, you will be able to compass God's holy altar with thankfulness and joy, and to share the full benefit of its one offering for sin, while you feed on the sacrifice at the same time as the bread of everlasting life. For in this most com-

fortable Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ, we have exhibited to us at once, both the forgiveness of sins through His death, and the gift of immortality through His glorious resurrection; according to His own word: Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead; he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever.

Ye then, beloved brethren in the Lord, who have looked earnestly into your own hearts, and who find in yourselves these good dispositions of penitence and faith, with the sincere desire and purpose of forsaking all sin and following after all Christian holiness, approach with me now to the throne of grace, and make your humble confession to Almighty God.

All kneeling.

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men; we cast ourselves down at Thy feet, with deep humiliation and heartfelt penitent grief, in view of our manifold sins and great unrighteousness, whereby we have provoked against ourselves most justly Thine indigna-

tion and wrath. We have sinned against Thee in thought, word, and deed. We have broken Thy holy laws. We have come short of Thy righteousness and glory, in all our ways. Our lives bear testimony against us, and our own hearts condemn us, as being prone to all evil, and backward to all good. We have abused Thy mercies, and made light of Thy judgments. We have turned aside from Thy covenant; and have not been faithful and diligent, as we ought to have been, in using the helps of Thy grace for our eternal salvation. We acknowledge and bewail before Thee, the corruption of our nature, the vanity of our minds, the waywardness of our hearts, the wanderings and apostasies of our whole fallen life. Righteousness belongeth unto Thee, O Lord; and unto us only confusion of face. But unto Thee, O Lord our God, belong also mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Thee. For Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee. Look upon us, therefore, O righteous and holy Father, with an eye of pity and compassion, as we now humble ourselves, with sincere confession, before the throne of Thy heavenly grace; and for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ, speak pardon and peace to our souls. Let Thy mercy be upon us, O Lord, according as we hope in Thee. And with the full pardon of our past sins, be pleased also to quicken us, we beseech Thee, in the way of righteousness, and uphold us with Thy free Spirit; that we may walk worthy henceforth of the vocation wherewith we are called, and ever hereafter serve and please Thee in

newness of life, to the honor and glory of Thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then shall the Minister rise, and pronounce to the Congregation, still kneeling, the following *Declaration of Pardon.*

HEARKEN now unto the comforting assurance of the grace of God, promised in the Gospel to all that repent and believe: As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Unto as many of you, therefore, beloved in the Lord, as have now made confession of your sins unto God with hearty repentance and sincere faith, being resolved to turn from them, and to follow after righteousness and true holiness in time to come, I declare, by the authority of the Gospel, that all your sins are remitted and forgiven, through the perfect satisfaction of the most holy passion and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Then shall the Congregation rise, and join in singing a *Doxology;* after which the service shall be concluded with this *Benediction:*

The God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ: to whom be glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

[The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper shall be administered publicly in the Church, in every Congregation, at least twice a year, and if possible oftener.]

HAVING taken his place at the altar, the Congregation also standing up, the Minister shall say as follows:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD: If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Let us therefore humble ourselves before the throne of Almighty God, our heavenly Father, and confess our manifold sins and transgressions with lowly and contrite hearts, that we may obtain forgiveness of the same through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Then the Minister and Congregation shall kneel, and repeat the following *Confession*

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, who dost admit Thy people unto such wonderful communion, that partaking of the Body and Blood of Thy dear Son, they should dwell in Him, and He in them; we unworthy sinners, approaching to Thy presence, and beholding Thy glory, do abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes. We have sinned, we have sinned, we have grievously sinned against Thee, in thought, in word, and in deed, provoking most justly Thy wrath and indignation against us. The remembrance of our transgressions and shortcomings fills us with sorrow and shame. Yet now, O most merciful Father, have mercy upon us; for the sake of Jesus Christ, forgive us all our sins; purify us, by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, from all inward uncleanness; enable us heartily to forgive others, as we beseech Thee to forgive us; and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please Thee in newness of life; to the honor and glory of Thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then shall the Minister rise, and pronounce to the Congregation, still kneeling, the following *Declaration of Pardon.*

HEARKEN now unto the comforting assurance of the grace of God, promised in the Gospel to all that repent and believe: As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Unto as many of you, therefore, beloved brethren,

as truly repent of your sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, with full purpose of new obedience, I announce and declare, by the authority and in the name of Christ, that your sins are forgiven in heaven, according to His promise in the Gospel, through the perfect merit of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Here, and at the end of every Collect and Prayer, the Congregation shall say:

Amen

The Congregation shall now rise, and join with the Minister in repeating the *Nicene creed;* immediately after which shall be sung, chanted, or recited, the *Gloria in Excelsis;* all in the following order.

WE BELIEVE in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, of all things visible and invisible:

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, begotten of the Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God; begotten not made; of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made: who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man: who was also crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, and suffered, and was buried; and the third day rose again according to the Scriptures; and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of the Father; and shall come again with glory to judge the quick and the dead; of whose kingdom there shall be no end.

And we believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, the Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the

Son, who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the prophets; in one holy catholic and apostolic Church. We confess one baptism for the remission of sins; we look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Minister. Praise ye the Lord.

Congregation. The Lord's name be praised.

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sin of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Then shall the Minister read the proper *Gospel* and *Epistle* for the day.

After the reading, the service shall proceed thus, the Congregation rising:

M. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

C. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

M. The Lord be with you.

C. And with thy spirit.

M. Let us pray.

Here shall be offered the *Collect* for the day and the *Festival Prayer*.

A suitable *Psalm* or *Hymn* shall then be sung.

After this, the Minister having taken his place in the pulpit, shall proceed to deliver a brief *Sermon*. Or, instead of this, he may read a lesson of moderate length, taken from the Holy Gospels, on the history of Christ's Passion and Death.

Then shall follow a collection of the *Offerings* of the people, to be devoted to the service of the poor, or to some benevolent purpose; during which the Minister, standing at the altar, shall read some of the following *Sentences* from the Holy Scriptures.

He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth forever.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.

To do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again.

I have shewed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive

The collection shall be brought by the Deacons, in a proper vessel provided for the purpose, to the Minister; who shall then reverently place it upon the altar, as an oblation presented unto God.

After this, the Minister shall uncover and expose to view the vessels containing the Bread and Wine for the use of the Holy Sacrament, and proceed as follows:

M. Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who by the blood of Thy dear Son hast consecrated for us a new and living way into the holiest of all; cleanse our minds, we beseech Thee, by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we, Thy redeemed people, drawing near unto Thee in these holy mysteries, with a true heart and undefiled conscience, in full assurance of faith, may offer unto Thee an acceptable sacrifice in righteousness, and worthily magnify Thy great and glorious name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister pronounce, slowly and solemnly, either the whole, or some part, of the following selection of passages from the *Holy Scriptures.*

Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread which I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. The Jews therefore strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us His flesh to eat? Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.

Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as

your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever.

Then, the whole Congregation rising, the service shall proceed:

M. The Lord be with you.
C. And with thy spirit.

M. Lift up your hearts.
C. We lift them up unto the Lord.

M. Let us give thanks unto the Lord our God.
C. It is meet and right so to do.

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, Lord God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

Thou didst in the beginning create all things for Thyself. By Thy word were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of Thy mouth. The armies of the invisible world, angels and archangels, thrones, dominions, principalities and powers; the glorious firmament on high, sun, moon and stars; the earth and the fulness thereof; all are the work of Thy hands, and all are upheld by Thee continually in their appointed order and course.

Thou also at the first didst make man in Thine own image, and after Thine own likeness, and didst set him over the works of Thy hands, endowing him with the excellent gift of righteousness, and forming him for immortality. And when afterwards, through the fraud

and malice of Satan, he fell by transgression from that first estate, Thou didst not leave him still to perish utterly in his fall, but wast pleased to raise him up again and to restore him to the joyful hope of everlasting life, by the promise of redemption through Jesus Christ; who, being God of God, very God of very God, dwelling in the bosom of the Father with unspeakable blessedness from all eternity, at last, when the fulness of the time was come, came down from heaven, and became man, for us men and for our salvation.

For all Thy mercies and favors, known to us and unknown, we give Thee thanks. But most of all, we praise Thee, the Father everlasting, for the gift of Thine adorable, true, and only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, who by His appearing hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. We bless Thee for His holy incarnation; for His life on earth; for His precious sufferings and death upon the cross; for His resurrection from the dead; and for His glorious ascension to Thy right hand. We bless Thee for the giving of the Holy Ghost; for the institution of the Church; for the means of grace; for the hope of everlasting life; and for the glory which shall be brought unto us at the coming, and in the kingdom, of Thy dear Son.

Thee, mighty God, heavenly King, we magnify and praise. With patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs; with the holy Church throughout all the world; with the heavenly Jerusalem, the joyful assembly and congregation of the first-born on high; with the innumerable company of angels round about

Thy throne, the heaven of heavens, and all the powers therein; we worship and adore Thy glorious name, joining in the song of the Cherubim and Seraphim:

Here let the people join aloud in the *Seraphic Hymn.*

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory. Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!

Then the Minister shall proceed:

THE LORD JESUS, THE SAME NIGHT IN WHICH HE WAS BETRAYED [here he shall take some of the bread into his hands], TOOK BREAD; AND WHEN HE HAD GIVEN THANKS, HE BRAKE IT [here he shall break the bread], AND SAID, TAKE, EAT, THIS IS MY BODY WHICH IS BROKEN FOR YOU; THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

AFTER THE SAME MANNER ALSO [here he shall take the cup into his hands], HE TOOK THE CUP, WHEN HE HAD SUPPED, SAYING, THIS CUP IS THE NEW TESTAMENT IN MY BLOOD; THIS DO YE AS OFTEN AS YE DRINK IT, IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, send down, we beseech Thee, the powerful benediction of Thy Holy Spirit upon these elements of bread and wine, that being set apart now from a common to a sacred and mystical use, they may exhibit and represent to us with true effect the Body and Blood of Thy Son, Jesus Christ; so that in the use of them we may be made, through the power of the Holy Ghost, to par

take really and truly of His blessed life, whereby only we can be saved from death, and raised to immortality at the last day. *Amen.*

And be pleased now, O most merciful Father, graciously to receive at our hands this memorial of the blessed sacrifice of Thy Son; in union with which we here offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, the reasonable sacrifice of our own persons; consecrating ourselves, on the altar of the Gospel, in soul and body property and life, to Thy most blessed service and praise. Look upon us through the mediation of our great High Priest. Make us accepted in the Beloved; and let His name be as a pure and holy incense, through which all our worship may come up before Thee, as the odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God. *Amen.*

Remember in mercy, we beseech Thee, Thy Church militant throughout the whole earth. Let her ministers be clothed with righteousness, and her priests with salvation. Build up her desolations; restore her disorders; heal her divisions; and grant unto her prosperity, safety, unity and peace. *Amen.*

We commend unto Thee especially this particular church and congregation, pastor, elders, deacons, and people, beseeching Thee to accept their piety and faith, and to increase toward them Thy heavenly grace, so that they may come behind in no gift, waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

WE pray for all estates of men in Christian lands; for kings, princes, and governors, and for the people committed to their charge and care; especially for Thy servant the President of the United States, and for all the rulers of this land and nation. Make us a righteous people, and give us power to serve Thee in quietness and peace. *Amen.*

VOUCHSAFE unto us, we beseech Thee, favorable weather, that the fruits of the earth may ripen and be gathered in for us in due season; and be pleased of Thy great goodness to preserve us from war, pestilence, and famine. *Amen.*

SEND forth Thy light and Thy truth unto the ends of the earth; cause the glorious Gospel of Thy grace to be proclaimed among all nations; and powerfully incline the hearts of men everywhere, that they may hear and obey the joyful sound. *Amen.*

REGARD in tender compassion those among Thy people, who are called to suffer heavy affliction, or sore temptation and trial of any kind: and be Thou graciously nigh unto them with Thy divine help, according to all their need. *Amen.*

ESPECIALLY do we commend unto Thee those departing this life. Let the arms of Thy love be round about them in their last hour; defend them against the assaults of the Devil; enable them joyfully to commit their spirits into Thy hands; and so receive them to Thy rest. *Amen.*

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named; we rejoice before Thee in the blessed communion of all Thy saints, wherein Thou givest us also to have part. We praise Thee for the holy fellowship of patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, and the whole glorious company of the redeemed of all ages, who have died in the Lord, and now live with Him for evermore. We give thanks unto Thee for Thy great grace and many gifts bestowed on those who have thus gone before us in the way of salvation, and by whom we are now compassed about, in our Christian course, as a cloud of witnesses looking down upon us from the heavenly world. Enable us to follow their faith, that we may enter at death into their joy; and so abide with them in rest and peace, till both they and we shall reach our common consummation of redemption and bliss in the glorious resurrection of the last day. *Amen.*

Here let the people join aloud in the *Lord's Prayer.*

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

M. The peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

C. Amen.

Here the *Holy Communion* shall take place. While a sacramental hymn is sung, the people shall present themselves in front of the altar, reverently and devoutly standing. The officiating Minister shall first receive the Communion in both kinds himself, and administer the same to his assistants; and he shall then proceed with their help to administer it, first to the elders and deacons, and afterward to the people; distributing first the bread and then the cup.

Giving the bread, the Minister shall say:

The bread which we break, is the Communion of the body of Christ.

Giving the cup, the Minister shall say:

The cup of blessing which we bless, is the Communion of the Blood of Christ.

After the people have communed in both kinds, the Minister shall say:

MAY the Holy Communion of the Body and Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, keep and preserve you, each one, in body, soul, and spirit, unto everlasting life. *Amen.*

Depart in peace.

When all have communed, the Minister shall say:

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, we give Thee most hearty thanks for the great goodness Thou hast shown toward us at this time, in vouchsafing to feed us, through these holy mysteries, with the spiritual food of the most precious body and blood of Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ; assuring us thereby, that

we are very members incorporate in the mystical body of Thy Son, and heirs through hope of Thine everlasting kingdom, by the merits of His most blessed death and passion. And we most humbly beseech Thee, O heavenly Father, so to assist us with Thy grace, that we may continue in that holy fellowship, and do all such good works as Thou hast prepared for us to walk in; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

Then shall be said, or chanted, the *Ambrosian Hymn* (Te Deum laudamus), as follows:

M. We praise Thee, O God:

C. We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

M. All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

C. To Thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens and all the powers therein.

M. To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry:

C. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

M. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

C. The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee.

M. The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee.

C. The noble army of martyrs praise Thee.

M. The holy Church, thoroughout all the world, doth acknowledge Thee,

C. The Father of an infinite majesty;

M. Thine adorable, true, and only Son;

C. Also, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

M. Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.

C. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

M. When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin.

C. When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

M. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

C. We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

M. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

C. Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.

M. O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thy heritage.

C. Govern them, and lift them up forever.

M Day by day we magnify Thee;

C. And we worship Thy name ever, world without end.

M. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

C. O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

M. O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in Thee.

C. O Lord in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

After which the Minister shall close the whole service with this *Benediction.*

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord: and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. *Amen.*

HOLY BAPTISM.

BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

[Children, one or both of whose parents are members of the Church are entitled to Baptism.

Baptism shall be performed in the Church, except for good reason.

Sponsors may be admitted in Baptism; but the parents themselves must be present and answer to the questions in the Service.

Members of the Church may present orphan children for Baptism, assuming the proper vows.]

When there are children to be baptized, they shall be brought to the altar, by the parents or sponsors, immediately after the Gloria in Excelsis in the Lord's Day Service.

Pure water having been provided in the font, or some other clean vessel, fit and decent for the sacred ordinance, the Minister, standing near it, shall say:

DEARLY BELOVED: Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, after His resurrection, and shortly before His ascension to the right hand of God the Father Almighty, instituted the Holy Sacrament of Baptism for the remission of sins, saying to His disciples: All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

Hear, also, what is written in another place: And they brought young children to Him, that He might touch them; and His disciples rebuked them that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily, I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

Therefore, taking encouragement from these words, and firmly believing that the promise of the New Covenant is to our children, no less than to ourselves, let us call upon God the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that of His bounteous mercy He may grant to *this child*, through the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, that which by nature *he* cannot have; that being washed from *his* sins, and delivered from the power of the Devil, *he* may be made a member of Christ's Holy Church unto eternal salvation.

Here the Congregation shall rise, and continue standing until the Baptism is ended.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who of Thy great mercy didst save Noah and his family in the ark by water; and also didst safely lead the children of Israel, Thy people, through the Red Sea, figuring thereby Thy holy Baptism; and by the Baptism of Thy well beloved Son, Jesus Christ, in the river Jordan, didst sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin: we beseech Thee for Thine infinite mercies, graciously to look upon *this child*, to wash *him*,

and sanctify *him* with the Holy Ghost, that *he* being delivered from Thy wrath, may be received into the ark of Christ's Church, and being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally *he* may come to the land of everlasting life; there to reign with Thee, world without end, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then the Minister shall address the parents or sponsors as follows:

DEARLY BELOVED: You present *this child* here, and do seek for *him* deliverance from the power of the Devil, the remission of sin, and the gift of a new and spiritual life by the Holy Ghost, through the Sacrament of Baptism, which Christ hath ordained for the communication of such great grace. These benefits God, on his part, will most surely bestow, for the sake of His well beloved Son: wherefore, in the presence of God and these witnesses, I require of you, who are the sureties of *this child*, that on *his* part, and for *him*, who cannot answer for *himself*, you do now make that confession of unfeigned faith, out of a pure conscience, which Almighty God shall accept and answer, by vouchsafing His holy Baptism.

Then shall the Minister address to the parents or sponsors, the following questions, to which the answer shall be given audibly by each one.

Dost thou, in the name of this child, renounce the Devil with all his ways and works, the world with its vain pomp and glory, and the flesh with all its sinful desires?

Ans. I do.

Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth?

And in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; descended into hades; the third day rose from the dead; ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead?

And in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting?

Ans. I believe.

Wilt thou that this child be baptized in this faith?

Ans. I will.

Dost thou promise to bring up this child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion?

Ans. I do.

Then, taking the child on his arm, or leaving it in the arms of the parent or sponsor, the Minister shall say:

Name this child.

Thereupon, pronouncing the name aloud, he shall baptize it with free application of water, saying:

N. I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Then the Minister shall restore the child to the parents or sponsors and say:

Let us give thanks.

We yield Thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased Thee, through the mystery of Thy holy Baptism, to deliver *this child* from the power of darkness, and to translate *him* into the kingdom of Thy dear Son, in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins. And we humbly beseech Thee to grant that *he*, being dead unto sin, and living unto righteousness, and being buried with Christ in His death, may crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin; and that as *he is* made *partaker* of the death of Thy Son, *he* may also be made *partaker* of His resurrection; so that finally, with the residue of Thy holy Church, *he* may be *an inheritor* of Thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Then the Minister shall address the parents or sponsors, as follows:

Dearly Beloved in the Lord: Forasmuch as you have now dedicated *this child* by Baptism to the service of the Triune God, you must remember that it is your

duty to train *him* up, by precept and example, in the true knowledge and fear of God according to the articles of the Christian faith and doctrine, as contained in the Old and New Testament, and in the symbols of the Church. Especially is it your duty, so soon as *he* shall be able to learn, to remind *him* often of *his* baptismal vows and obligations, and in particular to teach *him* the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments, that *he* may know how to pray, what to believe, and how to live. Finally, you are to see to it, that *he* be brought at the proper time to the Minister, to be instructed in the Catechism and prepared for Confirmation and the Holy Communion; that *he* may heartily renew *his* baptismal vows, renounce in *his* own name the world, the flesh, and the Devil, profess Jesus Christ, and ever honor this profession by a holy life and conversation, to the glory of God, and the salvation of *his* soul.

Then shall the Minister pronounce this *Benediction*:

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind, through Christ Jesus. *Amen.*

PRIVATE BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

In case of private Baptism, the form provided for use in the church shall be employed, unless sickness require the use of a shorter form, when the Minister addressing the parents or sponsors, shall proceed as follows:

DEARLY BELOVED: You present *this child* here, and do seek for *him* deliverance from the power of the Devil, the remission of sin, and the gift of a new and spiritual life by the Holy Ghost, through the Sacrament of Baptism, which Christ hath ordained for the communication of such great grace. These benefits God, on His part, will most surely bestow, for the sake of His well beloved Son: wherefore, in the presence of God and these witnesses, I require of you, who are the sureties of *this child*, that on *his* part and for *him*, who cannot answer for *himself*, you do now make that confession of unfeigned faith, out of a pure conscience, which Almighty God shall accept and answer, by vouchsafing His holy Baptism.

Then shall the Minister address to the parents or sponsors, the following questions, to which the answer shall be given audibly, by each one.

Dost thou, in the name of this child, renounce the Devil with all his ways and works, the world with

its vain pomp and glory, and the flesh with all its sinful desires?

Ans. I do.

Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth?

And in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; descended into hades; the third day rose from the dead; ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead?

And in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting?

Ans. I believe.

Wilt thou that this child be baptized in this faith?

Ans. I will.

Dost thou promise to bring up this child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion?

Ans. I do.

Then, taking the child on his arm, or leaving it in the arms of the parent or sponsor, the Minister shall say:

Name this child.

Thereupon, pronouncing the name aloud, he shall baptize it with a free application of water, saying:

N. I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Then the Minister shall restore the child to the parents or sponsor and say:

Let us give thanks.

We yield Thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased Thee, through the mystery of Thy holy Baptism, to deliver *this child* from the power of darkness, and to translate *him* into the kingdom of Thy dear Son, in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins. And we humbly beseech Thee to grant that *he*, being dead unto sin, and living unto righteousness, and being buried with Christ in His death, may crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin; and that as *he is* made *partaker* of the death of Thy Son, *he* may also be made *partaker* of His resurrection; so that finally, with the residue of Thy holy Church, *he* may be *an inheritor* of Thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Then shall the Minister pronounce this *Benediction*:

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind, through Christ Jesus. *Amen.*

BAPTISM OF ADULTS

[Before adults are baptized, the Minister and Elders shall be satisfied that they understand the fundamental truths of the Christian religion, and are governed by them in their lives.

Adults must be baptized publicly, either in the church, or elsewhere, in the presence of a worshipping assembly. The Minister shall unite the rite of Confirmation with their Baptism, by laying his hands upon them, and pronouncing the Benediction, as in the Office of Confirmation.]

When adults are to be baptized, they shall present themselves at the altar, after the Gloria in Excelsis in the Lord's Day Service.

Pure water having been provided in the font, or some other clean vessel, fit and decent for the sacred ordinance, the Minister, standing near it, shall begin thus:

DEARLY BELOVED: That you may know and rightly understand, from God's holy word, the meaning and importance of the Sacrament of Baptism, hear first what Jesus said to Nicodemus: Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

Hear also the words of the institution of this Sacrament: He said unto His disciples, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned.

You see from these words of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, that we are all by nature in a sinful and lost condition, and cannot enter into the kingdom of God except by a new birth of water and of the Spirit; and that there is no salvation without faith in Jesus Christ, and a child-like submission to His ordinances. You see, moreover, that the ordinary way of entering into the covenant of grace, according to God's appointment, is the Sacrament of holy Baptism, by which we are divinely assured of the remission of our sins, and become partakers of the gift of the Holy Ghost. Hence, also, St. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, after preaching the gospel of Christ's death and resurrection, called upon the hearers, saying: Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

Then addressing the Congregation, he shall say:

THEREFORE, taking encouragement from these words, let us, as many as are here present, call upon God the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that of His bounteous mercy He may grant to *this person*, through the holy Sacrament of Baptism, that which

by nature *he* cannot have; that being washed from *his* sins, and delivered from the power of the Devil, *he* may be made *a member* of Christ's holy Church, unto eternal salvation.

Here the Congregation shall rise, and remain standing until the Baptism is ended.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who of Thy great mercy didst save Noah and his family in the ark by water; and also didst safely lead the children of Israel, Thy people, through the Red Sea, figuring thereby Thy holy Baptism; and by the Baptism of Thy well beloved Son, Jesus Christ, in the river Jordan, didst sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin: we beseech Thee, for Thine infinite mercies, graciously to look upon *this person*, to wash *him*, and sanctify *him* with the Holy Ghost, that *he* being delivered from Thy wrath, may be received into the ark of Christ's Church, and being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally *he* may come to the land of everlasting life, there to reign with Thee, world without end; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then the Minister shall address the person or persons to be baptized:

DEARLY BELOVED: You are come hither seeking deliverance from the power of the Devil, the remission of sin, and the gift of a new and spiritual life by the Holy Ghost, through the Sacrament of Baptism, which Christ hath ordained for the communication of such great grace. These benefits God, on His

part, will most surely bestow, for the sake of His well beloved Son: wherefore, in the presence of God and these witnesses, I require of you, that you, on your part, do now make that confession of unfeigned faith, out of a pure conscience, which Almighty God shall accept and answer, by vouchsafing His holy Baptism.

Then shall the Minister address to the person or persons to be baptized the following questions, to which the answer shall be given audibly by each one.

Dost thou renounce the Devil with all his ways and works, the world with its vain pomp and glory, and the flesh with all its sinful desires?

Ans. I do.

Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth?

And in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; descended into hades; the third day rose from the dead; ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead?

And in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting?

Ans. I believe.

Wilt thou be baptized in this faith?

Ans. I will.

Dost thou promise to follow Christ, and to keep His commandments, all the days of thy life?

Ans. I do.

Then shall the Minister ask the name of the Catechumen, and requiring him to kneel down, shall baptize him, saying:

N. I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister lay his hands on the head of the person baptized, and confirm *him*, saying:

The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Then the person or persons rising, the Minister shall proceed:

Let us give thanks.

We yield Thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased Thee, through the mystery of Thy holy Baptism, to deliver *this person* from the power of darkness, and to translate *him* into the kingdom of Thy dear Son, in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins. And we humbly beseech Thee to grant that *he*, being dead unto sin, and living unto righteousness, and being buried with Christ in His death, may crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin; and that as *he is* made *partaker* of the death of Thy Son, *he* may also be made *partaker* of His resurrection; so that finally, with the residue of Thy holy Church, *he* may be *an inheritor* of Thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Then shall the Minister pronounce this *Benediction*:

And now may the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you: to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. *Amen.*

CONFIRMATION.

[It is the duty of the baptized children of the Church to become Catechumens, as soon as they are old enough to commit to memory the Catechism, and to be benefited by the Pastor's instructions. In no case ought their attendance to be delayed beyond their thirteenth year. Their Catechization looks forward to their Confirmation, which forms its solemn completion.

Before Confirmation is administered, the Minister and Elders shall be satisfied that the candidate understands the fundamental truths of the Christian religion, and is governed by them in his life.]

After a *Sermon*, or an *Address*, the Minister shall read the names of the Catechumens, who shall then present themselves at the altar; whereupon the Minister shall begin thus:

Following the example of the holy Apostles, and those who succeeded them, the Church bestows upon those who have been baptized, either as adults or in their infancy, after they have been properly instructed, the blessing of Confirmation, by prayer and the laying on of hands.

The laying on of hands was first practised as a religious act by devout parents upon their children, whereby they imparted unto them the parental blessing, and confirmed them in faith and piety. By the laying on of hands also, such as were called to be public ministers in the Church were invested with the authority and grace of the sacred office; and so

also by the same solemn act, the Apostles of our Lord communicated the gift of the Holy Ghost for the confirmation of believers after their baptism.

Then, addressing the Catechumens, he shall say:

DEARLY BELOVED: As children of your heavenly Father, called to a holy priesthood in the Church, to offer up spiritual sacrifices to God by Jesus Christ, you are now to receive the solemn rite of Confirmation by the laying on of hands, as your full and formal consecration to His holy service.

In this sacred ordinance, you on your part renew and ratify the promise and vow made in your baptism; whilst the Church, in God's stead, claims you publicly for His service, blesses you in His name, and confirms you in His covenant, invoking upon you in larger measure the Holy Ghost, by whose help alone you are able to fulfil your vows by leading holy and obedient lives.

Then shall the Minister address to the Catechumens the following questions, to which the answer shall be given audibly by each one.

Dost thou now, in the presence of God and of this Congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow made in your name at your baptism? Dost thou ratify and confirm the same, and acknowledge thyself bound to believe and to do all those things which your parents then undertook for you?

Ans. I do.

Dost thou renounce the Devil with all his ways and works, the world with its vain pomp and glory, and the flesh with all its sinful desires?

Ans. I do.

Then the Minister shall say:

Profess now your faith before God and this congregation.

Here, the Congregation standing, the Catechumens led by the Minister shall repeat the *Apostles' Creed*, as follows:

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hades; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

Minister. Our help is in the name of the Lord;

Congregation. Who hath made heaven and earth.

M. Blessed be the name of the Lord;

C. Henceforth, world without end.

M. Lord, hear our prayer;

C. And let our cry come unto Thee.

M. Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who out of infinite mercy in Christ Jesus, hast caused these Thy servants

to be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, and hast given unto them the remission of their sins; strengthen them, we beseech Thee, O Lord, through the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; and daily increase in them the manifold gifts of Thy grace, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord, now and forever. *Amen.*

Then, the Congregation still standing, the Catechumens shall kneel, and the Minister, laying his hand on the head of each one successively, shall say:

The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Here all shall kneel.

M. Let us pray.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we render Thee thanks for the great mercy Thou hast been pleased to show toward these Thy servants, by giving them power this day publicly to own and accept for themselves Thy covenant of salvation made with them before in the sacrament of Baptism, and by confirming unto them at this time the same grace through the solemn benediction of Thy holy Church. And now, O Lord, we beseech Thee to verify and fulfil in them the truth of this glorious covenant unto the end, that as they have been introduced into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and made to have part in its privileges and hopes, they may be

constantly kept in the same by the power of the Holy Ghost, through faith, unto everlasting life. Fortify them against the assaults of sin and hell. Let not Satan prevail against them. Keep them from the evil that is in the world. Help them to walk in the Spirit, that they may not fulfil the lusts of the flesh. Defend them from all heresy and schism, from all apostasy and unbelief. Let them never draw back to perdition. Make them faithful unto death, that no man may take from them their crown. And grant, O most merciful Father, that having continued thus steadfast in faith and hope to the end, they may be counted worthy to be joined with Thy saints in heaven, and to have part with them finally in the resurrection of the dead; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then the Minister shall dismiss the Catechumens, saying:

The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind, through Christ Jesus. *Amen.*

MARRIAGE.

At the day and time appointed, the persons to be married shall come into the body of the Church, or shall be ready in some proper house, with their friends and neighbors; and there standing together, the Man on the right hand, and the Woman on the left, the Minister shall say:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

DEARLY BELOVED: We are assembled, in the sight of God and of His holy angels, to join together this man and this woman in the bonds of Matrimony; which is an honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, confirmed by the teaching of our blessed Saviour, and compared by St. Paul to the mystical union, which subsists between Christ and His Church.

Into this holy estate these two persons are come to be joined. Therefore, if any man can show any just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

And then addressing the persons to be married, he shall say:

I charge you each and both, as ye will answer before God at the day of judgment, if either of you

know any reason why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, confess it now. For be well assured, that all those who are brought together, contrary to the word of God, are not joined together of God; neither is their marriage lawful.

If no impediment be alleged, the Minister shall say unto the man:

M. Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?

Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking every other, cleave to her only, so long as ye both shall live?

The man shall answer:

I will.

Then shall the Minister say unto the woman:

N. Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?

Wilt thou obey him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking every other, cleave to him only, so long as ye both shall live?

The woman shall answer:

I will.

When a ring is used, the man shall give the ring to the woman, which the Minister taking from her shall deliver again to the man, who shall then place it upon the third finger of the woman's left hand, and holding it there, shall say after the Minister:

With this ring I thee wed: in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister say:

As a seal to this holy vow, give each other the right hand.

Then the Minister, laying his hand upon the joined hands of the pair, shall say:

FORASMUCH as you, *M.* and *N.* have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, I pronounce you man and wife, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Those whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

Let us pray.

O GOD, who by Thy mighty power hast made all things of nothing; who also didst appoint that out of man, created after Thine own image and similitude, woman should take her beginning; and knitting them together, didst teach that it should never be lawful to put asunder those whom Thou by matrimony hadst made one: look mercifully upon these Thy servants, that both this man may love his wife, according to Thy word, (as Christ did love His spouse the Church, who gave Himself for it, loving and cherishing it even as His own flesh,) and also that this woman may be loving and faithful to her husband; and in all quietness, sobriety, and peace, be a follower of holy and godly matrons. O Lord, bless them both, and grant them to inherit Thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Then shall he bless them:

God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you; the Lord mercifully with His favor look upon you, and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace; that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. *Amen.*

After which, if the service be in the church, and there be no sermon declaring the duties of marriage, the Minister shall read as follows:

All ye that are married, or that intend to take the excellent estate of matrimony upon you, hear what the Holy Scripture doth say as touching the duty of husbands towards their wives, and wives towards their husbands.

Saint Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, the fifth Chapter, doth give this commandment to all married men: Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water, by the word; that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church: for we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be

joined unto his wife; and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church. Nevertheless, let every one of you in particular so love his wife, even as himself.

Likewise the same St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, speaketh thus to all men that are married: Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.

Hear also what Saint Peter, the Apostle of Christ, who was himself a married man, saith unto them that are married: Ye husbands, dwell with your wives according to knowledge; giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered.

Hitherto ye have heard the duty of the husband toward the wife. Now likewise, ye wives, hear and learn your duties toward your husbands, even as it is plainly set forth in Holy Scripture.

Saint Paul, in the afore-named Epistle to the Ephesians, teacheth you thus: Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church: and He is the Saviour of the body. Therefore as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing. And again he saith: Let the wife see that she reverence her husband.

And in his Epistle to the Colossians, Saint Paul giveth you this short lesson: Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord.

Saint Peter also doth instruct you very well, thus saying: Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear. Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible,

even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands: even as Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him lord: whose daughters ye are, as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement.

After which the Minister shall close the service with this *Benediction*:

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

VISITATION AND COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

When any one is sick, notice thereof shall be given to the Minister, or, if any circumstance prevent his attendance, to one of the Elders of the Church, who, coming to the sick person, shall carefully inquire into his spiritual state.

[If the sick person be not baptized, he shall be immediately instructed as to his duty in this respect, and urged to become obedient to the faith, and enter into covenant with God. To this end the following Scripture passages shall be read and explained to him: Matt. xxviii. 18–20; Mark xvi. 16; John iii. 5; Acts ii. 38–41; Rom. vi. 3–12; Gal. iii. 27; Col. ii. 12; Titus iii. 5; 1 Peter iii. 21. If the sick person give evidence of true repentance and faith, the Minister shall baptize him in the presence of one or more Elders of the Church.]

When the necessary examination has been made, and the proper instructions and exhortations have been given, the Minister, or Elder, shall say:

Dearly Beloved: Be fully persuaded that Almighty God is the Lord of life and of death, and that all His creatures are so in His hands, that without His will they cannot so much as move. Wherefore, know certainly that this is God's visitation, coming not by chance, but by His fatherly hand. Know also that He will make whatever afflictions He sends upon us in this vale of tears, if they be received in

the right spirit, and used in the right way, turn out to our advantage: for He is able to do it, being Almighty God, and willing also, being a faithful Father.

That your present afflictions may be sanctified to you, humble yourself with continual repentance for all your sins under the mighty hand of God. Acknowledge His faithfulness and love, and endeavor to bear your sickness with true Christian patience, trusting in His mercy through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Resign yourself wholly to His will, while you look and wait for His salvation, either in your restoration to health, or in your translation to the joys of heaven.

That you may be further instructed in regard to God's will concerning you in this your sickness, and receive such encouragement and consolation as you need, listen to those things which are written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope.

Here shall be read or repeated some suitable portions of Holy Scripture. The following are given for direction and help.

I.

Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for He maketh sore, and bindeth up: He woundeth, and His hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.

Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.

I will bring them through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on My name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is My people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God.

Ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

II.

Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept Thy word. Thou art good, and doest good; teach me Thy statutes. It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes. I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me. Let, I pray Thee, Thy merciful kindness be for my comfort, according to Thy word unto Thy servant. Let Thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live: for Thy law is my delight.

We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

We are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world.

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

III.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: (for we walk by faith, not by sight:) we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Him.

IV.

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. What I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing. And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

V.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me.

O God, who is like unto Thee! Thou, which hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth.

For His anger endureth but a moment; in His favor is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

For the Lord will not cast off forever: but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.

For a small moment have I forsaken Thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

Then the Minister, or Elder, shall pray with and for the sick person, slowly and distinctly rehearsing, in the first place, the *Apostles' Creed*, using afterward one or other of the following prayers, as the case may require, and closing with the *Lord's Prayer*.

A General Prayer for the Sick.

O Lord God, in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind; regard with tender compassion this Thy servant, whom it

hath pleased Thee to visit with bodily affliction and disease. Be graciously near to *him* in the hour of *his* need. Grant unto *him*, we beseech Thee, true repentance for all *his* sins, a firm and steady trust in the merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, and grace to be in perfect charity with all men. Enable *him* to cast all *his* cares on Thee, and to yield *himself* with child like submission to Thy righteous will.

God of all power and grace, bless, we entreat Thee, the means used for *his* recovery, rebuke the violence of disease, and raise *him* up from *his* bed of pain, that being delivered by Thy compassion *he* may walk before Thee in newness of life. But if, O most wise and merciful Father, this sickness should be unto death, grant *him*, we humbly implore Thee, a comfortable release from all *his* sufferings. Let the arms of Thine everlasting love be around *him*, and, when flesh and heart shall fail, be Thou the strength of *his* heart and *his* portion for evermore: through the mediation and merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

A Prayer for a Sick Person not prepared for Death.

Most merciful Saviour, who, when hanging on the cross, didst grant repentance and faith to the dying thief, and hast assured us in Thy holy word, that Thou desirest not the death of the sinner, but that whosoever cometh unto Thee Thou wilt in no wise cast him out; look down, we beseech Thee, in tender compassion upon *him*, who now looks up to Thee from *his* bed of suffering and distress. Lamb of God,

that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon *him*. Hear *his* prayer and wash *him* from *his* sins in Thy most precious blood. Give *him* strength against all *his* temptations and heal the maladies of *his* soul. Break not the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. Shut not up Thy tender mercies in displeasure; but make him to hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice. Deliver *him* from fear of the Enemy, and lift up the light of Thy countenance upon *him*, and give *him* peace.

Hear us, merciful Saviour, who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

A Prayer for a Sick Child.

O ALMIGHTY God and merciful Father, to whom alone belong the issues of life and death; look down from heaven, we humbly beseech Thee, with the eyes of mercy upon this child, now lying upon the bed of sickness. Visit *him*, O Lord, with Thy salvation, deliver *him* in Thy good appointed time from *his* bodily pain, and save *his* soul for Thy mercies' sake; that if it shall be Thy pleasure to prolong *his* days here on earth, *he* may live to Thee, and be an instrument of Thy glory, by serving Thee faithfully, and doing good in *his* generation; or else receive *him* into those heavenly habitations, where the souls of those who sleep in the Lord Jesus, enjoy perpetual rest and felicity. Grant this, O Lord, for Thy mercies' sake, in the name of Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

Prayer for a Departing Soul.

ALMIGHTY God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, we humbly commend our departing *brother*, into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour; beseeching Thee that *his* soul may be precious in Thy sight. Wash *him*, we pray Thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements *he* may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and wicked world, through the lusts of the flesh or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, *he* may be presented pure and without spot before Thee. Vouchsafe to *him* a quiet passage, and guide *him* through the valley of the shadow of death. Place *him* in the habitations of light and peace, in the company of Thy saints and faithful people who are gone before; and in the resurrection of the just do Thou make *him* partaker of the heavenly inheritance; there to reign with Thy holy apostles, with the goodly company of prophets and martyrs, and with all Thy saints, in glory and blessedness, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

A Litany for the Dying.

O God the Father in heaven; have mercy upon us.
Have mercy upon us.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world; have mercy upon us.
Have mercy upon us.

O God the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us.

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers. Spare us, good Lord; spare Thy servant before Thee, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Spare *him* good Lord.

From all evil and harm; from the power of sin, and the snares of the devil; from Thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation;

Good Lord, deliver *him.*

By the mystery of Thy holy incarnation; by Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy cross and passion; by Thy precious death and burial; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost: in the hour of death and in the day of judgment;

Good Lord, deliver *him.*

We sinners do beseech Thee to hear us.

Son of God, we beseech Thee to hear us.

That it may please Thee to uphold *him* with Thy free Spirit; to grant *him* true repentance; to forgive *him* all *his* sins; to strengthen and confirm *him* in Thy grace; and to beat down Satan under *his* feet.

We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

O Son of God, Redeemer of the world;

Hear us.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world;
Have mercy upon *him*.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world;
Grant *him* Thy peace.

O Lord God, our heavenly Father, who hast no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live, we heartily beseech Thee to regard this sick person with an eye of compassion; suffer *him* not to be overwhelmed by any pains of body, or any anguish of soul; but grant unto *him* in this world Thy pardon and peace, and in the world to come life everlasting; through the abounding merits and the glorious mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

[If any member of the Church, through sickness or infirmity, be not able to come to the house of God, and yet is anxious to receive the Communion, it may be administered to him privately; in which case, timely notice thereof must be given to the Minister. One other person at least should commune with the sick; and one or more of the Elders ought to be present.

The Sacrament may also be administered to sick persons who have not been communicants, provided they have proper views of its nature, right dispositions of heart, and are first baptized and confirmed.]

The elements having been placed upon a decently covered table, the Minister shall say:

Grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Dearly Beloved in the Lord: Forasmuch as in the providence of God, you are deprived of the privilege of receiving the Holy Communion in the church, and your heart nevertheless longs for the enjoyment of this blessing and grace, be encouraged and comforted by the words of the Lord Jesus: Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.

That you may not partake unworthily of this holy Sacrament, consider well, and lay rightly to heart,

the exhortation and warning of the Apostle Paul: Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that Bread and drink of that Cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.

Hear also how St. John encourages those who are truly penitent, saying: If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

And again it is written: If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

Then the Minister and all present shall kneel, and repeat the following *Confession.*

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, who dost admit Thy people unto such wonderful communion, that partaking of the Body and Blood of Thy dear Son, they should dwell in Him, and He in them; we unworthy sinners, approaching to Thy presence, and beholding Thy glory, do abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes. We have sinned, we have sinned, we have grievously sinned against Thee, in thought, in word, and in deed, provoking most justly Thy wrath and indignation against us. The remembrance of our transgressions and shortcomings fills us with sorrow and shame. Yet now, O most merciful Father, have mercy upon us; for the sake of Jesus Christ,

forgive us all our sins; purify us, by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, from all inward uncleanness; enable us heartily to forgive others, as we beseech Thee to forgive us; and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please Thee in newness of life; to the honor and glory of Thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then shall the Minister rise, and pronounce to those assembled, still kneeling, the following *Declaration of Pardon.*

HEARKEN now unto the comforting assurance of the grace of God, promised in the Gospel to all that repent and believe: As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Unto as many of you, therefore, beloved brethren, as truly repent of your sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, with full purpose of new obedience, I announce and declare, by the authority and in the name of Christ, that your sins are forgiven in heaven, according to His promise in the Gospel, through the perfect merit of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then, all standing, the Minister shall say:

Now join with us, whilst we, as many as are here present, make confession of our holy catholic faith.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hades; the third day he rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

M. Let us pray

OUR Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Here, if desirable, a hymn or psalm may be sung.

If the elements have already been consecrated in the Church, the Minister shall proceed thus:

THE Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread; and when He had given thanks,

He brake it, and said, Take, eat, this is My Body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of Me.

After the same manner also, He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the New Testament in My Blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me.

[If the elements have *not* been consecrated in the Church, the Minister shall consecrate in manner and form as follows:

THE LORD JESUS, THE SAME NIGHT IN WHICH HE WAS BETRAYED [here he shall take some of the bread into his hands] TOOK BREAD; AND WHEN HE HAD GIVEN THANKS, HE BRAKE IT [here he shall break the bread] AND SAID, TAKE, EAT; THIS IS MY BODY, WHICH IS BROKEN FOR YOU; THIS DO IN REMEBERANCE OF ME.

AFTER THE SAME MANNER ALSO [here he shall take the cup into his hands] HE TOOK THE CUP, WHEN HE HAD SUPPED, SAYING, THIS CUP IS THE NEW TESTAMENT IN MY BLOOD; THIS DO YE, AS OFT AS YE DRINK IT, IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, send down, we beseech Thee, the powerful benediction of Thy Holy Spirit upon these elements of bread and wine, that being set apart now from a common to a sacred and mystical use, they may exhibit and represent to us with true effect the Body and Blood of Thy Son, Jesus Christ; so that in the use of them we may be made.

through the power of the Holy Ghost, to partake really and truly of His blessed life, whereby only we can be saved from death, and raised to immortality at the last day. *Amen.*]

In administering the elements, the Minister shall give first to those who communicate with the sick, and then to the sick person.

Giving the bread, the Minister shall say:

The bread which we break, is the Communion of the Body of Christ.

Giving the cup, the Minister shall say:

The cup of blessing which we bless, is the Communion of the Blood of Christ.

When all have communed, the Minister shall say

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, we give Thee most hearty thanks for the great goodness Thou hast shown toward us at this time, in vouchsafing to feed us, through these holy mysteries, with the spiritual food of the most precious body and blood of Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ; assuring us thereby, that we are very members incorporate in the mystical body of Thy Son, and heirs through hope of Thine everlasting kingdom, by the merits of His most blessed death and passion. And we most humbly beseech Thee, O heavenly Father, so to assist us with Thy grace, that we may continue in that holy fellowship,

and do all such good works as Thou hast prepared for us to walk in; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

The Minister shall close the service with this *Benediction:*

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. *Amen.*

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

THE BURIAL OF MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH.

The Minister, going before the corpse, on entering the church and passing slowly along the aisle or, if there be no service in the church, on entering the graveyard, shall solemnly say:

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's: for to this end Christ both died and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living.

And now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! *Amen.*

[If the service be not held in the church, the following office as far as to the rubric directing the funeral to proceed to the grave, shall be omitted.]

Then, the Minister having taken his place at the altar, and all standing, the *Ninetieth Psalm* shall be chanted, or said, as follows:

Minister. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Congregation. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

M. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

C. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

M. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

C. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

M. For we are consumed by Thine anger, and by Thy wrath are we troubled.

C. Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.

M. For all our days are passed away in Thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

C. The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

M. Who knoweth the power of Thine anger? even according to Thy fear, so is Thy wrath.

C. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Here the following *Lesson* (1 Cor. xv. 20–58,) shall be read

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith, All things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?

And why stand we in jeopardy every hour? I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die. Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and

with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption,

and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Then the Minister shall say:

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY GOD, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those Thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. And we beseech Thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O THOU ever-blessed Mediator, who wast dead, but livest forever, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, and who hast knit all Thy saints in one communion unto life eternal, in that mystical body of which Thou art the glorious and ever-living Head; grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed saints, who have gone before us, in the faith and fellowship

of Thy holy Church, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which Thou hast prepared for all that love Thee, from the foundation of the world. *Amen.*

O Holy and ever-blessed Spirit, who art one with the Father and the Son, and who dwellest in all Thy saints, to comfort and quicken them; comfort us, we beseech Thee, in the prospect of death, with the hope of the resurrection of the just, and abide in us, that these mortal bodies may be quickened, and fashioned like unto our Saviour's glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself. *Amen.*

O Holy and adorable Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of our bodies and souls, we humbly confess our sins, and acknowledge them as the cause of our misery and death; and that, on account of our sins, Thou art justly displeased. Yet, through infinite mercy in Jesus Christ, we implore Thee, blot out our transgressions, wash us from our iniquity, and cleanse us from our sin. O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death. *Amen.*

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts: shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee. But keep us in everlasting fel

lowship with the Church triumphant, and let us rest together in Thy presence from our labors; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

Here may follow a short *Sermon* or *Exhortation;* after which the Minister shall say:

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful God, the consolation of the sorrowful, and the support of the weary, who dost not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men; look down in tender love and pity, we beseech Thee, upon Thy servants, the bereaved household, whose joy is turned into mourning; and according to the multitude of Thy mercies be pleased to uphold, strengthen, and comfort them, that they may not faint under Thy fatherly chastening, but find in Thee their strength and refuge; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

After which the funeral shall proceed to the grave.

At the grave, when the coffin has been let down, the Minister shall say:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Let us pray.

Almighty God, who by the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ hast destroyed death; by His rest in the tomb hast sanctified the graves of the saints; and by His glorious resurrection hast brought life and immortality to light, so that all who die in Him abide in hope as to their bodies, and in joy as to their souls; receive, we beseech Thee, our unfeigned thanks for that victory over death and the grave which He has obtained for us and for all who sleep in Him; and keep us who are still in the body, in everlasting fellowship with all that wait for Thee on earth, and with all that are around Thee in heaven, in union with Him who is the Resurrection and the Life: who liveth and reign-

eth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

FORASMUCH as it hath pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased *brother*, we therefore commit *his* body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust: looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

Let us pray.

M. Lord, have mercy upon us.
C. Christ, have mercy upon us.

M. Lord, have mercy upon us.
C. Christ, hear us.

M. Lord God, the Son, in the bosom of the Father, Saviour of the world;
C. Be gracious unto us.

M. By Thy human birth; by Thy prayers and tears; by all the troubles of Thy life; by the grief and anguish of Thy soul; by Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy bonds and scourgings; by Thy crown of thorns; by Thine ignominious crucifixion; by Thy

sacred wounds and precious blood; by Thine atoning death; by Thy rest in the grave; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension; by Thy sitting at the right hand of God; by Thy power to save;

C. Hear us, and save us, Lord Jesus.

M. O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world;

C. Have mercy upon us, and grant us Thy peace. Amen.

After which the Minister shall close the service with the *Apostous Benediction.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

THE BURIAL OF CHILDREN.

To be used at the grave.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

Jesus saith, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

Weep not, saith the Lord, the child is not dead, but sleepeth. If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

Let us pray.

Almighty God, who by the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ hast destroyed death; by His rest in the tomb hast sanctified the graves of the saints; and by His glorious resurrection hast brought life and immortality to light, so that all who die in Him abide in hope as to their bodies, and in joy as to their souls; receive, we beseech Thee, our unfeigned thanks for that victory over death and the grave which He has obtained for us and for all who sleep in Him; and keep us who are still in the body, in

everlasting fellowship with all that wait for Thee on earth, and with all that are arouud Thee in heaven, in union with Him who is the Resurrection and the Life: who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen*

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence to take out of this world the soul of this deceased child, we therefore commit *his* body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust: looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come *Amen.*

Let us pray.

M. Lord, have mercy upon us.
C. Christ, have mercy upon us

M. Lord, have mercy upon us.
C. Christ, hear us.

M. Lord God, the Son, in the bosom of the Father, Saviour of the world;
C. Be gracious unto us.

M. By Thy human birth; by Thy prayers and tears; by all the troubles of Thy life; by the grief and anguish of Thy soul; by Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy bonds and scourgings; by Thy crown of thorns; by Thine ignominious crucifixion; by Thy sacred wounds and precious blood; by Thine atoning

death; by Thy rest in the grave; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension; by Thy sitting at the right hand of God; by Thy power to save;

C. Hear us, and save us, Lord Jesus.

M. O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world;

C. Have mercy upon us, and grant us Thy peace. Amen.

After which the Minister shall close the service with the *Apostolic Benediction.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

A BURIAL SERVICE.

To be used at the grave.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up: in the evening it is cut down and withereth. We are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts: shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayers; but spare us, Lord most holy. O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from Thee

The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and come forth. Until that day of the glorious revelation of the great God

and our Saviour, we commit this body to the ground: earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust. *Amen.*

Let us pray.

M. Lord, have mercy upon us.
C. Christ, have mercy upon us.

M. Lord, have mercy upon us.
C. Christ, hear us.

M. Lord God, the Son, in the bosom of the Father Saviour of the world;
C. Be gracious unto us.

M. By Thy human birth; by Thy prayers and tears; by all the troubles of Thy life; by the grief and anguish of Thy soul; by Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy bonds and scourgings; by Thy crown of thorns; by Thine ignominious crucifixion; by Thy sacred wounds and precious blood; by Thine atoning death; by Thy rest in the grave; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension; by Thy sitting at the right hand of God; by Thy power to save;
C. Hear us, and save us, Lord Jesus.

M. O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world;
C. Have mercy upon us, and grant us Thy peace. Amen.

The Minister shall close the service with the *Apostolic Benediction.*

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

PRAYERS FOR THE FAMILY.

Family worship should be observed daily in every household, when the following prayers may be used in connection with the reading of a portion of Scripture. It is recommended that the Scriptures be read as directed by the Calendar, or "Order of Scripture readings for the Family."

On Sundays, after reading the Scriptures, the Family shall rise and join in saying the Creed.

Then shall be said, all kneeling, first the Sunday Collect for the week, next the Prayer for the particular day of the week, and lastly the Lord's Prayer, in which all shall join audibly.

Sunday Morning.

O Lord, merciful and gracious Father, we, Thy children, adopted in Jesus Christ, gather around the mercy-seat with humble and childlike trust in Thee. As Thou makest the outgoings of the morning to rejoice, so do Thou make glad our hearts on this day of sacred rest. Thou, O Lord, art the true and only rest of the soul, and our hearts cannot rest until they rest in Thee. Grant us this day, not only the rest of the body, but also some foretaste of that peace and joy which shall refresh us, when we, after the labors of this life, shall awake in Thy likeness, and be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.

O Thou who hast made Thy Church Thy dwelling place, and chosen it as Thy rest forever, and has taught us in Thy word not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together; regard in special mercy, we beseech Thee, all those who meet to-day in Thy holy courts. Manifest Thyself unto them as Thou dost not unto the world. Bless unto them and us all Thine ordinances; and may our worship in the Church on earth prepare us more fully for the blessed worship of the Church in heaven.

O adorable Saviour, Head of Thy Church, who hast all power in heaven and in earth, and who dost send forth Thy servants in Thy name, to publish salvation and make disciples to Thyself; sustain the Pastors of Thy flocks at home, and in heathen lands. Give them the anointing of the Holy Ghost in their ministrations, that they may feed the flock that waiteth around Thee; comforting the distressed; instructing the ignorant; warning the careless; confirming the doubting; suiting and satisfying the wants of all from the rich treasury of Thy grace.

Be pleased, O God of compassion, whose tender mercies are over all Thy works, to remember this day all ranks and conditions of men. Succor the needy and oppressed; protect and cheer widows and orphans; restore the sick; prepare the dying for death; sanctify the merciful chastisements of Thy hand unto all who are enduring them; and grant that their afflictions may lead them to the exercise of that godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life, and thus bring unto them, in the life to come, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, through the suffering.

death, resurrection, and powerful intercession of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Blessed Jesus, who in the days of Thy flesh didst take little children into Thine arms and bless them, and who hast taught us that the promise is to us and to our children, and didst command that the lambs of the flock should be fed; do Thou, this day, through Thy families, and through Thy Church, call the little children to Thyself. Cause them to be nurtured by Thy renewing grace, that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thy name may be glorified.

Hear our prayer, O Lord, in heaven, Thy dwelling place. Glorify Thyself in all that we do and suffer, and lead us in that way in which we shall best escape the pollutions that are in the world, and attain at last to the unspeakable joys of the life to come: and unto Thee, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, shall be all honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

Sunday Evening.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, we acknowledge Thy great goodness toward us, in granting us another day of holy rest. We are truly sorry for the errors and sins of this day, and of our past lives. We are grieved that we have so often forgotten Thy presence, authority, and goodness. Merciful God, pardon our offences. Especially, O Lord, forgive the iniquity of our holy things. Correct and amend what is amiss in us. Write Thy laws in our hearts; and enable us

to show by holy, unblamable, and useful lives, that we have not enjoyed Thy sabbaths and Thy worship in vain. Thus prepare us ever more fully for the worship of the heavenly temple, and for the enjoyment of that eternal Sabbath which knows no setting sun.

Grant, O Lord, that every evening may remind us of the near approach of the night of death. Let a deep sense of our frailty make us careful how we live; and amid all the vanity of this present life, may we be united by a living faith, and by the power of the eternal Spirit, unto Him who is the Resurrection and the Life; so that, though we die, we may yet live, because He lives, and so escape death and the bitter pains of eternal misery.

Assist us, we beseech Thee, in carrying out the holy resolutions which we have this day formed, under the gracious movings of Thy word and Spirit.

O Thou, who hast all power in heaven and in earth, accompany the preaching of Thy word, and the administration of Thy sacraments, with the influences of Thy Holy Spirit. Continue to us, and to all Christian churches, the means of grace and salvation; and may the saving truths of the Gospel be speedily published in every land, that all the ends of the earth may hear, believe, and live forever.

Evermore keep and preserve us, O God of our salvation, in the midst of all dangers to which we are exposed, either in body or in soul; and prepare us, with meek cheerfulness and Christian resignation, to receive our sorrows as well as our joys from Thee; knowing that health and sickness, riches and poverty,

yea, all things, come not by chance, but by Thy fatherly hand.

O Thou, to whom the darkness and the light are both alike, and who dost neither slumber nor sleep, defend us, we beseech Thee, from all perils and dangers of this night. Keep us as under the shadow of Thy wings; that being quiet from all fear of evil, we may be brought in peace to see the light of another day, invigorated and rightly prepared for its work.

We ask all in the name, and for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Monday Morning.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, who by the rest of Thy holy day, and by the peaceful slumbers of the night, hast refreshed our bodies and souls, we give Thee hearty thanks for Thy great goodness toward us, and acknowledge Thee as the source of all our mercies. We would enter upon this new day, and upon the duties of the week, in Thy fear, and with a child-like dependence on Thee.

As Thou hast ordained that we should eat bread in the sweat of our face, we beseech Thee mercifully to prosper the work of our hands, and sanctify the fruit of our labors and cares to our good, to the good of others, and to Thy glory. Help us to carry the spirit of Thy holy day into all the business of the week; and whilst our bodies and minds are engaged in honest and useful toil, may our hearts still live and rest in

Thee. Save us from the spirit of worldliness. Suffer us not to seek our portion in this life; and having food and raiment, may we be therewith content.

O Lord God of our fathers, who dost make and keep covenant with families, and dost include parents and children in Thy most gracious promises, bless, we beseech Thee, this household dedicated to Thy holy service. Continue to provide for all our proper wants; and turn our hearts daily in gratitude and love to Thee, that being united in Thy service in this life, we may together attain to the felicity of the life everlasting, through infinite mercy and grace in Jesus Christ our Lord.

To Thy care, O Lord, we now commend ourselves for this day. Let Thy fatherly protection be over us. Preserve our feet from falling, our eyes from tears and our souls from death; and enable us to walk before thee in cheerful obedience to the end of life.

Hear, O Lord, our prayer; and grant us all things that we need, for this world and for that which is to come; since we ask in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Monday Evening.

ALMIGHTY God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and through Him our Father, and the source of all our mercies, blessed be Thy name for Thy

gracious protection this day. Thy goodness is new every morning, and Thy faithfulness every night. O that there were such hearts in us that we might fear Thee, and keep Thy commandments always.

O Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, Spirit of promise and Sanctifier of them that believe, dwell Thou in us as the Spirit of holiness. Purge our hearts from all evil passions and desires, from envy, hatred, and malice: that we may never suffer the sun to go down upon our wrath, but may always seek our rest with a conscience void of offence toward Thee and toward all men.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, we beseech Thee to look graciously upon this family. Bless us in body and soul; in basket and store; in our going out and coming in, and in all that concerns us. Above all, bless us with spiritual blessings; with a pure heart and a sound mind; with contempt of the world, and a firm trust in Thee; with a grateful sense of Thy kindness, and a soul full of love; with a knowledge of Thy will, and a desire to perform it; with the assistance of Thy Spirit, and a sure and joyful hope of everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

With these prayers in our own behalf, accept, O Lord, our hearty intercessions for all mankind. Let the light of Thy Gospel shine on all nations. Be especially gracious to the land in which we dwell. Bless all who are in authority over us. So rule their hearts, and strengthen their hands, that they may want neither will nor power to punish wickedness, and to encourage and support true piety.

O Lord, we now commit ourselves to Thy watch-

ful care during the night. Make us to rest in safety, and to be quiet from fear of evil. Let our thoughts be serious and devout when we lie down: and when we awake may we be still with Thee. O Thou Keeper of Israel, who dost neither slumber nor sleep, be Thou evermore our guardian; and when we lie down in the grave, be Thou the comfort and strength of our hearts, and our portion forever; through the abounding mercy of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Tuesday Morning.

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, we acknowledge with grateful hearts Thy goodness, which is renewed unto us from day to day. When we lay in defenceless sleep thy power was beneath us, and Thy protection around us. While others have spent the night in sighs and tears, in restlessness and painful watchings, in sickness and in struggles with death, Thou hast granted unto us a comfortable and refreshing repose. Blessed be Thy name, O Lord of our life, for all Thy goodness and love toward us.

Help us with a believing heart to embrace all the sufferings and death of Christ, whereby we may obtain the forgiveness of our sins, and become more and more united to His sacred body by the Holy Ghost, who dwells both in Christ and in us. Enable us to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts thereof, so that sin may no more have dominion over us:

and grant us grace to offer ourselves unto Him a sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise, in body and in soul, in this life, and to obtain in the world to come life everlasting.

Defend us, O Lord, this day, from all motions of sin in our own hearts, and from all hurtful influences from the world and evil spirits. In our greatest temptations be thou nearest to us by Thy sustaining and conquering power; and as Thou, blessed Saviour, didst overcome the Tempter in the wilderness, so do Thou overcome his wiles in us by thy victori ous grace.

Grant us, O Lord, the spirit of cheerful resignation to Thy good and holy will, that amid all the changes of this mortal life, we may be patient in adversity, thankful in prosperity, and for what is future, have good confidence in our faithful God and Father, that no creature shall separate us from His love.

Grant us grace, we beseech Thee, to be just and upright in all our dealings; quiet and peaceable among our neighbors; full of compassion towards the needy and afflicted; and ever ready to do good to all men; that so walking faithfully before Thee all our days, and being found watching whenever our appointed time shall come, we may, from a life of grace, be translated into a life of glory; through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Tuesday Evening.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful God, our heavenly Father, who hast brought us in safety to the close of another day; regard, we beseech Thee, our prayer, and the prayers of all Thy people, and pardon our sins, according to Thy loving-kindness and tender mercy in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Accept, O Lord, our evening sacrifice, and pour out upon us the fulness of Thy grace. Guard and defend us by Thy holy angels; preserve us from all harm and danger, both of soul and body; and give us grace, that we may spend this evening and night, and all the nights and days of our sojourn upon earth, to Thy honor and glory.

O Lord Jesus, Thou once crucified, but now exalted Saviour, we bless Thee for Thy humiliation; for Thine incarnation; for Thy life of patient suffering; for Thine agony in the garden; for Thy groans and prayers on the cross; and for Thine atoning death. We bless Thee, also, for Thy triumphant resurrection; for Thy glorious ascension into heaven; and for Thine intercession before the Father, as our Advocate and Mediator.

Let the same mind be in us, O Lord, which was also in Thee, that we may follow Thee in Thy humility; bear reproach as meekly as Thou didst bear it; and forgive our enemies, as Thou forgavest Thy murderers. When we die, may we die in Thee; commending our souls into the hands of our hea-

venly Father, with the full assurance of being raised up at the last day in Thine own glorious image.

O Lord, our gracious Redeemer, we now commit ourselves into Thy hands. Be with us when we lie down, and when we rise up; be with us in sickness and in health; and in the hour of death, forsake us not, O most merciful Saviour, but grant us a calm and peaceful departure out of this world, and a triumphant entrance into Thy heavenly kingdom. And all the glory shall be given to Thee, who, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, art alone worthy of all praise and glory, forever and ever. *Amen.*

Wednesday Morning.

O Thou Shepherd of Israel, who dost neither slumber nor sleep, under Thy providential care we have rested securely during another night, for which we now render Thee our humble and unfeigned thanks. We have slept and awaked, and lo! Thou art still with us; and we are yet among the living to praise Thee. Blessed be Thy holy name forever and ever Our voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will we direct our prayer unto Thee, and will look up. Thou hast no pleasure in wickedness, neither can any evil dwell with Thee; but thy delight is in all that call upon Thee, and Thou wilt bless such as are of an humble and a contrite heart.

Grant us grace to begin this day in Thy fear, and to end it to Thy glory. We are weak; be Thou our strength. We are ignorant and do easily err; be Thou our light and our guide. We are prone to thoughtlessness and vanity; keep us mindful, we entreat Thee, of death and of judgment, to the end that we may live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world.

O Thou omniscient and holy Lord God, we humbly confess before Thee our sins and infirmities. Though Thou didst originally create us good, after Thine own image, in righteousness and true holiness, yet has our nature fallen, and we are conceived and born in sin. Create in us, we beseech Thee, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us. Make us by true faith partakers of Christ and all his benefits; and grant us the Holy Ghost that He may comfort and abide with us forever.

O Lord, as thou hast called us to serve one another, and the generation in which we live, give us strength to go forth to our daily duties with cheerfulness, and in humble dependence upon Thy help. Prosper our labors, and let the work of our hands be established upon us for Thy praise.

Bless this family, and grant us grace to love and fear Thee. Bless our kindred, friends, and neighbors. Reward all that have done us good; and pardon those who have done or wished us evil. Be merciful to all who are in any trouble or affliction; and do Thou, O God of pity and compassion, grant them help and comfort according to their need, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and

reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

Wednesday Evening.

Most gracious and merciful God, who art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and hast promised mercy and forgiveness to all them who confess and forsake their sins, we come before Thee with an humble sense of our own unworthiness, acknowledging our manifold transgressions of Thy righteous law, in thought, in word, and in deed. We have every day done those things which Thou hast forbidden, and left undone those things which Thou hast commanded; so that, when we look upon our past lives, and remember that Thou knowest our most secret sins, we are afraid of Thy judgments, and ashamed to lift up our eyes unto Thee. But, O gracious Father, who desirest not the death of a sinner, look upon us, we beseech Thee, in Thy Son Jesus Christ, and, for the merits of His sufferings, be merciful unto us, and grant unto us the full and free forgiveness of our sins.

May the Spirit of Christ ever rule and live in us, inspiring our hearts with a sincere love of Thee, O God; with an earnest desire to please Thee, and with a dread of offending Thee. Sanctify us wholly, we beseech Thee, that our souls and bodies may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Help us, O Lord, to possess our souls in patience

amidst all the changes of this mortal life. Give us a cheerful faith, a joyful hope, and a peaceful love. From gloominess of mind, from repinings, from dejection of spirit, from distrust of Thy mercies, and from fear of death, good Lord, deliver us.

We humbly pray for all mankind, especially for our kindred and friends, that they may receive mercies suitable to their wants. If any are estranged from Thee, draw them to Thyself by Thy good Spirit and grace, that as they share in Thy goodness here, they may partake also of Thy glory hereafter, through the great mercy of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Bless, O Lord, the poor and needy, the sick and afflicted, the wretched and distressed. Have compassion upon all ranks and conditions of men. Sanctify the afflictions of Thy hand unto those who endure them, and in Thine own good time turn their sorrow into joy.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to continue Thy gracious protection to us this night. Into Thy hands we commend ourselves, and all things that belong to us. Be pleased to watch over us, O Thou who dost neither slumber nor sleep. Defend us from danger and mischief, and from the dread and fear of evil: to the end that we may enjoy such quiet and refreshing sleep as may fit us for the duties of the coming day.

O Lord, make us ever mindful of that time when we shall lie down in the dust; and grant us grace always so to live, that we may never be afraid to die; but that, whether we live we may live unto Thee, and whether we die we may die unto Thee; that so living

and dying, we may be Thine, through the merits and satisfaction of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Thursday Morning.

O God, our God, early will we seek Thee. Thy mercies are new unto us every morning, and call for new expressions of gratitude to Thee, the Giver of all good. For the rest of the night, for the light of another day, and for the comforts which now surround us, we praise Thee, O Lord our God. Help us to feel more deeply that we owe our life and all its blessings to Thy fatherly love and care.

We come unto Thee as Thy children. O give us the spirit of adoption whereby we may cry, Abba Father; and loving Thee, who hast first loved us, may have grace to dedicate ourselves anew to Thy blessed service, in body and in soul.

O Holy Saviour, who hast redeemed and delivered us from our sins, renew us also by the Holy Ghost after Thine own image: that so we may testify, by our whole life, our gratitude to Thee for Thy great love and mercy to us; that every one of us may be assured in ourselves of our faith, by the fruits thereof; and that, by godly walk and conversation, we may win others also unto Christ.

Grant us grace, O Lord, to flee from every temptation that may this day assail us, and to overcome the power of sin in our hearts. May we rightly acknowledge Thee, the only true God; trust in Thee alone;

with humility and patience expect all good from Thee only: love, fear, and honor Thee with our whole heart: so as rather to renounce all creatures than do the least thing against Thy will.

Bestow upon us, O most merciful Father, what is needful for us, and give us grace not to abuse Thy favors. Give us, we beseech Thee, contented minds, and help us to regard with compassion the wants and sorrows of others.

O God, our Saviour, who art the hope of all the ends of the earth, remember, we beseech Thee, the children of affliction and sorrow. Heal the sick; provide for the poor; befriend the forsaken; and be a helper to the helpless.

We now resign ourselves, Almighty Father, into Thy hands. Let Thy mercy be upon us according as we hope in Thee. Guide us by Thy counsel while we live, and afterwards receive us to Thy heavenly glory, through infinite riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. *Amen.*

Thursday Evening.

Most merciful God, from heaven, the habitation of Thy holiness, look down upon us and accept the confession of our sins, with our evening sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise. We acknowledge our unworthiness, and the frailty and perverseness of our corrupt nature, through which we daily transgress Thy just

and holy laws. Have mercy upon us, O Lord, and pardon us, for the sake of Jesus Christ, who is our advocate with Thee. Wash our souls from the defilements of this day in His most precious blood, that we may go to our rest, comforted by Thy grace, and sanctified by Thy Holy Spirit.

Kind and gracious Father, we give Thee unfeigned thanks, for all Thy mercies bestowed upon us: for our being; for our powers of mind and body; for health, friends, food, and raiment; for Thy patience with us, notwithstanding our many and great provocations; for the direction, assistance, and comfort of Thy Holy Spirit; for Thy continual care and watchful providence over us, through the whole course of our lives; and particularly for the favors and benefits of the past day. We beseech Thee, continue these blessings to us, and enable us to show forth our gratitude for them, by sincere obedience to Thy holy laws, and entire devotion to Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord, take away from us all ignorance, hardness of heart, and undue carefulness for the things of this life. Help us as a household to fear Thee, sincerely to seek Thy glory, and to put our whole trust in Thy mercy.

Make us mindful that as we have now come to the end of another day, so the end of life is at hand; and as we know neither the day nor the hour of our Master's coming, grant us grace so to live, that, when Thou shalt call us hence, we may not be afraid to die; but stand prepared always to meet Thee in peace.

Be pleased to watch over us this night, and spread the wings of Thy protection around our resting place.

Preserve us from sin and harm, and from the malice of the spirits of darkness. Visit us with refreshing sleep; cause us to rest safely in the arms of Thy love; and raise us up again in health and peace. Thus may all our days and nights be spent with Thee in Thy blessed service, till we awake in Thy likeness and reign with Thee in everlasting joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Friday Morning.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, we render thanks unto Thee, for Thy kind care over us during the night that is past. Since of Thy great mercy another day has dawned upon us, we once more consecrate ourselves in soul and body to Thy service. We renounce the works of darkness: cause us to walk in the light of Thy countenance. We renounce the vanities of the world: help us to seek after the enduring substance that is laid up with Thee in heaven. We renounce the sinful lusts of the flesh: enable us to walk in the Spirit. In these desires and purposes, do Thou, most merciful God, confirm and strengthen us by Thine ever present grace.

We humbly confess before Thee, O Lord, our guilt, and beseech Thee to pardon our sins and transgressions. Create in us a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us, that we may have power to serve Thee in righteousness and true holiness all our days

Give us, O Lord, an abiding sense of the vanity and shortness of this mortal life. Seeing that the Son of man cometh at an hour when we think not, may we be always ready; that so the dread summons may not come upon us unawares; but that, having our loins girt about, and our lamps burning, we may be like those that wait for their Lord.

Accept, O Lord, our earnest intercessions for all mankind. Cause Thy glorious Gospel to be proclaimed among all nations. Bless Thy Church, purchased with Thine own most precious blood. Clothe her ministers with salvation; and may earth's millions of sinning, sorrowing, and suffering souls, find their home and their rest in her bosom.

Bless our kindred and friends: those who are in sin, O Lord, convert; strengthen and confirm those who are in grace. Unite us to one another by mutual love, and to Thyself, by continual piety and faith, through the merits of Thy blessed Son, our Saviour.

Be merciful to those who are in any trouble or affliction in mind, body, or outward estate. Raise up helpers to such as are in want; and administer grace and comfort to all, according to their several necessities, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Friday Evening.

Eternal and infinitely glorious God, the great Creator, gracious Preserver, and wise Governor of the world, we, Thy sinful and unworthy servants, bow

before Thee at this time to present our prayers and supplications at the throne of Thy heavenly grace.

Thou, Lord, art never weary in doing us good; but alas! we acknowledge with shame that we have been guilty of great ingratitude towards Thee. We have been unprofitable servants: we have neglected much of our duty; we have followed too often the inclinations of our corrupt nature; and instead of loving Thee, and delighting in Thee, we have been too eagerly and fondly pursuing the things of this world. Enter not into judgment with us, O Lord, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood. Let Thy goodness and forbearance lead us to repentance; and of Thy great mercy, O Lord, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death. Spare us, good Lord, spare Thy servants, and be not angry with us for ever.

O Lord, enlighten our understandings, that we may know Thee; sanctify our affections, that we may love Thee: and put Thy fear into our hearts, that we may dread to offend Thee. Convince us thoroughly, we beseech Thee, of the great evil of sin, that we may hate it, and endeavor in all things to obey Thy blessed will, and to walk before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days.

Impress us, O Lord, with a lively and abiding sense of the frailty of our lives, the certainty of judgment, the unspeakable glories of heaven, and the most dreadful torments of hell; that we may be moved in good earnest to lay hold of salvation, and never be so foolish as to prefer the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season, to that everlasting fulness of joy, which is in Thy presence for evermore.

Establish, O Lord, and greatly enlarge, the borders of Thy Church; and grant that the knowledge of Thy name, and the consolations of Thy grace, may soon fill every land and all hearts. Let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end, and do Thou establish and increase the just.

We humbly commend ourselves this night to Thy blessing and protection. Give us, O Lord, the comfortable refreshment of a quiet and undisturbed sleep. Defend us from evil, and from all fear and dread. Preserve us especially from the evil of sin, and from the assaults of our spiritual enemies; and let Thy goodness and mercy follow us all the days of our life, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Saturday Morning.

O God, by whom the whole world is governed and preserved, we give Thee humble thanks for Thy fatherly care over us, in preserving us from the dangers of the night which is past, and in bringing us safely to the beginning of another day.

We gratefully acknowledge our dependence on Thee for the necessities, conveniences, and comforts of our daily life; for the means of our well-being in this world; and for the hope of everlasting happiness in the world to come.

We give Thee thanks for the gift of Thy Son, our Saviour; for the gift of Thy Holy Spirit, our Sanctifier and Comforter; for the institution of Thy Church, the mother of us all; for the light of Thy glorious Gospel, and the helps of Thy grace; and for the pre-

cious promises of pardon, through Thy Son Christ Jesus, in whose blood we have the atonement.

Give us always, we beseech Thee, such a tender sense of Thy mercies, that we may be truly thankful for them. Save us from hardness of heart, and from blindness of mind, that we may never neglect or abuse Thy grace. Enable us honestly to improve all the talents which Thou hast committed to our trust; and let no worldly business, nor love of pleasure, draw our minds or hearts from the solemn concerns of the life to come.

Let Thy blessing, O Lord, be upon our persons, upon our labors, upon our substance, and upon all that belongs to us. In prosperity may we not forget Thee, and in adversity may we still trust in Thy wisdom, mercy, and love; assured that whatever evils Thou dost send upon us in this vale of tears, Thou wilt turn them to our good.

Defend us, O Lord, and those who are near and dear to us, against the assaults of our enemies. Grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger. May all our doings be ordered by Thee, and meet with Thy favor and blessing; that so we may walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.

Into Thy hands, gracious Father, we now commend ourselves for this day, and for all coming time. Glorify Thyself in all that we do and suffer; and grant us, we beseech Thee, in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting; through the mercy and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost,

one God, be all honor and glory, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end *Amen.*

Saturday Evening.

O Lord God, our Heavenly Father, who hast brought us safely through another day, and to the close of another week, unto Thee we render our humble and hearty thanks. Give us, we beseech Thee, a due sense of the manifold favors Thou hast bestowed upon us through life; and especially teach us to value, as we ought, Thy great mercy in Christ Jesus our Lord, through whom alone we enjoy the means of grace, and the hope of glory.

We confess, O Lord, that we have not served Thee according to the measure of our knowledge and ability. We have again and again broken Thy laws and commandments; we have too much neglected Thy warnings; we have resisted the quiet influences of Thy Holy Spirit; and we have just cause to fear Thy righteous judgments. We acknowledge and bewail our unworthiness. O merciful Father, accept our penitence, and give us the comforting assurance of pardon. By Thy manifold and great mercies; by the all-sufficient merits of Thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ; by His agony and bloody sweat; by His bitter cross and passion; by His glorious resurrection and ascension; by His continual intercession for us at Thy right hand; and by the graces and comforts of the Holy Ghost, good Lord, deliver us.

In all the changes and trials of this mortal life; in all time of our prosperity and in all time of our adversity: in the hour of death and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, extend Thy mercy to the whole race of mankind. Have pity upon the nations that know Thee not; cause the light of Thy glorious gospel to shine among them, and visit them with Thy salvation.

Look with pity and compassion, O Lord, upon those who are in affliction and temptation; upon the poor, the sick, and the dying; strengthen and support them, and give them in Thine own good time a happy issue out of all their sufferings.

Be merciful and gracious, O God, to our kindred and friends; forgive our enemies; reward our benefactors; and grant that we, with all Thy people every where, may have grace to serve Thee with full purpose of heart, and so be made partakers at last of eternal bliss in Thy presence in heaven.

And now, most gracious Father, who hast delivered our eyes from tears, our feet from falling, and our souls from death, take us, we entreat Thee, under Thy watchful care this night; guard us from all evil and harm, and bring us to the light, and prepare us for the duties of the coming Sabbath; and we will praise Thee, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE

HYMNAL

OF THE

REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

PREPARED BY A COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE GENERAL SYNOD.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary.

PHILADELPHIA:
THE PUBLICATION BOARD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH
IN THE UNITED STATES.
FIFTEENTH AND RACE STREETS.
1909

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By the General Synod of the Reformed Church

in the United States.

PREFACE.

THE Committee to whom was intrusted the work of preparing a Hymnal for the use of The Reformed Church in the United States has endeavored faithfully to abide by the instructions given at the time of its appointment at the meeting of the General Synod at Akron, Ohio, June, 1887, viz., "To prepare such a collection as may, in the judgment of the committee, be best adapted to the needs of the Reformed Church in the United States."

In now presenting to the Church the results of its long and arduous labors, the Committee desires first of all to return most devout thanks to the great Head of the Church for his most gracious guidance and help, and to pray that this collection of hymns of praise may for many years to come redound to his increasing glory in the service of the sanctuary, and furthermore to express the hope that this Hymnal may prove to be truly suited to the needs of the people of the Reformed Church and be abundantly blessed to their spiritual edification and profit.

To choose from the vast amount of material at hand and to decide what hymns should be admitted to the collection and what excluded, has been no easy task. On a careful examination, however, it will be found that very few, if any, of the good old hymns, endeared to our people from long usage, have been omitted; while on the other hand the claims of the more valuable amongst the modern and popular compositions have by no means been disregarded.

In preparing this collection the aim has been not only to choose the best hymns, but also to select the best music available (some of it at a very considerable cost for copyright privileges), and furthermore so to adapt the tunes to the words as at once to gratify a cultivated literary and musical taste and to insure the hearty enjoyment of the people. Of necessity by far the larger number of tunes are old. They have been so long in use and are so enshrined in the best affections of God's people, that to omit them would have been a serious offense. At the same time, also, much of the music will be found to be new. A vast number of so-called "popular tunes," whose favor is as surprising as it is ephemeral, have been studiously avoided; but those tunes of a more recent composition which appear to possess permanent and intrinsic value have been as carefully admitted.

It is now the pleasant duty of the Committee to acknowledge the uniform courtesy and kindness of many brethren in the ministry and amongst the laity

of the Church, during the preparation of this work, and more particularly to express their obligation to the following persons:

To Mr. H. T. Buckley, organist of Third Street Reformed church, Easton, Pa., to Mrs. H. M. Kieffer, of Easton, Pa., and to Miss Lizzie May Fitz, of Martinsburg, W. Va., for valuable assistance in the musical part of the work:

To Bishop J. H. Vincent, to Miss Alice Nevin, to Dr. E. P. Parker, to Professors J. H. Kurzenknabe, E. C. Zartman, Fred. Schilling and Ira D. Sankey for special privileges in the use of tunes of their composition:

To the following musical composers and publishers for permission to use tunes of their composition or ownership: Oliver Ditson & Co., Biglow & Main, John Church & Co., Mrs. Sarah N. Holbrook, Mrs. Lizzie Tourgee Estabrook, Mr. U. C. Burnap, Mr. Theo. E. Perkins, Mr. John R. Sweney, Mr. Wm. G. Fischer, John T. Grape; also to the Publication Board of the Reformed Church for permission to use the hymns composed by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee and the Rev. Dr. E. H. Nevin, and for all music selected from "Tunes for Worship," by Professor Henry Schwing:

And finally to Professor Henry Schwing both for permission to use music of his composition and for his valued services in editing the musical part of this collection.

May this Hymnal commend itself to the people of the Reformed Church in the United States. May it soon become the one book of praise in common use throughout all sections of the Church. And may God abundantly bless it to his service for many years to come.

H. M. Kieffer,
J. A. Hoffheins,
John M. Schick,
H. H. W. Hibshman.

NOTICE.—Many hymns and tunes in this collection, as well as the arrangements and adaptations of music, are introduced "by permission," either purchased or given, and therefore can not be used without the consent of the authors or owners of the copyrights.

Contents.

	Pages.
GENERAL PRAISE	1–7
ADVENT SEASON	8–33
CHRISTMAS SEASON	34–47
NEW YEAR	48–52
EPIPHANY	53–78
LENT	79–107
PASSION WEEK	108–127
EASTER SEASON	128–148
ASCENSION DAY	149–158
WHITSUNTIDE	159–167
TRINITY SUNDAY	168–174
TRINITY SEASON	175–237
BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION	238–247
HOLY COMMUNION	248–259
ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION	260–263
CORNER-STONE, AND CHURCH CONSECRATION	264–270
BURIAL	271–280
HARVEST AND THANKSGIVING	281–294
MORNING AND EVENING	295–316
OPENING AND CLOSING	317–325
CHILDREN'S SERVICE	326–346
MISCELLANEOUS	347–371
CHANTS	372–388
RESPONSES AND DOXOLOGIES	389–395
INDEX OF TUNES	396–398
METRICAL INDEX	399–401
INDEX OF SUBJECTS	402–403
INDEX OF AUTHORS	404–406
HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH YEAR	407
INDEX OF CHANTS	408
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	409–414

HYMNAL

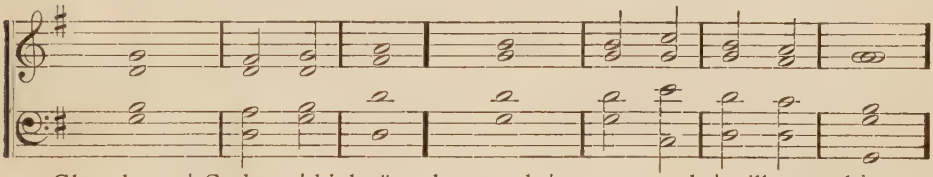
of the

REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

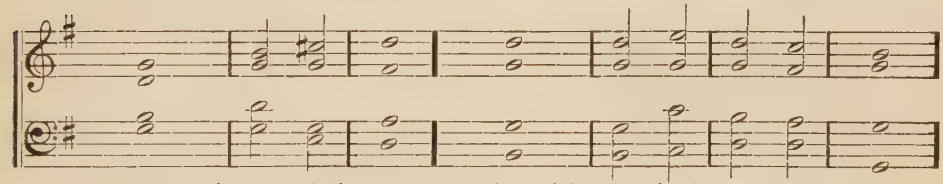
General Praise.

1 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

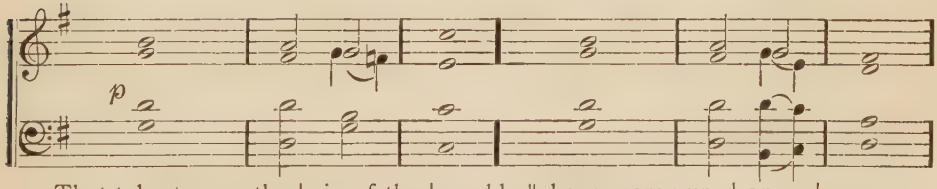
OLD CHANT.



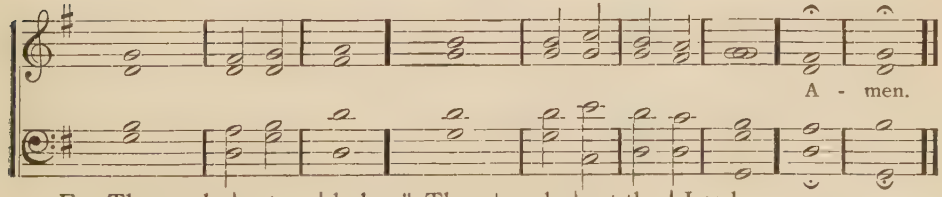
Glory be to | God on | high: || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee: || we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | thy great | glory.



O Lord God, | heavenly | King: || God the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Je-sus | Christ: || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son — | of the | Father,

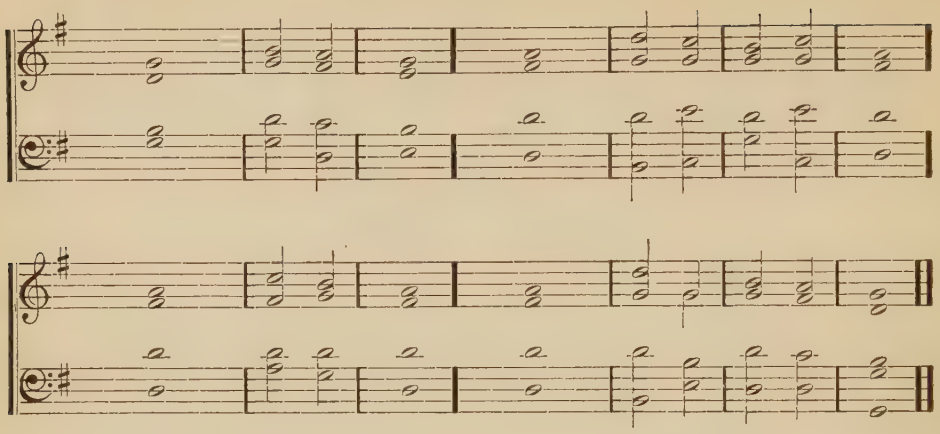


That takest away the | sin of the | world: || have mercy up- | on — | us.
Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world: || have mercy up- | on — | us.
Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world: || re- | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father: || have mercy up- | on — | us.



For Thou only | art — | holy: || Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost: || art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. || A- | men.

2 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.



1 We praise | Thee, O | God; || we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
All the earth doth | worship | Thee, || the | Father | ever- | lasting.

2 To Thee all angels | cry a- | loud: || the heavens and | all the | powers there- | in.
To Thee cherubim and | sera- | phim || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,

3 Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God of | Sabaoth: || heaven and earth are full of the | majesty | of thy | glory.
The glorious company of the apostles | praise — | Thee: || the goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise — | Thee:

4 The noble army of martyrs | praise— | Thee: || the holy Church throughout all the world | doth ac- | knowledge | Thee,
The | Fa — | ther || of an | infinite | Majes- | ty;

5 Thine adorable, true and | only | Son: || also the | Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter.
Thou art the King of glory, | O — | Christ: || Thou art the everlasting | Son— | of the | Father.

6 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man, || Thou didst humble Thyself to be | born — | of a | Virgin;
When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, || Thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.

7 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, || in the | glory | of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come to | be our | Judge: we therefore pray Thee, help thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood.

8 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints || in | glory | ever- | lasting.
O Lord, | save thy | people || and | bless — | thy — | heritage.

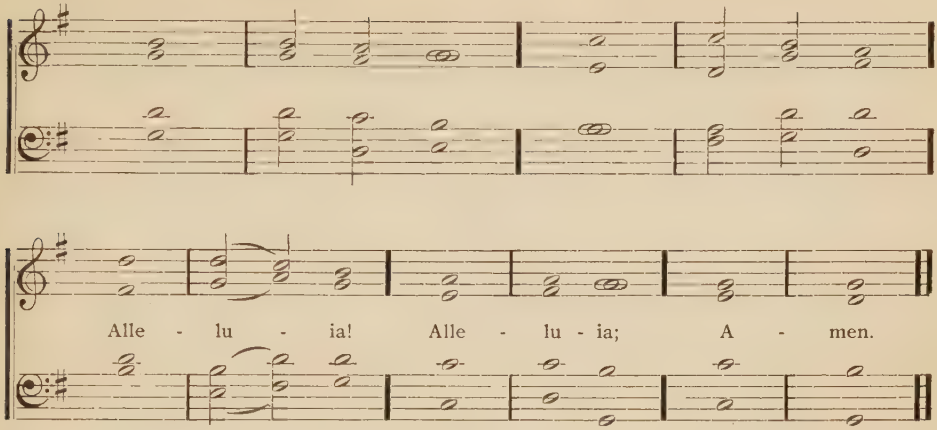
9 Gov- | ern — | them, || and | lift them | up for- | ever.
Day by day we | magnify | Thee: || and we worship thy name ever, | world with- | out — | end.

10 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, || to keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.
O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us, || have | mer- — | cy up- | on us.

11 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust is | in — | Thee.
O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted: || let me | never | be con- | founded.

3 THE STRAIN UPRAISE.

Adapted by A. H. D. Troyte.



1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- | lu-ia!
To the glory of their King shall the ransomed | people sing, || Alle- | luia! Alle- | luia!

2 And the choirs that | dwell on high,
Shall re-echo | through the sky, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!

3 They in the rest of Para- | dise who dwell,
The blessed ones with joy the | chorus swell, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!

4 The planets glitt'ring on their | heavenly way,
The shining constellations, | join and say, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!

5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on | pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings, | wildly bright, || in sweet con- | sent unite || your Alle- | luia!

6 Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and | winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and | summer glow,
|| Ye groves that wave in spring | and glorious | forests sing, || Alle- | luia!

7 First let the birds with painted | plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's | praise and say, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!

8 Then let the beasts of earth, with | varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn and | cry again, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!

9 Here let the mountains thunder forth so- | norous, || Alle- | luia!
|| There let the valleys sing in gentler | chorus, || Alle- | luia!

10 Thou jubilant abyss of | ocean cry, || Alle- | luia!
|| Ye tracts of earth, and conti- | nents, reply, || Alle- | luia!

11 To God, who all cre- | ation made,
The frequent hymn be | duly paid, || Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia!

12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- | mighty loves, || Alle- | luia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ, the | King approves, || Alle- | luia!

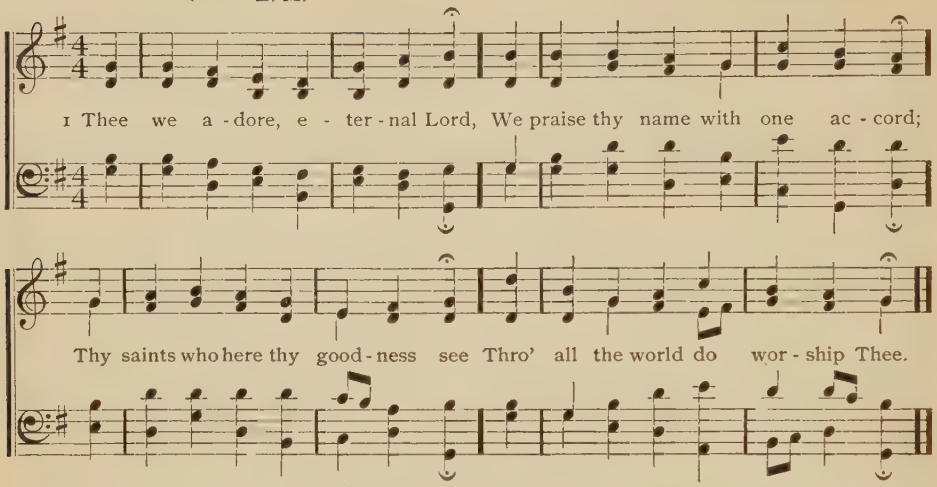
13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- | waking, || Alle- | luia!
And children's voices echo, answer | making, || Alle- | luia!

14 Now from all men | be outpoured || Alleluia | to the Lord;
|| With Alleluia | evermore || the Son and Spirit | we adore.

15 Praise be done to the | Three in One. | Alle- | luia!
|| Alle- | luia! || Alle- | luia! || Amen.

4 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high·
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets swell the immortal song,
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

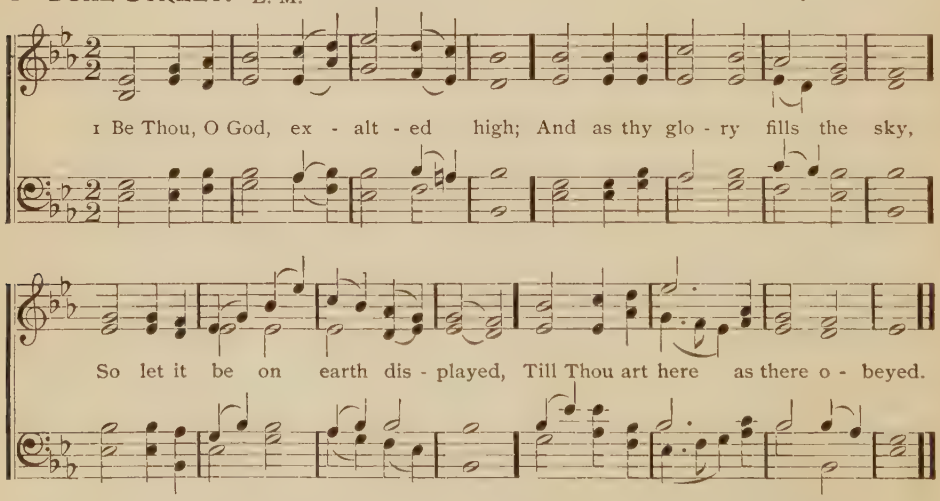
4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day;
Have mercy, Lord, we trust in Thee,
O let us ne'er confounded be.

Thomas Cotterill, 1810.

5 DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Tate and Brady, 1696

6 ONIDO. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON. Arr.

1 God e-ter-nal, Lord of all, Low-ly at thy feet we fall; All the world doth worship Thee,

We a-midst the throng would be; All the ho-ly an-gels cry, Hail, thrice ho-ly,

God most high; Lord of all the heavenly pow'rs, Be the same loud anthem ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
Hast Thou not a mission too
For thy children here to do?
With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them thy cross would bear,
All thy Church in heaven and earth,
Jesus, hail thy spotless birth;
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own.

J. E. Millard, tr.

7

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing,
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

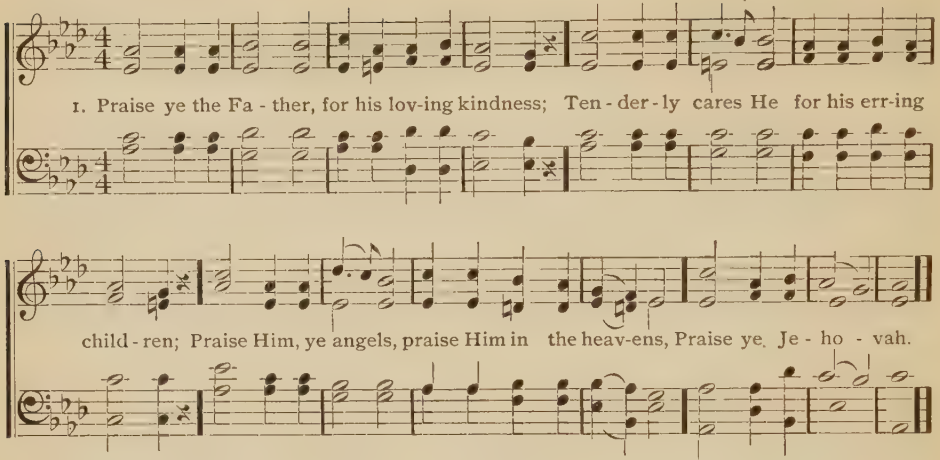
2 Hail, by all thy works adored,
Hail the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
God of power and God of love;
Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away;
Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone
Art with thy great Father One;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One supreme, eternal Three.

C. Wesley.

8 INTEGER. 11s. & 5.

F. F. Fleming, 1810.

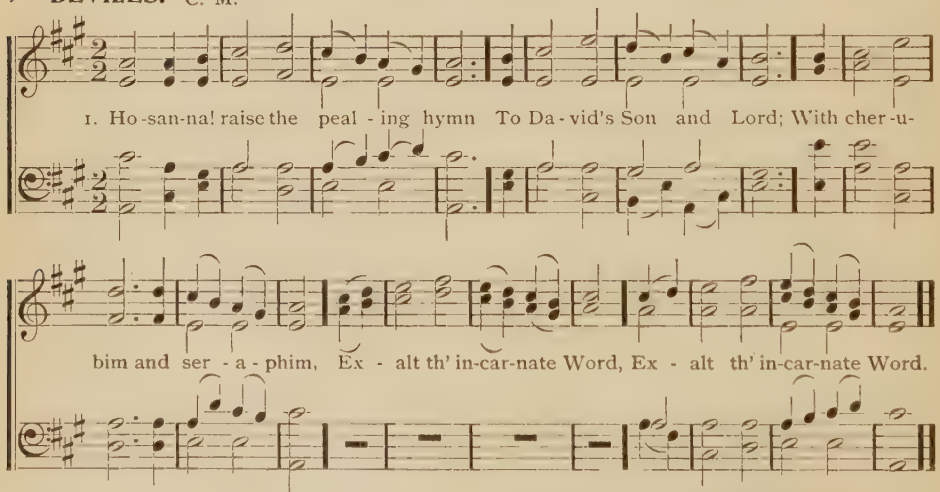


2 Praise ye the Saviour, great is his compassion;
Graciously cares He for his chosen people;
Young men and maidens, ye old men and children,
Praise ye the Saviour.

3 Praise ye the Spirit, Comforter of Israel,
Sent of the Father and the Son to bless us;
Praise ye the Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Praise ye the triune God.

9 DEVIZES. C. M.

I. Tucker.



2 Hosanna! sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.

3 Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to thy throne;
Not gold nor myrrh nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be thine own.

4 Hosanna once thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

5 O Saviour, if redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

William H. Havergal, 1833.

10 HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792—1872.

1 { Lord, thy glo-ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its fulness stored; / Un - to Thee be glo- ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord. } Heav'n is still with anthems ringing,

Earth takes up the angels' cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly ho-ly, singing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before Him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high.

R. Mant.

11 REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s.

H. Smart.

1 Al - le - lu - ia! best and sweetest Of the hymns of praise above; Al - le - lu - ia! thou re-peat - est,

An-gel host, these notes of love; This ye ut - ter, this ye ut - ter, While your golden harps ye move.

2 Alleluia! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high;
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Alleluia! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn;
Our offenses
We with bitter tears must mourn.

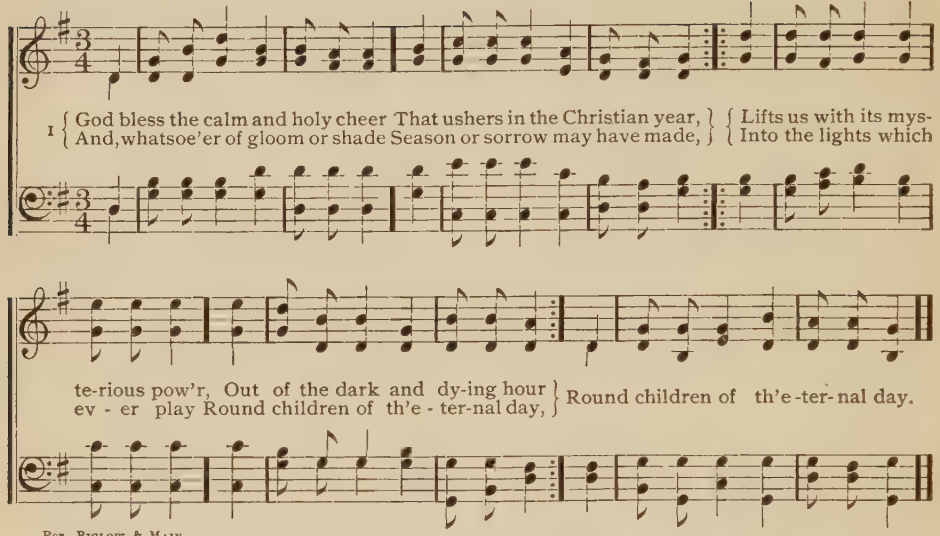
4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see;
Alleluia!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

John Chandler, 1837.

Advent.

12 SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.

W. B. Bradbury.



Per. Biglow & Main.

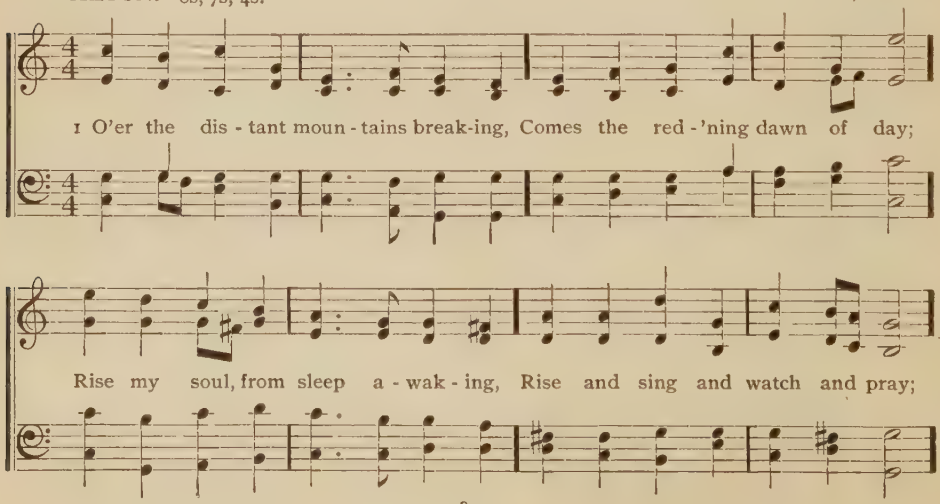
2 Blest Advent of our ling'ring Lord!
How high the hope, how sure the word,
That thus, with every year's return,
Makes our dull hearts within us burn
For that long-sought and promised day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And Christ from highest heavens shall come
To take his waiting people home.

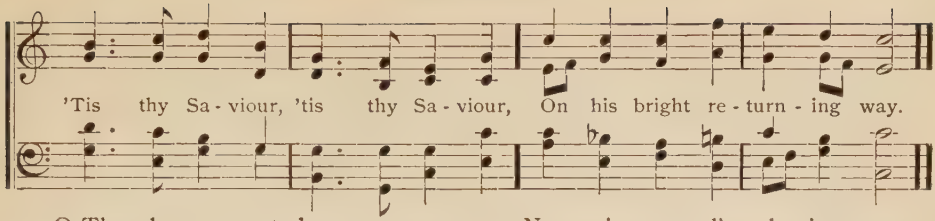
3 Since childhood's early hours, our eyes
Have watch'd the east for red'ning skies;
Year after year has Advent brought
Nearer to us the prize we sought;
But still it lingers—O that we
Were more prepared to welcome Thee!
Thine advent, with its angel throng,
Would not be tarrying, Lord, so long.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1857.

13 ALTON. 8s, 7s, 4s.

Henry Smart, 1868.





2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark and earth is dreary,
Where thy light I do not see.
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Long, too long in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine;
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly thine?

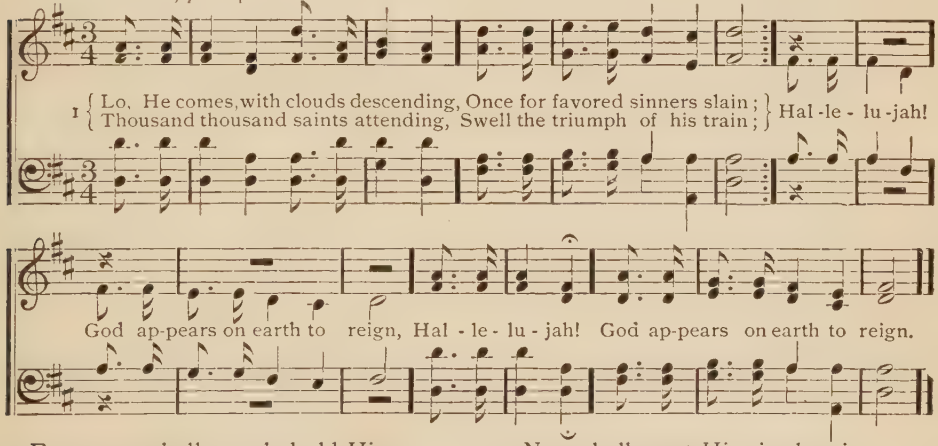
4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lonely station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home,
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come.

J. S. B. Monsell.

14 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

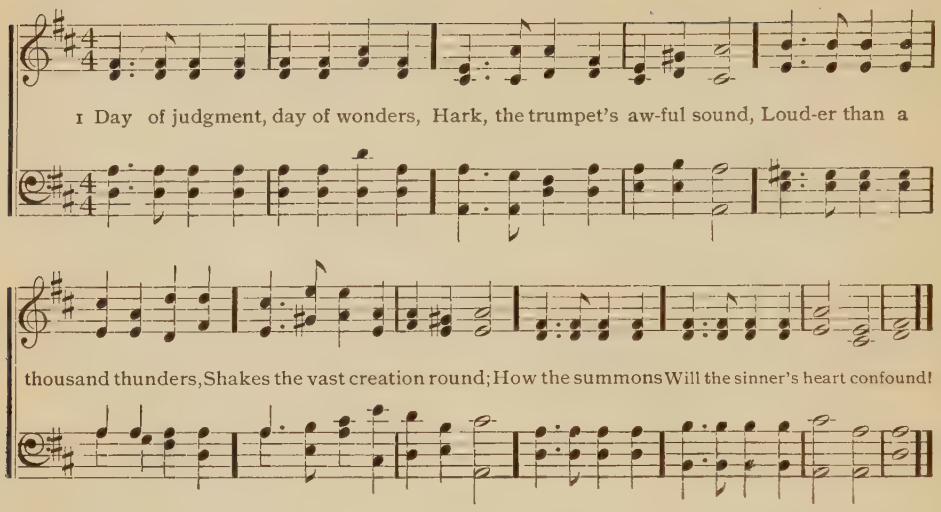
5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans and bids Thee come.

6 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own;
O come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down.

Charles Wesley and John Cennick.
Altered by M. Madan.

15 BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
Ye who long for his appearing
Then shall say, this God is mine;
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

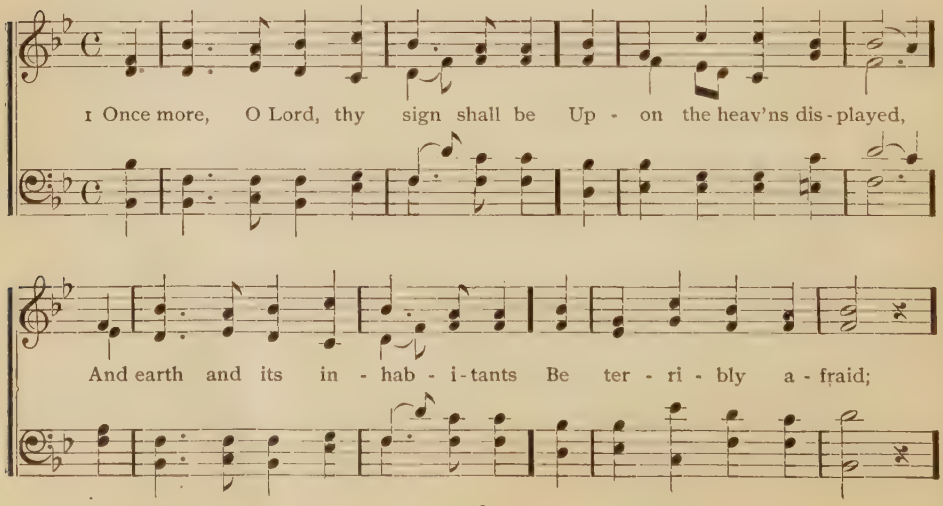
3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his look, prepare to flee;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

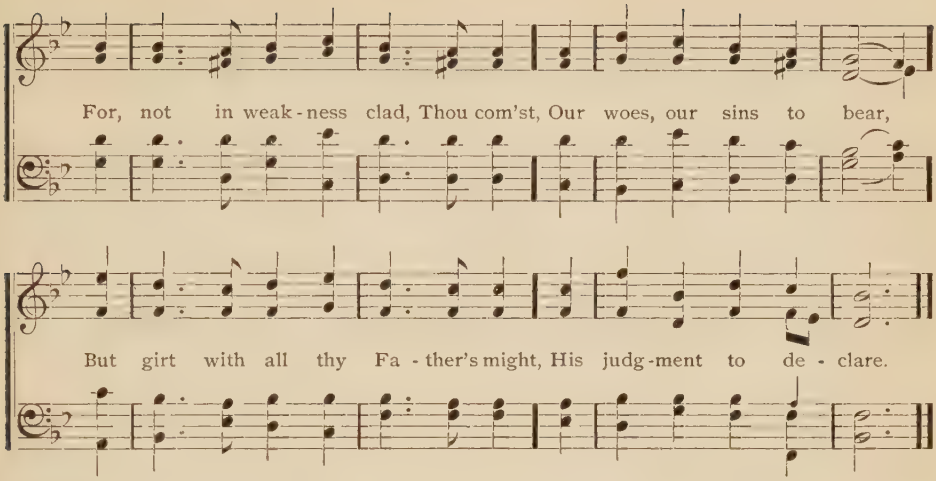
4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say: "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton, 1774.

16 GERTRUDE. C. M. 8 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING.





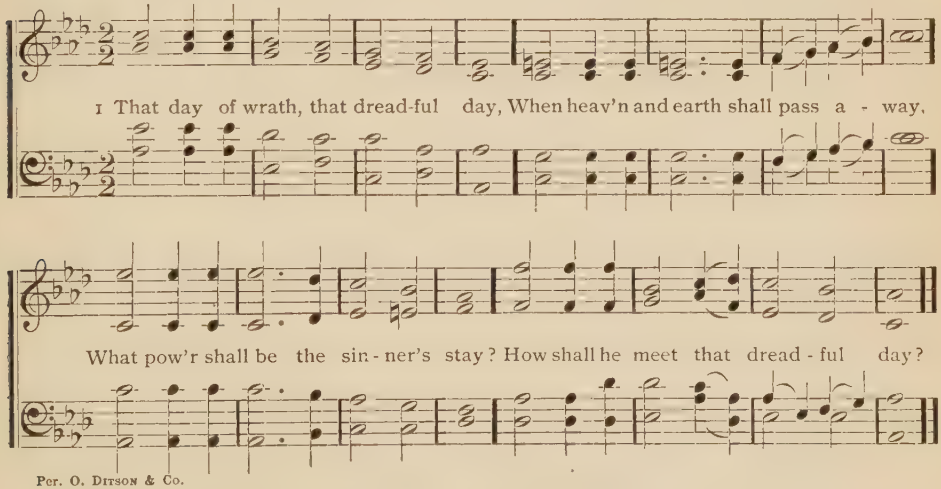
2 The terrors of that awful day,
O who can understand?
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
Shalt lift thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But Thou hast sworn and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies.

George W. Doane.

17 GROSTETE. L. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.



Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet and yet more dread
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead—

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

Hymn of 13th century.

18 MAGILL. 11s.

T. E. PERKINS.

1 A voice from the des - ert comes aw - ful and shrill, The Lord is ad-

vanc - ing, pre - pare ye the way; The word of his prom - ise He

comes to ful - fil, And o'er the dark world pour the splen - dor of day.

Per. T. E. PERKINS.

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
He cometh, our King, our Redeemer is nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illume,
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

Drummond, 1585—1649.

19 BONAR. S. M. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1858.

1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And we shall be with

REFRAIN.

those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My

soul for that great day; O wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.—REF.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.—REF.

4 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.—REF.

Horatius Bonar, 1857, ab.

20 FATHERLAND. 6s & 4s.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break ev'ry tender tie, Je - sus is mine;

Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting-place, Je-sus alone can bless, Je - sus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

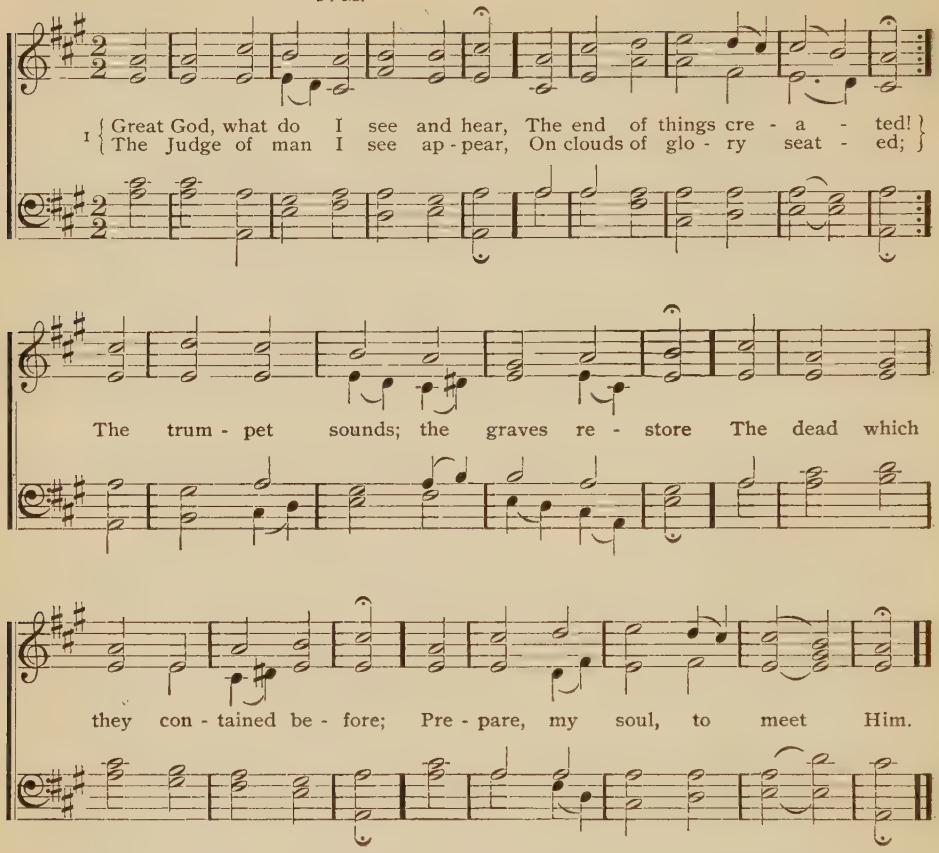
3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Bonar.

21 JUDGMENT HYMN. P. M.

JOSEPH KLUG'S GESANGBUCH.



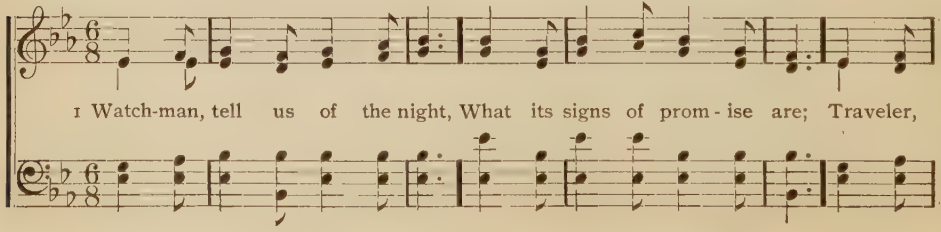
2 The dead in Christ are first to rise
At that last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

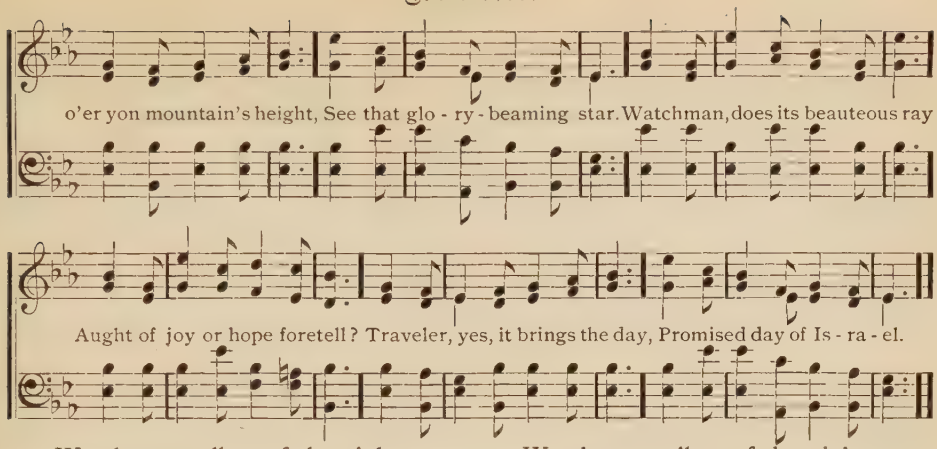
3 Th' ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before his throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

W. B. Collyer, 1812.

22 WATCHMAN, TELL US. 7s. D.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.





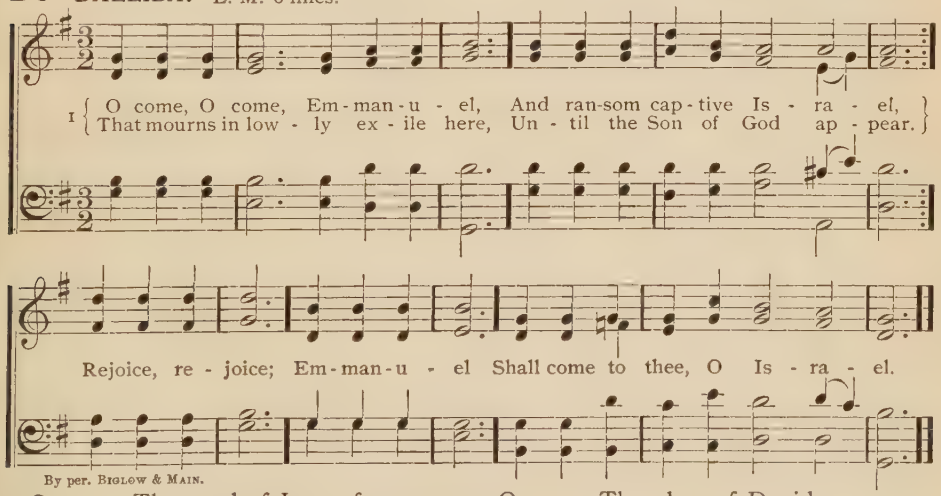
2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends;
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn;
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come.

John Bowring, 1825.

23 DALLIBA. L. M. 6 lines.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



By per. Biglow & Main.

2 O come, Thou rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
—Ref.

3 O come, Thou dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
—Ref.

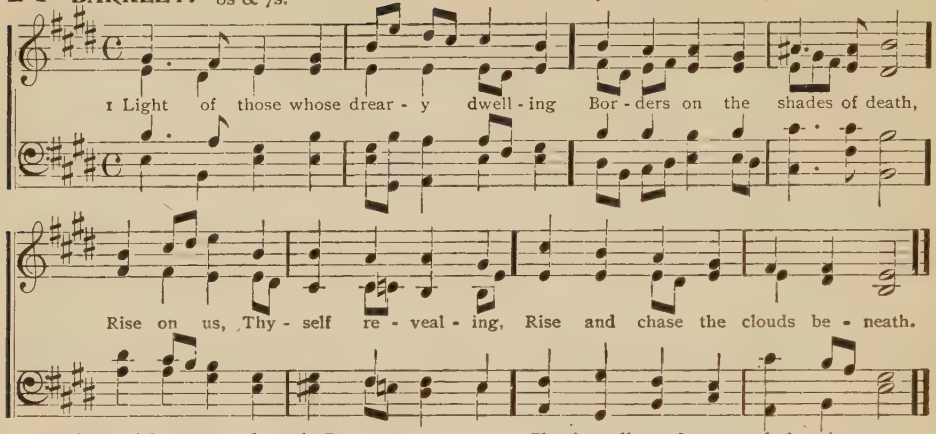
4 O come, Thou key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.—Ref.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to the tribes, on Sinai's height
In ancient times, didst give the law,
In cloud and majesty and awe.—Ref.

Latin Hymn, 12th century.

24 BARKLEY. 8s & 7s.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by S. A. HILL.



2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 By thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Chas. Wesley, 1744.

25

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing
Comes salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee,
Thee, our Saviour, Thee, our God;
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

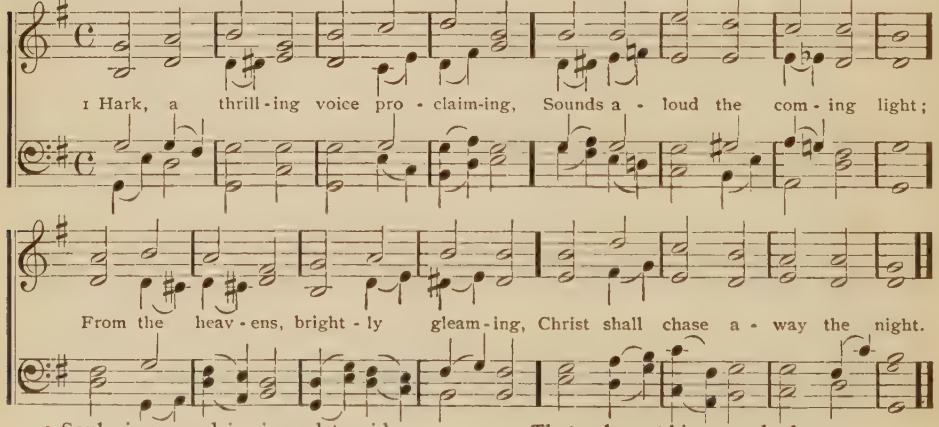
3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee, our God, in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows and flows for evermore.

Wm. Goode.

26 COOKE. 8s & 7s. 4 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by HAVERGAL.



2 Souls, immersed in sin and torpid,
Wounded by its venom'd stings,
Now shall rise; for lo, the day-star
Comes with healing in his wings.

3 From on high the Lamb, commissioned
To remove our guilt, appears;
Let us all, to gain his pardon,
Pray with penitential tears—

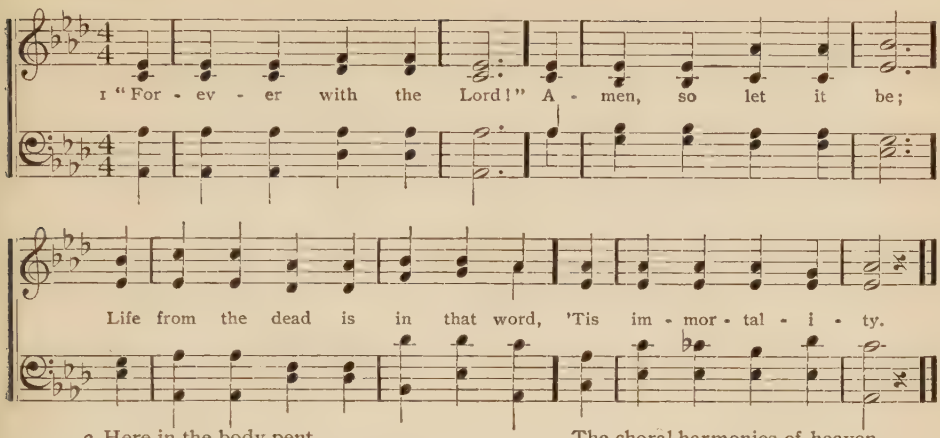
4 That, when at his second advent,
Clouds of glory mark his path,
And the world in fiery deluge
Sinks beneath his dreadful wrath,

5 We may not for sins be driven
Exiles into endless doom,
But, beneath his strong protection
Sheltered, reach eternal home.

Ambrose.—Translated by E. E. Higbee.

27 GORTON. S. M.

L. Beethoven, 1770—1827.



2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

6 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

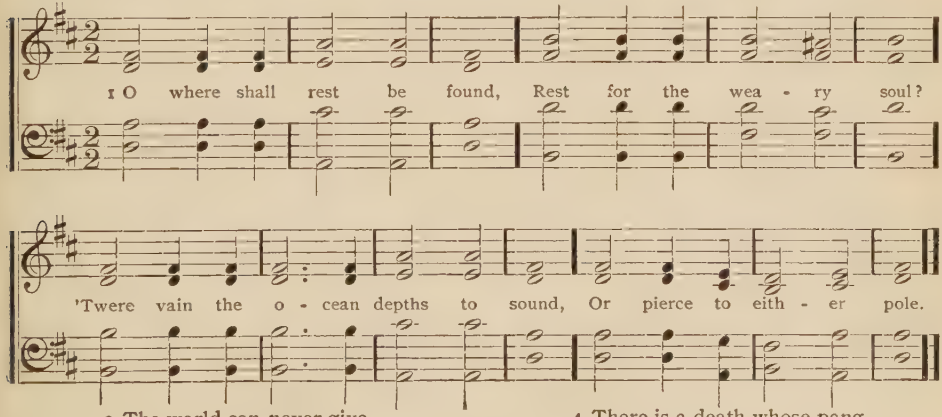
7 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835.

28 SHAWMUT. S. M.

Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792—1872.



2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

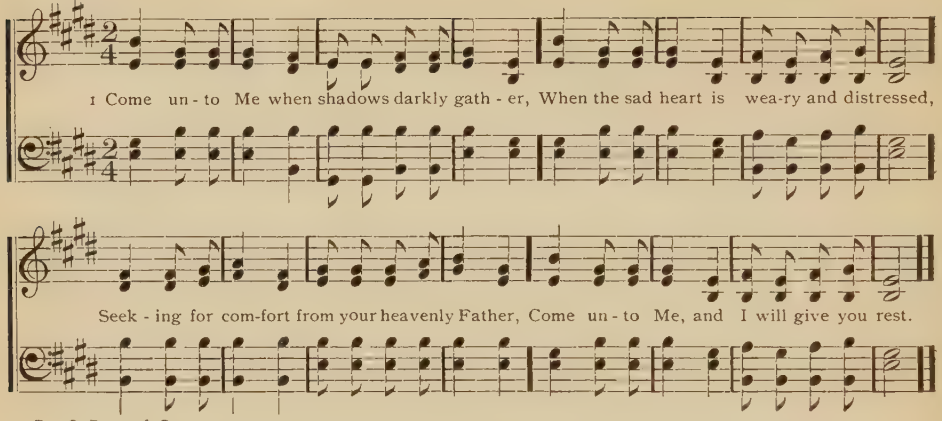
4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery, 1819.

29 HENLEY. 11s & 10s.

Lowell Mason, 1854.



Per. O. Ditson & Co.

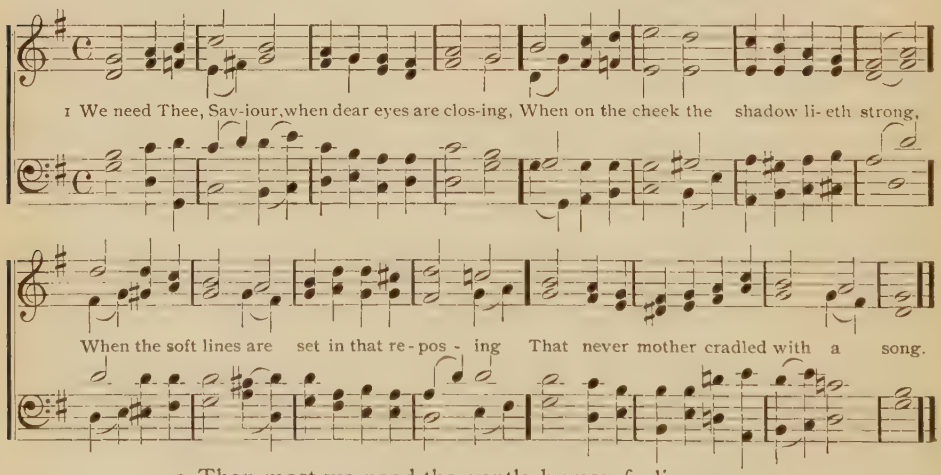
2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Mrs. C. H. Esling, 1839.

30 OLD 124th. 11s & 10s.

Arr. by Schwing. German Melody.



2 Then most we need the gentle human feeling
That throbs with all our sorrows and our fears,
And that great love divine its light revealing
In short bright flashes through a mist of tears.

3 Then most we need the voice that while it weepeth
Yet hath a solemn undertone that saith:
"Weep not; thy darling is not dead, but sleepeth;
Only believe, for I have conquered death."

4 Then most we need the thoughts of resurrection,
Not the life here, 'mid pain and sin and woe,
But ever in the fulness of perfection
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.

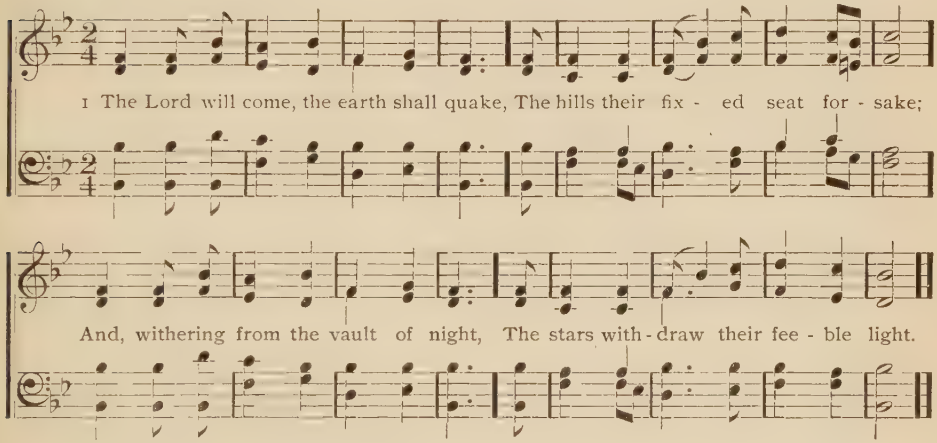
5 Didst Thou not enter in when that cold sleeper
Lay still, with pulseless heart and leaden eyes,
Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous weeper,
And take her by the hand and bid her rise?

6 Come to us, Saviour, in our lone dejection,
Speak calmly to our wild and helpless grief,
Bring us the hopes and thoughts of resurrection,
Bring us the comfort of a true belief.

7 Come, with that human voice that breaks in weeping,
Come, with that awful tenderness divine,
Come, tell us that they are not dead but sleeping,
But gone before to Thee, for they are thine.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

31 **WARD.** L. M. LOWELL MASON. Arr.



2 The Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suff'ring and the dead.

3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the crucified?

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain,
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

Reginald Heber, 1811.

32

1 HE reigns, the Lord, the Saviour, reigns;
Praise Him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

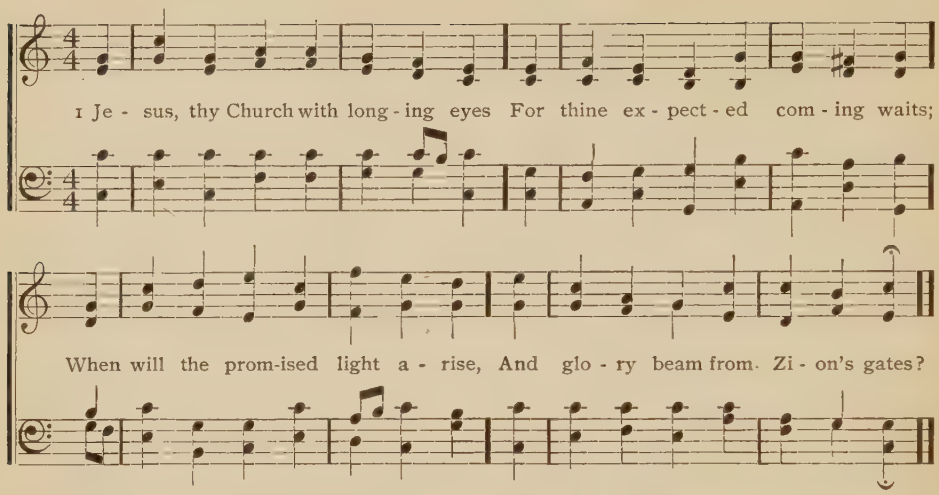
3 In robes of judgment, lo, He comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Isaac Watts.

33 WINCHESTER. L. M.

GERMAN, 1690.



2 O come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

3 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour,
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

Wm. H. Bathurst.

34

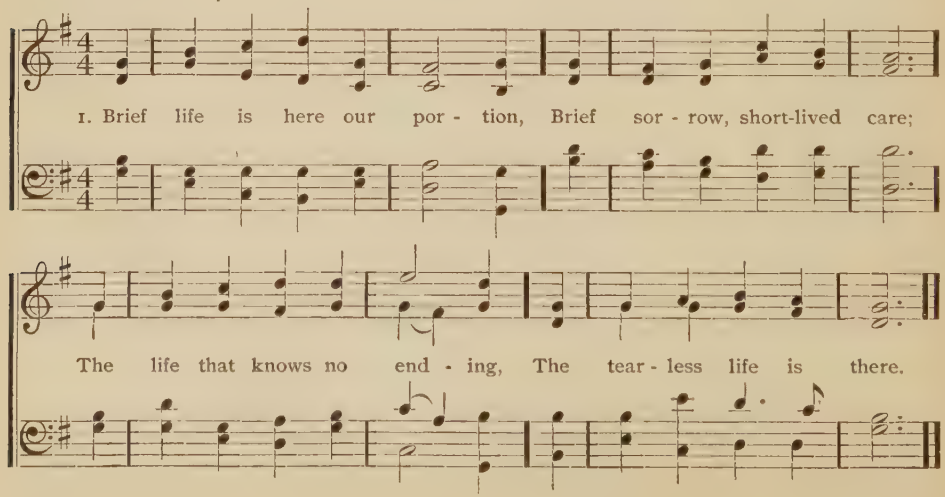
1 WHEN shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, for Thee.

2 Thou true desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear,
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3 O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

35 ALPHEGE. 7s & 6s.

REV. H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1806—1876.



2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.

5 But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

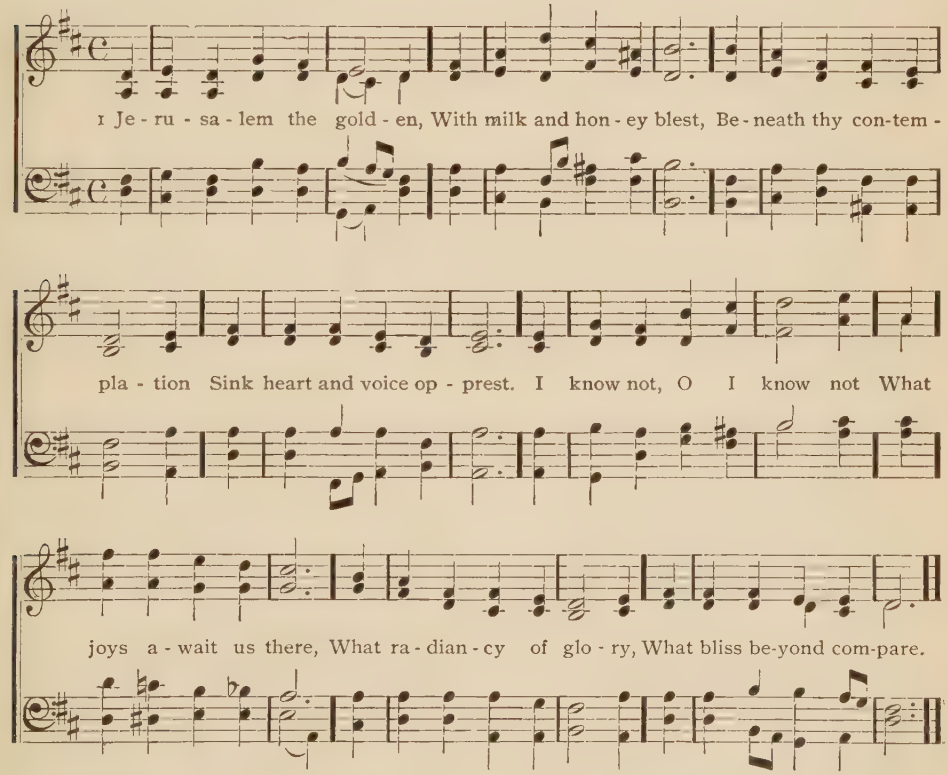
6 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

7 There God, our King and portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Tr. Jno. M, Neale.

36 EWING. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.

ALEXANDER EWING.



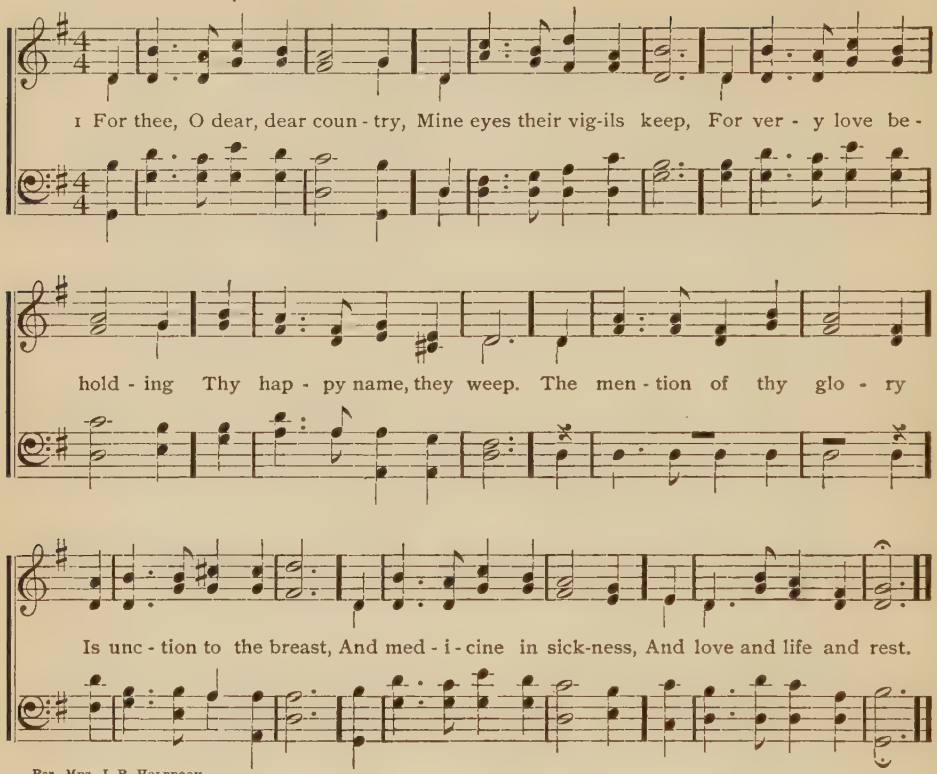
2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who with their leader
Have conquered in the fight
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Tr. Jno. M. Neale.

37 GERHARDT. 7s & 6s.

J. P. Holbrook.



Per. Mrs. J. P. Holbrook.

2 O one, O only mansion,
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,
Thou hast no time, bright day,
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrim's far away;
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Tr. J. M. Neale.

38

1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate,
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

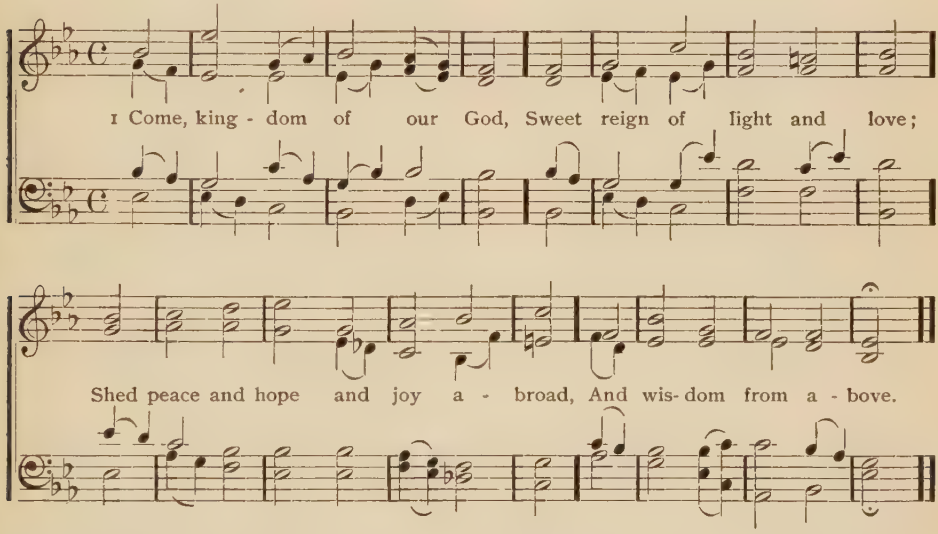
4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest;
Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light,
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect;
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Morlaix. 1150.
Tr. Jno. M. Neal, 1851.

39 SKYLES. S. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. CHORAL.



2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

John Johns, 1837.

40

1 O SAVIOUR of our race,
Welcome indeed Thou art,
Blessed Redeemer, fount of grace,
To this my longing heart.

2 Light of the world, abide
Through faith within my heart;
Leave me to seek no other guide,
Nor e'er from Thee depart.

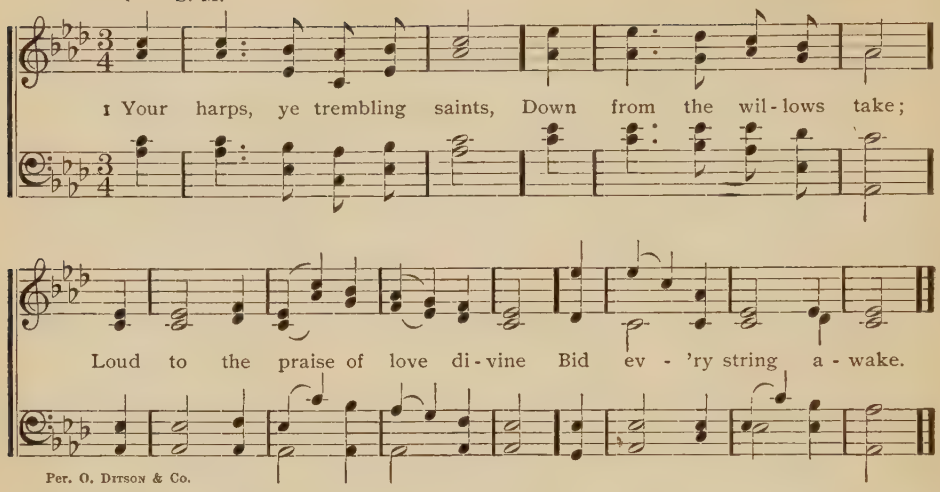
3 Thou art the life, O Lord,
Sole light of life Thou art;
Let not thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.

4 Star of the east, arise,
Drive all my clouds away,
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day.

Catharine Winkworth.

41 AHIRA. S. M.

H. W. Greatorex.



Per. O. Ditson & Co.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

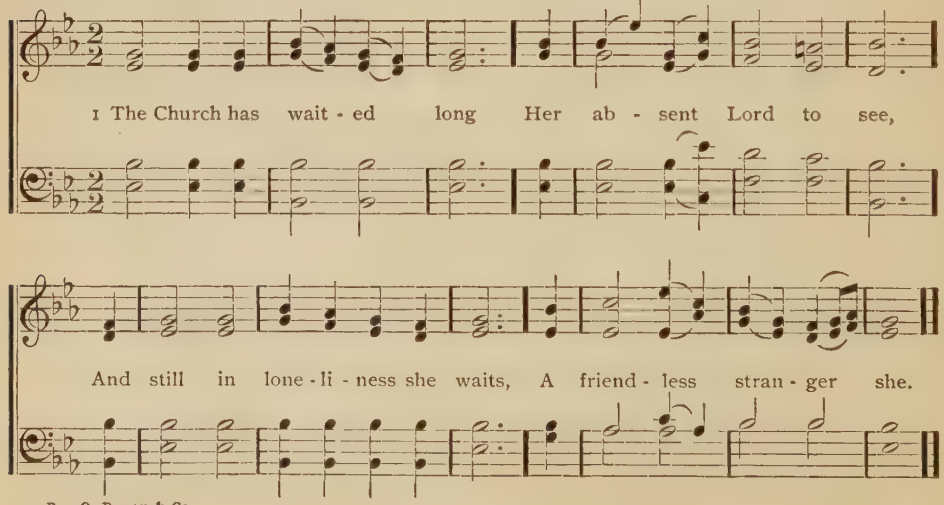
5 Wait till the shadows flee,
Wait thine appointed hour,
Wait till the bridegroom of thy soul
Reveal his love with power.

6 The time of love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that He shed his blood,
But that it flowed for thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

42 OZREM. S. M.

I. B. Woodbury, 1819—1859.



Per. O. Ditson & Co.

2 How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt Thou not judge thy suffering [Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

5 We long to hear thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

H. Bonar, 1856.

43

1 THE Son of Man shall come
With angel hosts around,
'Mid darkening sun and falling stars,
And trumpet's solemn sound.

2 Awake, ye slumbering souls,
It is no time for rest;
He comes, as comes the lightning flash,
Shining from east to west.

3 Thy servants, Lord, prepare
For that tremendous day;
Fill every heart with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

4 Help us to wait the hour
In toil and holy fear,
When, manifested with thy saints,
Thou shalt again appear.

5 Then, when the wailing earth
Thy sign in heaven shall see,
Thou shalt send forth thine angel band
To gather us to Thee.

H. W. Beadon.

44 ANTIOCH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1836. From HANDEL.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King;
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture
And
sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
sing,.....
heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ; [plains
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy.

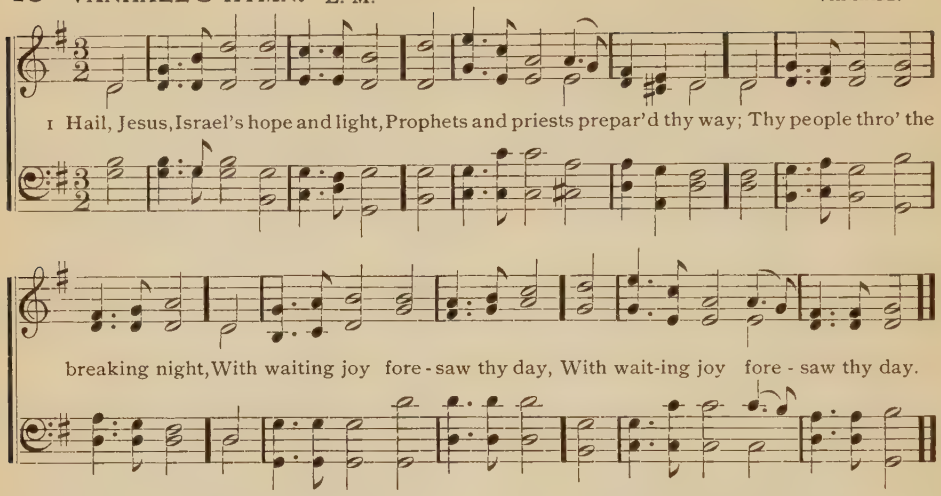
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

45 VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M.

VANHALL.



2 By Jacob's star the Gentiles found
Light on their mystic longings poured;
Wise men from dismal regions round
Bowed at thy manger and adored.

3 Thine advent, Lord, revives the world,
Thy life shall waiting nation's know;
The banner of thy truth unfurled
Shall glorious on the mountains glow.

4 The vales, where darkness lingers last,
Now kindle in prophetic light;
The morning breaks, for ever past
The fearful reign of ancient night.

5 Hail, glorious advent, heavenly birth!
Shout, saints, in triumph Christ appears;
Good-will to men and peace on earth
Shall reign throughout the golden years.

46

1 ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Earth, air and sea with joy elate
For their Creator's advent wait;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

3 We too will greet our coming God,
And cleanse our hearts and smooth the road,
And make within a place of rest,
Meet home for such a royal guest.

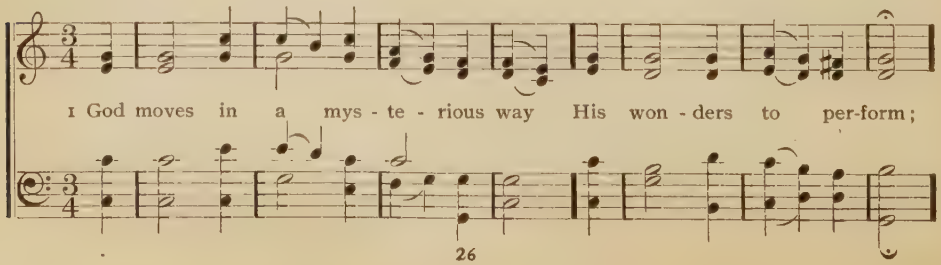
4 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without thine aid, like withering grass,
Man into nothingness must pass.

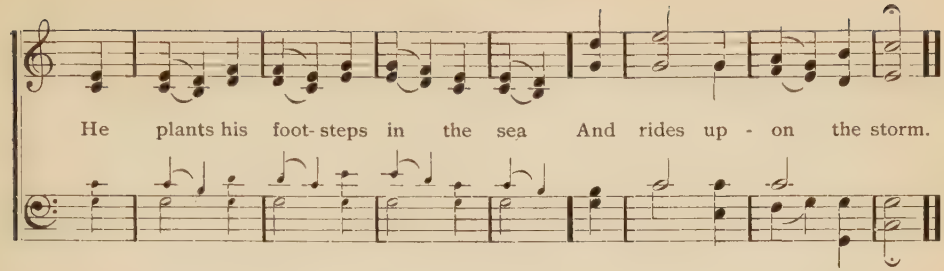
5 To heal the sick stretch forth thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Reveal thy face and joy restore,
And make earth Paradise once more.

Latin Hymn.—Tr. by J. Chandler.

47 COVENTRY. C. M.

ENGLISH MELODY.





2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

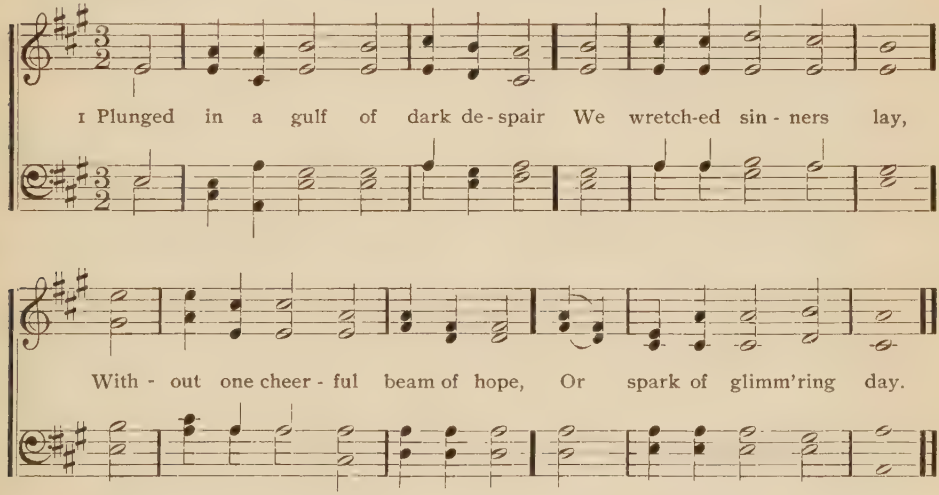
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1772.

48 AZMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON. Arr.



2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

49 SCOTLAND. 12s.

DR. THOS. CLARKE, 1775—1842.

1 The voice of free grace cries, es- cape to the mountain; For Ad- am's lost race Christ hath o- pened a fountain; { For sin and un - clean - ness and Hal- le - lu - jah to the Lamb who hath ev - 'ry trans - gres - sion His blood flows most free - ly in streams pur - chased our par - don, We'll praise Him a - gain when we of sal - va - tion, His blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal - va- tion. } pass o - ver Jor-dan, We'll praise Him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor-dan. }

2 Ye souls that are wounded, O flee to the Saviour,
He calls you in mercy, 'tis infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing, escape to the mountain, [the fountain.
His blood can remove them, it flows from
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

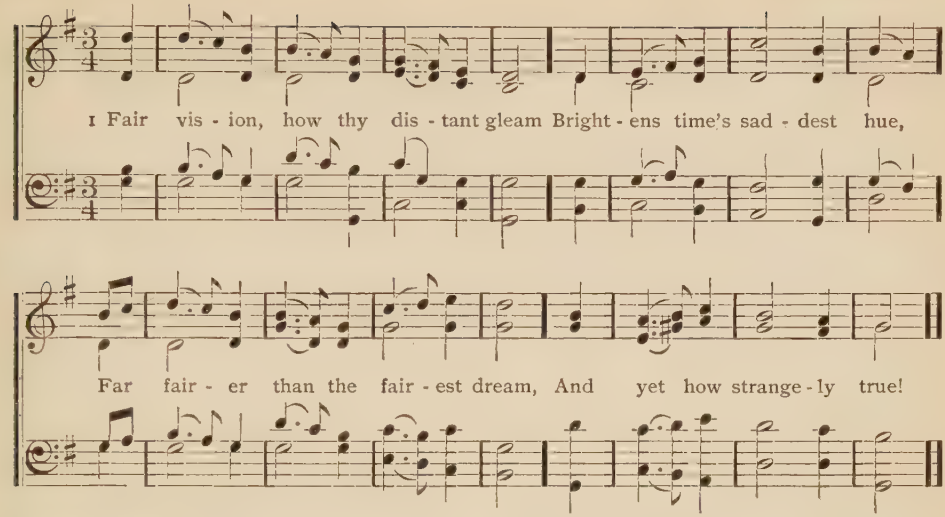
3 O Jesus, ride onward, triumphantly glorious, [than victorious;
O'er sin, death and hell Thou art more
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands we'll praise Him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

R. Burdsall.

50 JAZER. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



2 With thee in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles!
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
And vain hell's varied wiles

3 Then welcome toil and care and pain,
And welcome sorrow too;
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

4 Come, crown and throne, come, robe and palm,
Burst forth, glad stream of peace;
Come, holy city of the Lamb,
Rise, sun of righteousness.

5 When shall the clouds that veil thy rays
Forever be withdrawn?
Why dost thou tarry, day of days?
When shall thy gladness dawn?

Horatius Bonar.

51

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign power,
By whom the worlds were made—
O happy morn, illustrious hour—
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

Annie Steel.

52

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour [comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit largely poured
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

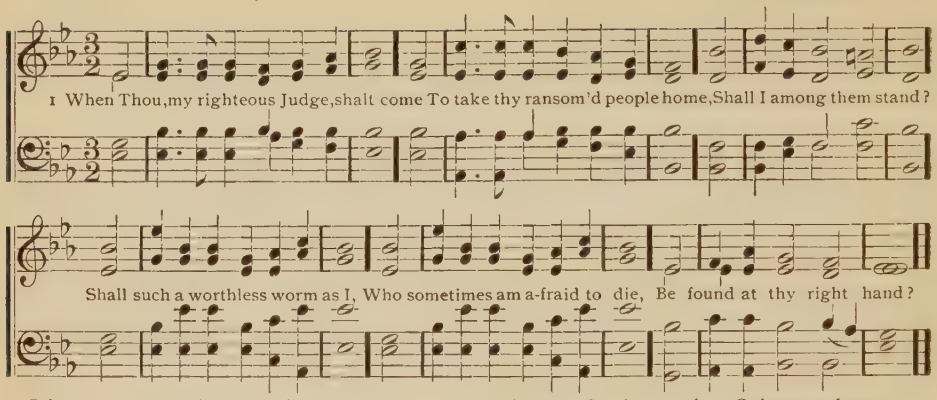
5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

53 MERIBAH. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1839.



2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

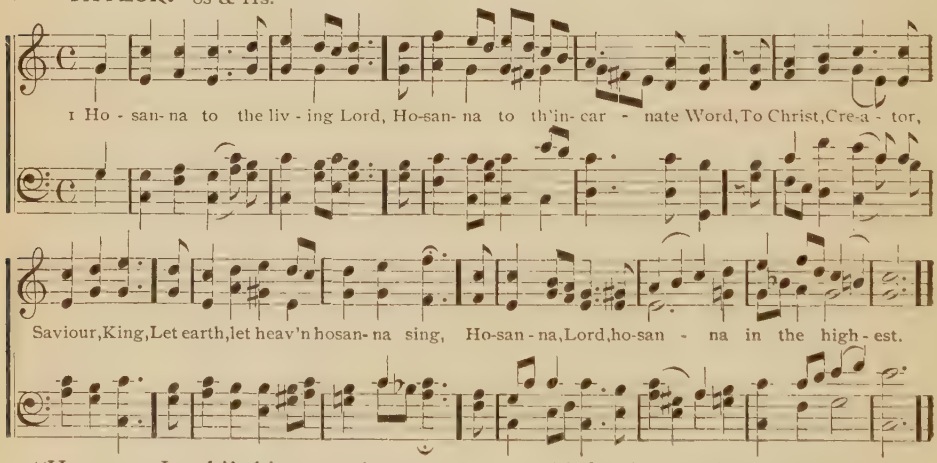
3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall [sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions [ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Countess of Huntingdon, 1772.

54 TAYLOR. 8s & 11s.

HENRY SCHWING.



2 "Hosanna, Lord," thine angels cry;
"Hosanna, Lord," thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us and around,
The dead and living swell the sound,
Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this, thy house of prayer,
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim,
Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.

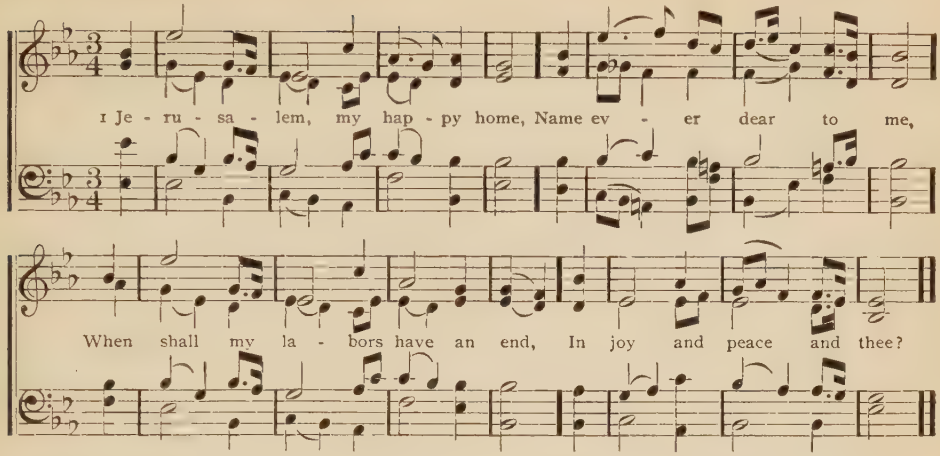
4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee,
Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again,
Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

55 WALTER. C. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. From G. F. HANDEL.



2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

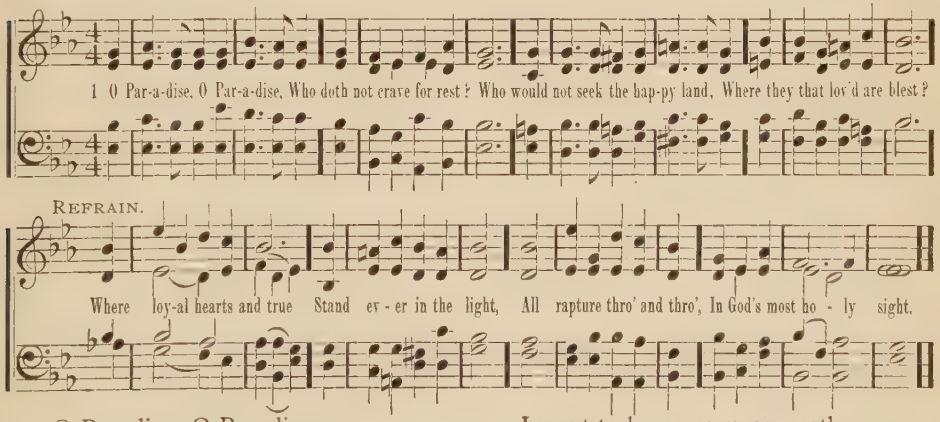
4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Latin Hymn, 8th century.

56 PARADISE. P. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—REF.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;—REF.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;—REF.

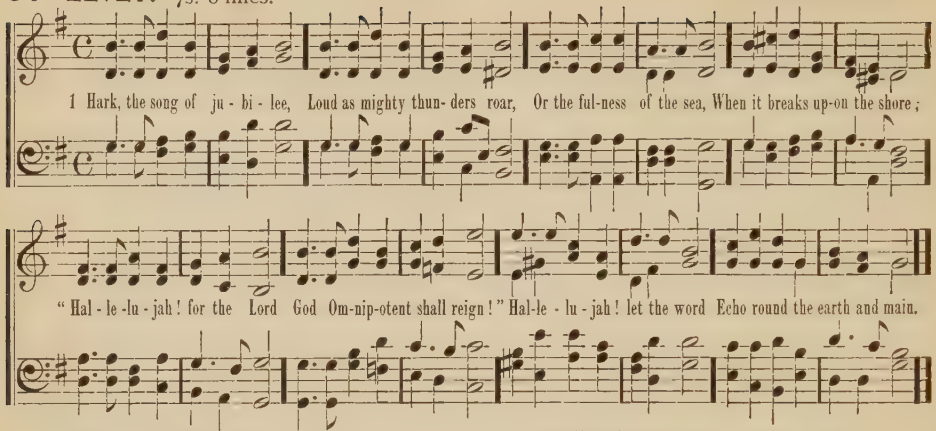
5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;—REF.

6 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;—REF.

F. W. Faber, 1849.

57 ELVEY. 7s. 8 lines.

SIR GEORGE ELVEY.



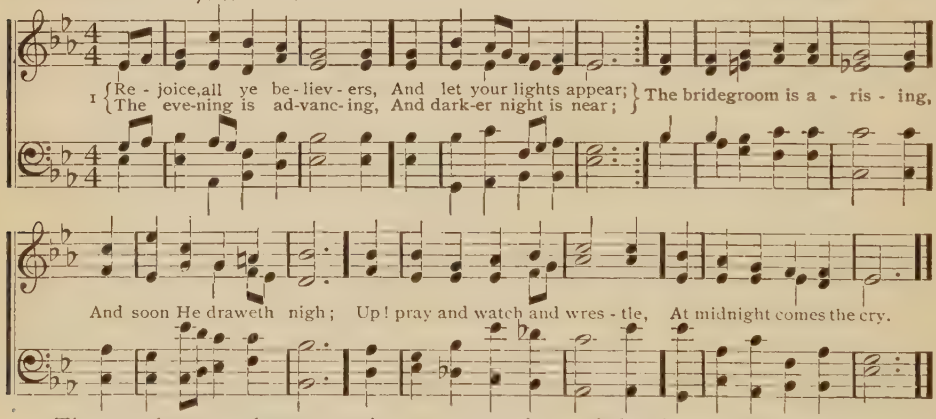
2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound
From the centre of the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled, [done,
Sheathed his sword, He speaks, 'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end; beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

James Montgomery, 1819.

58 MUNICH. 7s & 6s. D.

From MENDELSSOHN.



2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the bridegroom near;
Go meet Him, as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear;
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory,
The bridegroom is at hand.

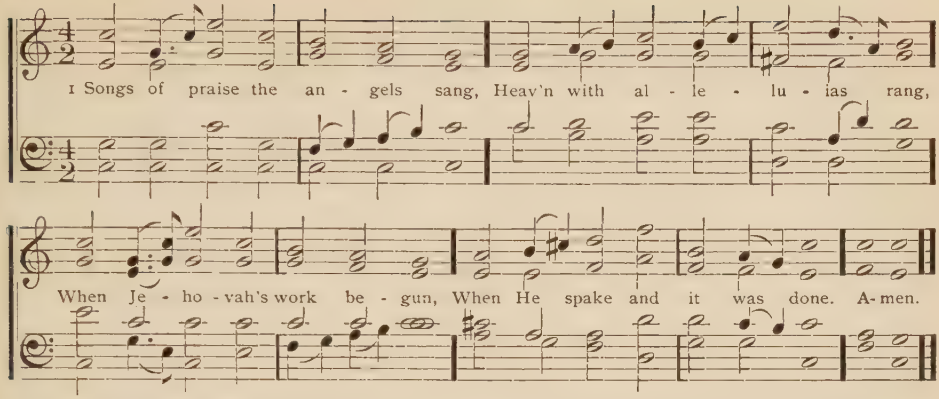
3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever,
Where sorrow is no more;
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere;
With hearts and hands uplifted
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1709.

59 CLARION. 7s.

E. F. Rimbault.



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

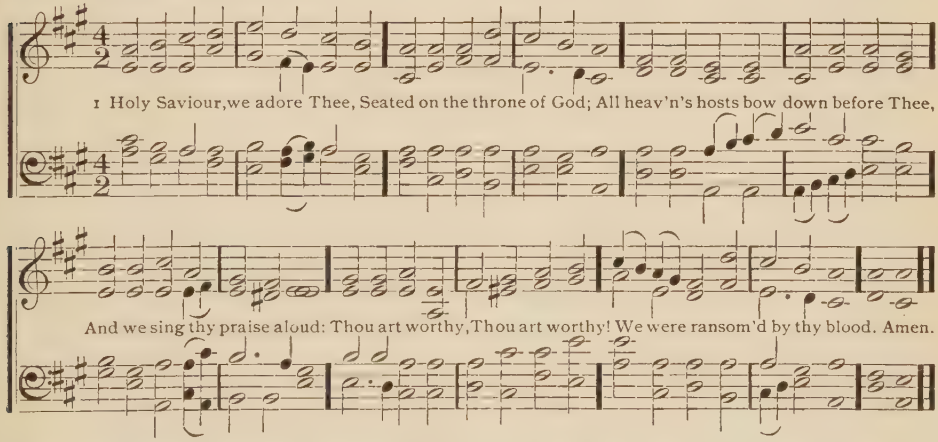
5 Saints below with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. Montgomery.

60 SALZBURG. 8s, 7s & 4s.

M. Haydn.



2 Saviour, though the world despised Thee,
Though Thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,
Lord of all creation wide;
Thou art worthy!
We shall live, for Thou hast died.

3 And though here on earth rejected,
'Tis but fellowship with Thee;
What besides could be expected
Than like Thee, our Lord, to be?
Thou art worthy!
Thou from earth hast set us free.

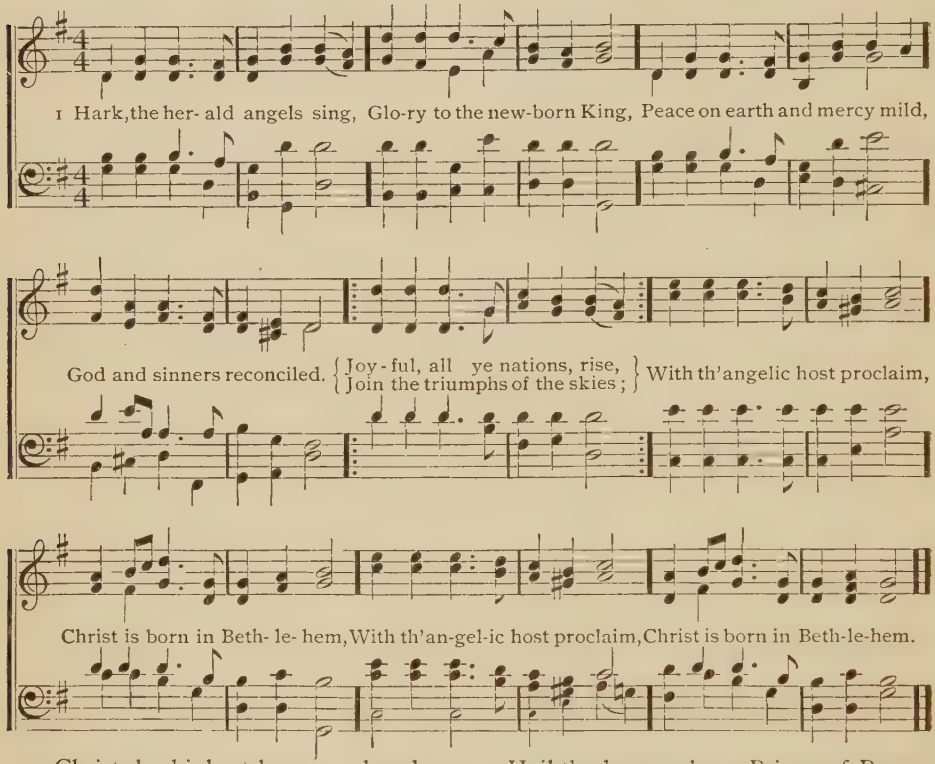
4 Haste the day of thy returning,
With thy ransomed Church to reign;
Then shall end our days of mourning,
We shall sing with rapture then:
Thou art worthy!
Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.

Samuel P. Tregelles.

Christmas.

61 MENDELSSOHN. 7s. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847.



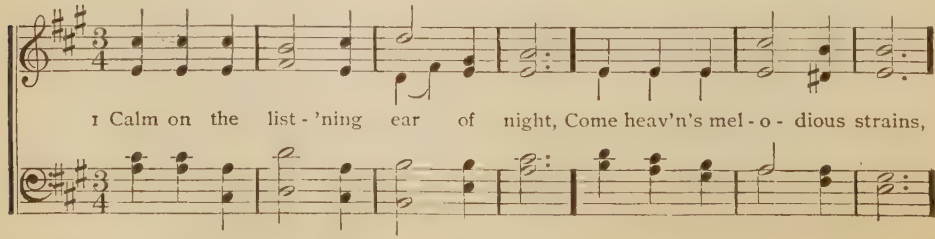
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th'incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

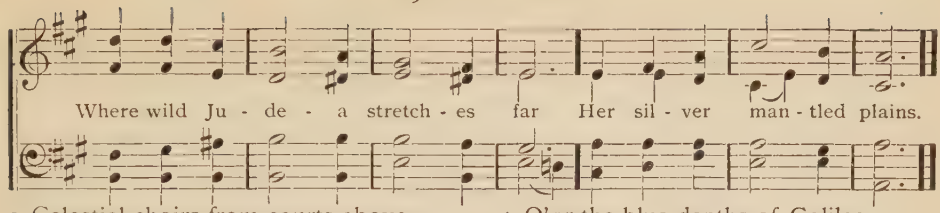
3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the sun of righteousness;
Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all He brings;
Mild He lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

C. Wesley, 1739.

62 ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.





2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

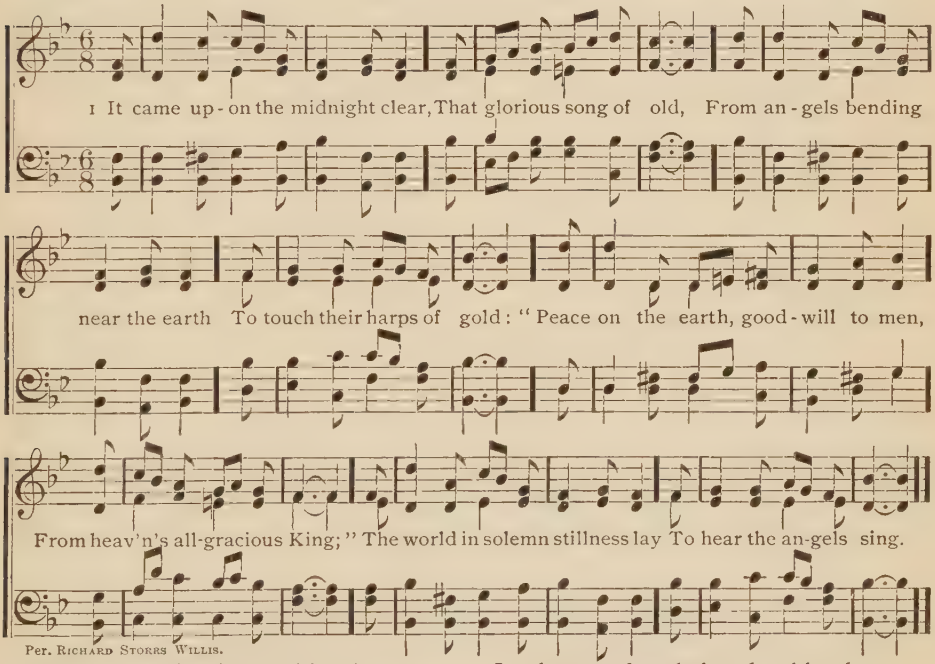
4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God," the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

E. H. Sears, 1838.

63 CAROL. C. M. D.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, 1861.



Per. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

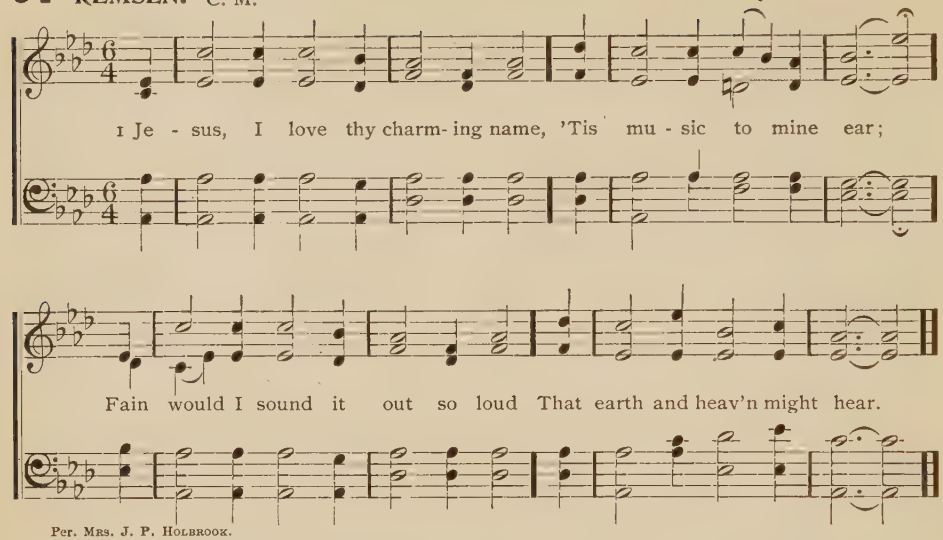
3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears, 1859.

64 REMSEN. C. M.

J. P. Holbrook.



Per. Mrs. J. P. Holbrook.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

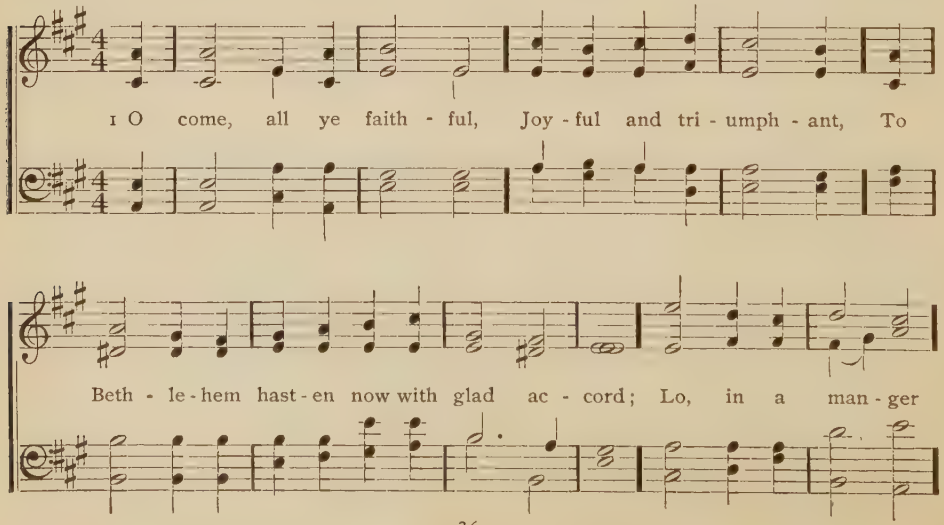
4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

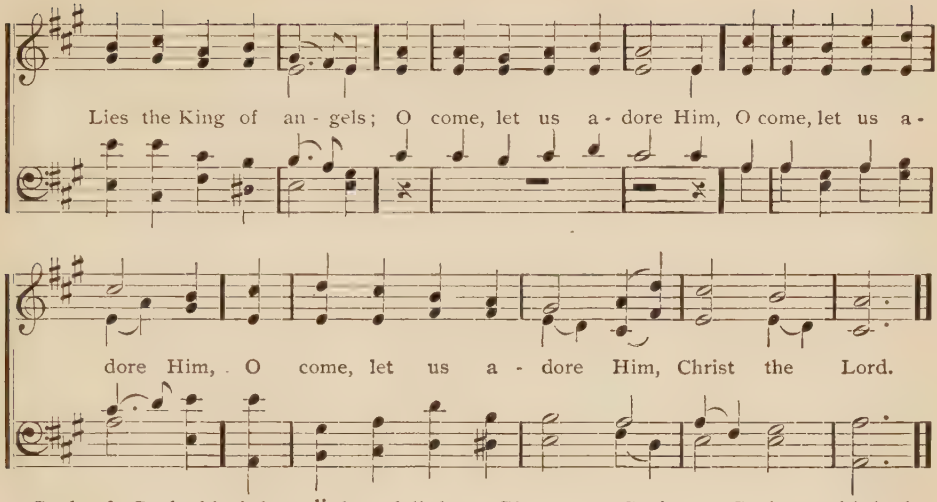
5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

65 ADESTE FIDELES. P. M.

M. Portogallo, ab. 1790. Arr. by Edw. J. Hopkins.





2 God of God Almighty, light of light eternal,
Thou hast not, O Christ, the Virgin's [womb abhorred,
Very God of very God, begotten not created;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

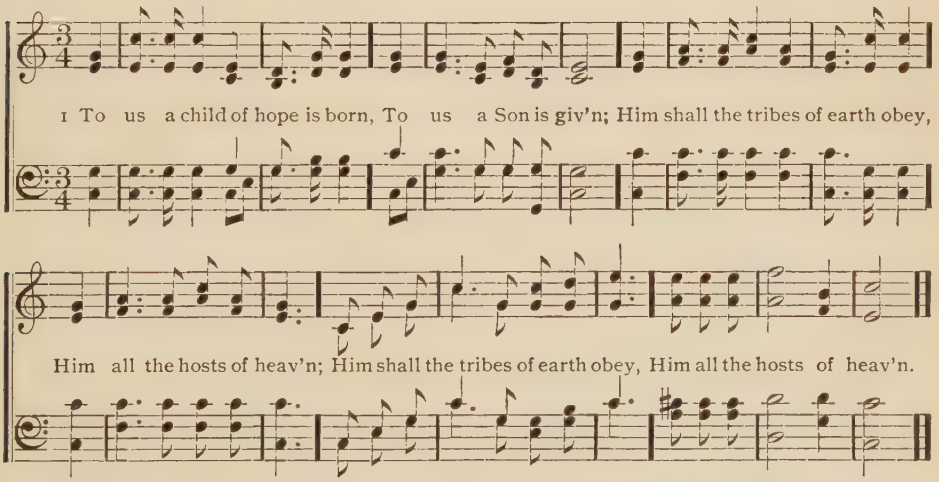
3 Shout alleluia, all ye choirs of angels,
Rejoice, heavenly citizens with glad accord,
Glory to God, to God on high be glory;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

4 Here, Lord, we would greet Thee, born this happy morning,
O Jesus, forever be thy name adored,
Word of the Father, now for us incarnate;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Latin Hymn, 15th century.

66 ZERAH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1837.



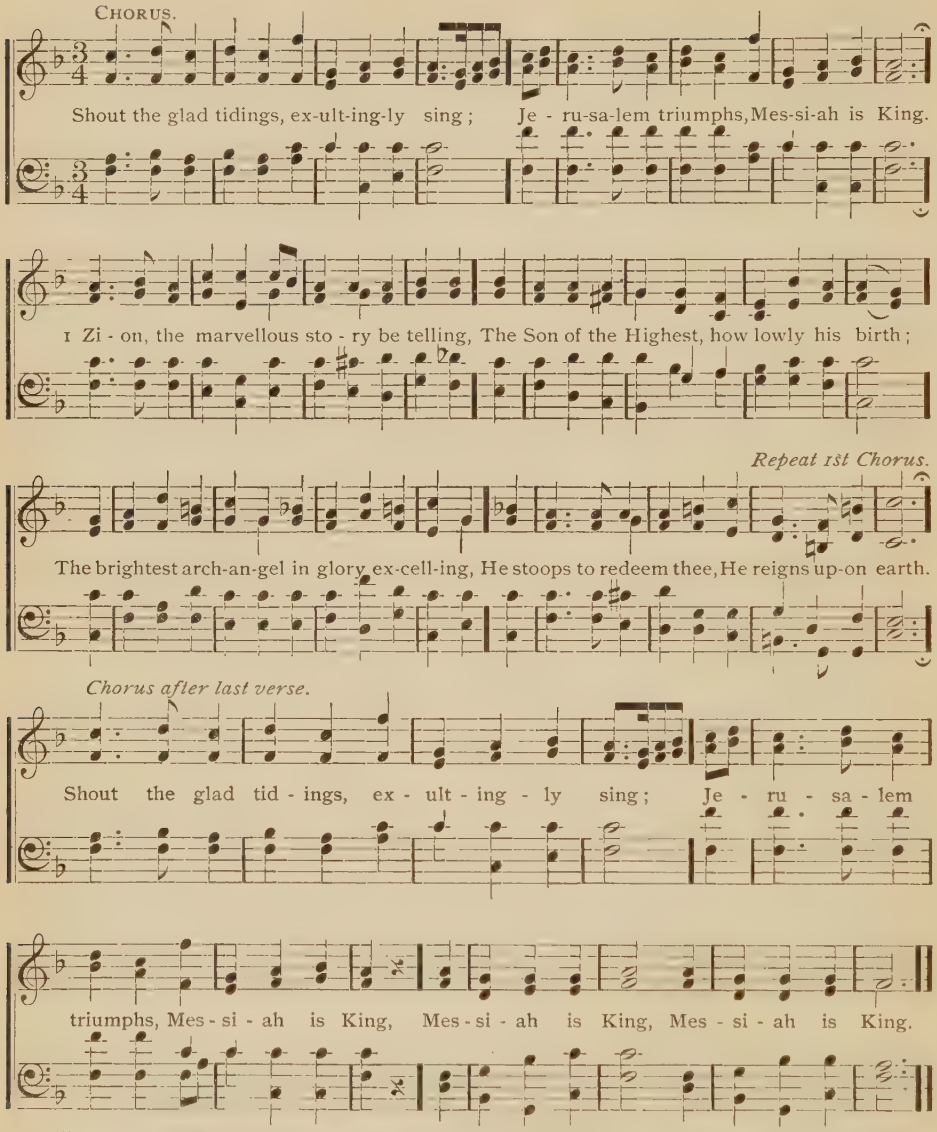
2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The wonderful, the counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

John Morrison, 1781.

67 GLAD TIDINGS. 10s & 11s.

CHARLES AVISON.



2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round,
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826.

1 HARK, the sound of angel voices,
Over Bethlehem's starlit plain;
Hark, the heavenly host rejoices,
Jesus comes to earth to reign.

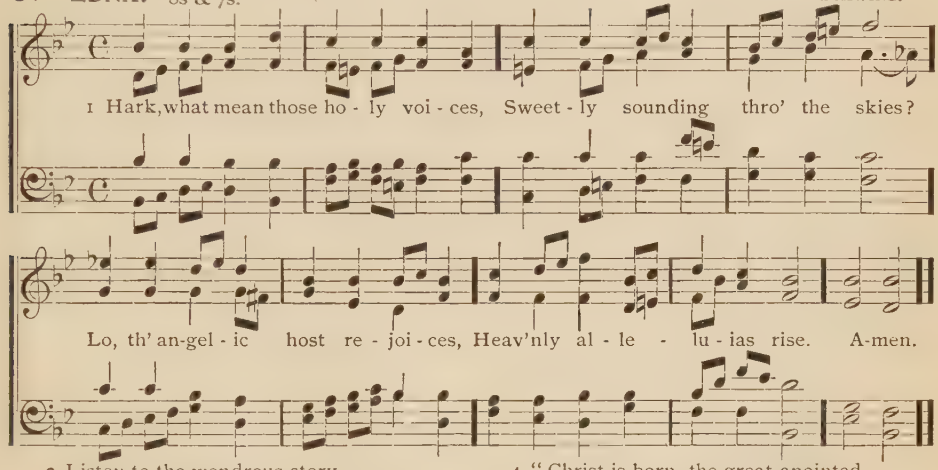
2 See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting up the midnight sky;
'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,
'Tis the dayspring from on high.

3 Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright,
Star of hope to eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.

4 Angels from the realms of glory
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Saviour King.

69 EDNA. 8s & 7s.

HENRY SCHWING.



2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

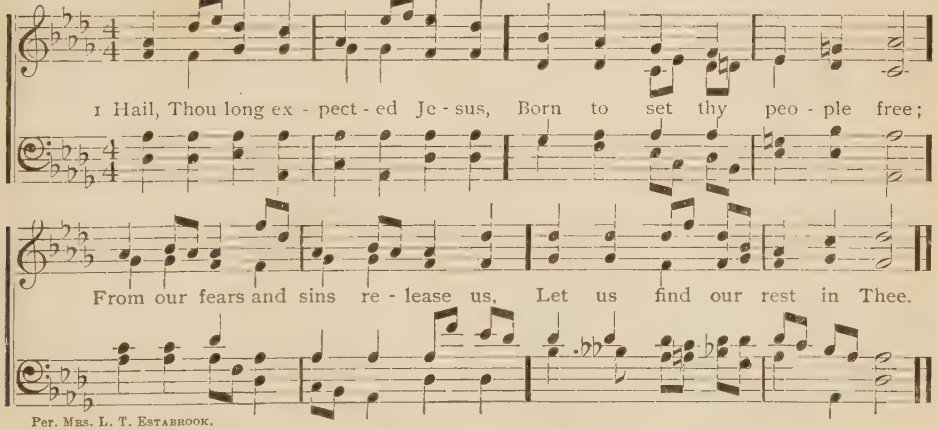
4 "Christ is born, the great anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name and taste his joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

John Cawood, 1825.

70 WELLESLEY. 8s & 7s.

LIZZIE TOURGEE.



Per. MRS. L. T. ESTABROOK.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

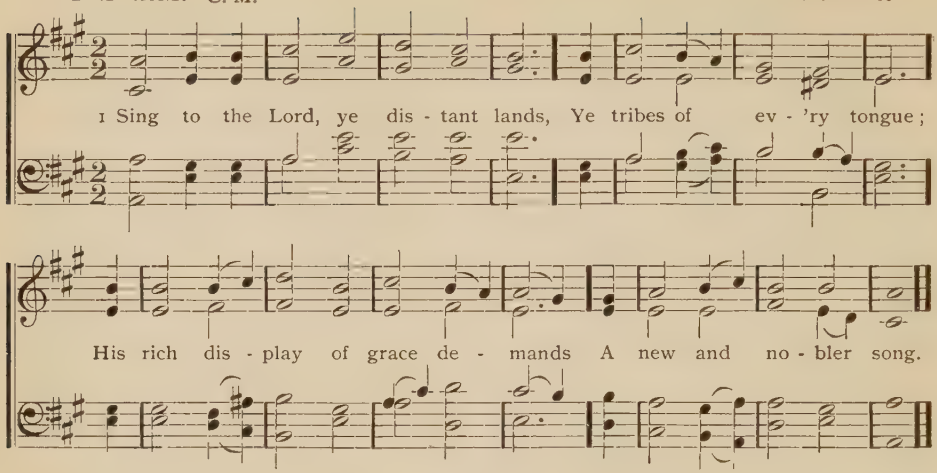
3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Chas. Wesley, 1744.

71 DEDHAM. C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1766—1853.



2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

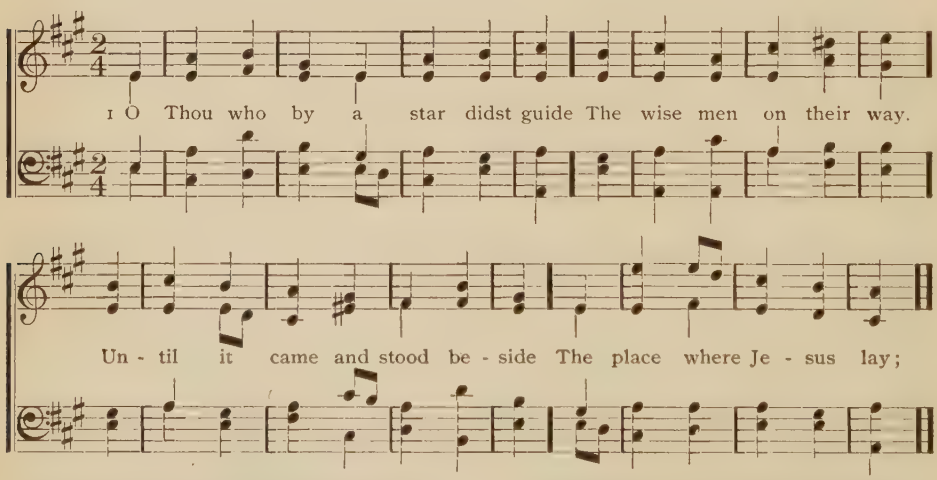
4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise.
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold He comes, He comes to bless
The nations as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

Isaac Watts.

72 NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

J. Clark, 1770—1836.



2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

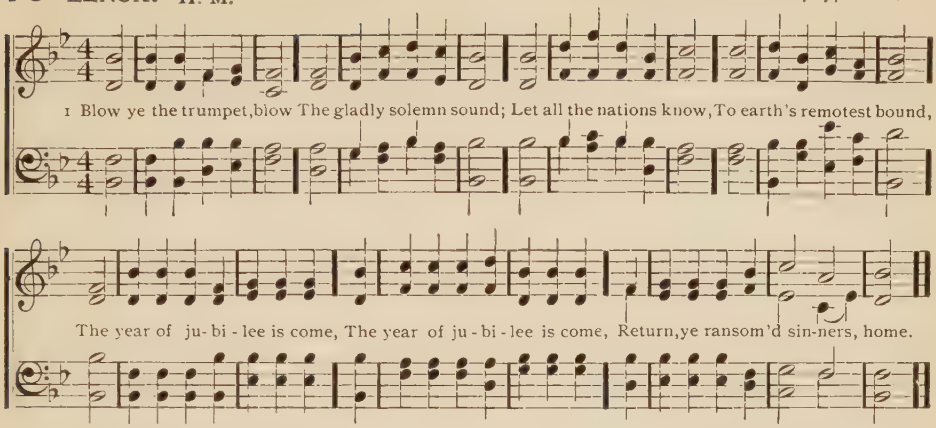
3 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then thy grace,
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art.

John Mason Neale, 1850.

73 LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON, 1748—1820.



2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

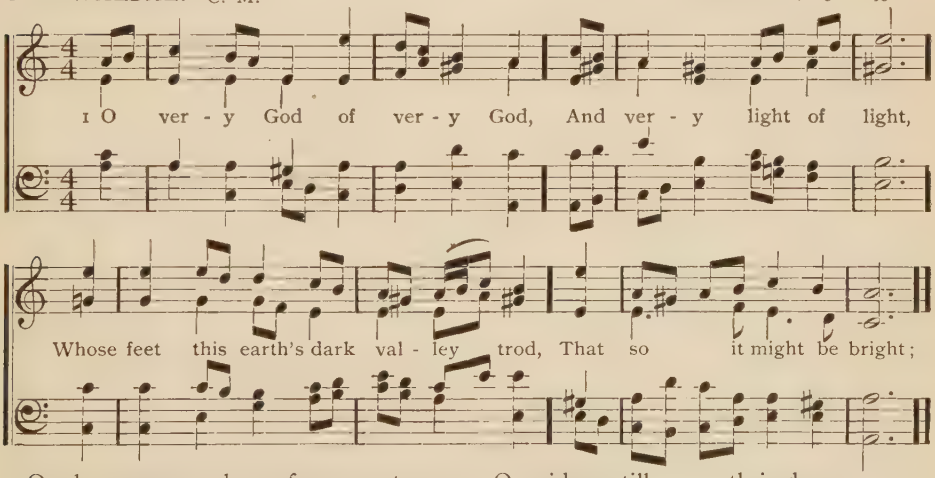
3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home,

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley, 1750.

74 WALSAL. C. M.

HENRY PURCELL, 1658—1695.



2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and O we long
That Thou, our sun, wouldst rise.

3 And even now, though dull and grey,
The east is bright'ning fast,
And kindling to the perfect day
That never shall be past

4 O guide us till our path is done
And we have reached the shore,
Where Thou, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore.

5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in thy wings.

J. M. Neale.

75 WESLEY. 11s & 10s.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1 Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain; Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

76

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

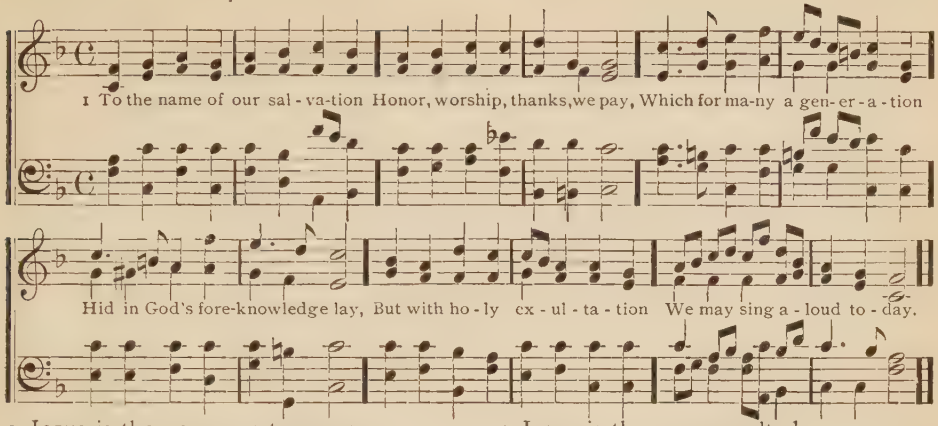
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

77 BOUSH. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by C. MEINEKE.



2 Jesus is the name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell,
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well,
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 Tis the name for adoration,
'Tis the name of victory;
'Tis the name for mediation
In this vale of misery;
'Tis the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

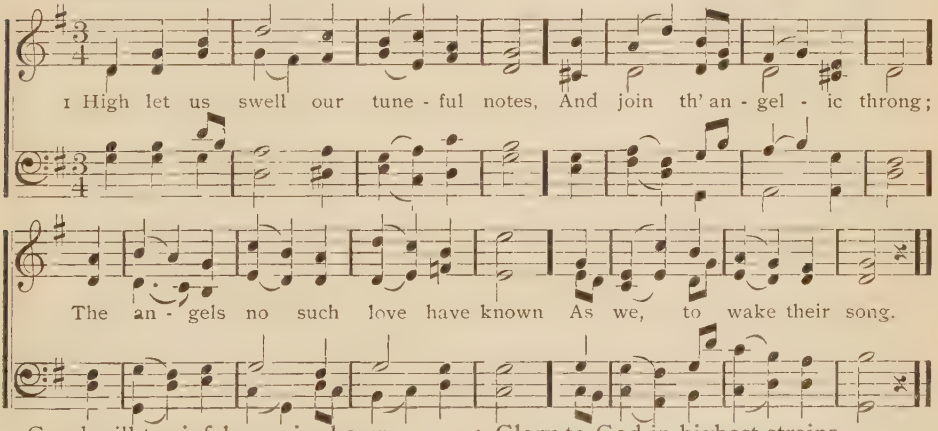
4 Jesus is the name exalted
Over every other name;
In this name whene'er assaulted
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

5 Jesus, we thy name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art,
Of thy clemency imploring,
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upwards soaring,
We with angels may have part.

Latin Hymn, 15th century. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

78 HEIDELBERG. C. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.



2 Good-will to sinful man is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.

3 Justice and grace with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
The promised child is born.

4 Glory to God in highest strains
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory then by us proclaimed
And by our lives displayed.

5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

79 ANGELICA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. B. GILBERT. By per.

Voices in Unison.

1 An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry. Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.

p *Voices in Harmony.* *cres.*

Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A - men.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1819.

80 NAILLE. S. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by Beethoven.

1 Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God;

The se - cret of the Lord is theirs, Their soul is Christ's a - bode.

2 The Lord who left the heav'ns,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King,

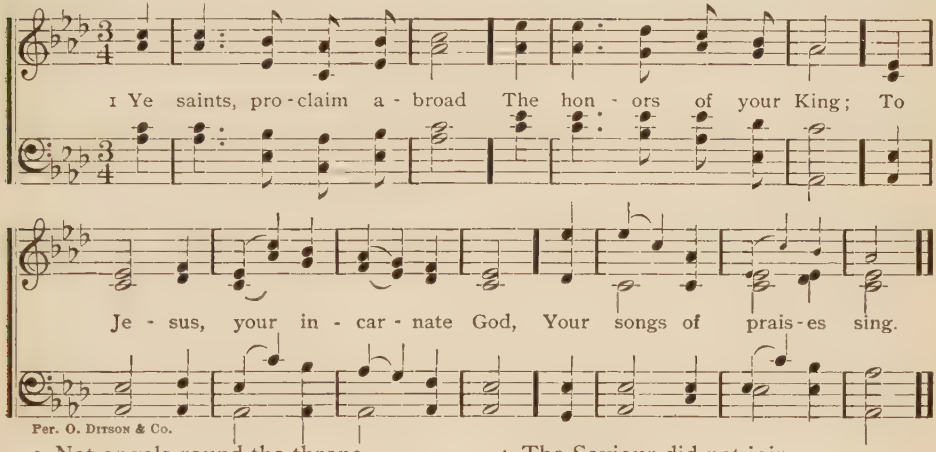
3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

John Keble, 1819.

81 LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. Greatorex.



Per. O. Ditson & Co.

2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sank so low,
They are not raised so high,
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

4 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them He shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more.

J. Ryland.

82

1 GLORY to Thee, O Lord,
Who from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

2 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood
And safely gained the shore.

3 Glory to thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard thy [call
And reached the quiet land.

4 O that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright!
O that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from thy sight!

5 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim,
In life to glorify thy power,
In death to praise thy name.

Emma Tohe.

83

1 FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank Thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son.

2 Jesus, the holy child,
Doth by his birth declare
That God and man are reconciled,
And one in him we are.

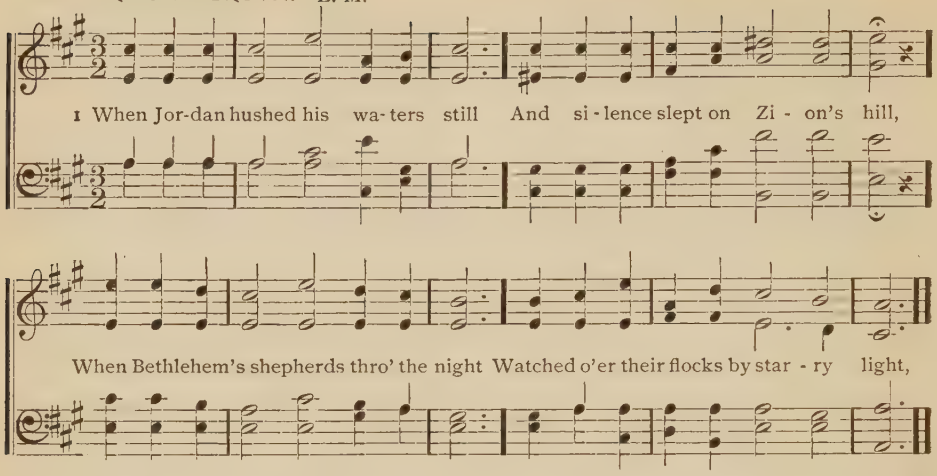
3 A peace on earth He brings,
Which nevermore shall end;
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares Himself our friend.

4 O may we all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace,
And meekly in his spirit live,
And in his love increase.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

84 HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. Oliver.



2 Hark, from the midnight hills around
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant alleluias stole
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptured soul.

3 Then swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While loud they struck their harps and sang.

5 He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his wiles depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

6 O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
Sing praises, with the angel host,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Campbell, 1820.

85

1 NOT by the martyr's death alone
The martyr's crown in heaven is won;
There is a triumph set on high
For bloodless fields of victory.

2 What though he was not called to feel
The cross or flame or torturing wheel,
Yet daily to the world he died,
His flesh through grace he crucified.

3 What though nor chains nor scourges sore
Nor cruel beasts his members tore,
Enough if perfect love arise
To Christ a grateful sacrifice.

4 When self-control the flesh subdues,
And faith the wayward soul imbues,
Love, with her torchlight from the skies,
Shall fire the holy sacrifice.

5 Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn,
That we to die through life may learn;
And when this fleeting life is o'er
May live with Thee forevermore.

Latin Hymn. Translation compiled.

86

1 O THOU who gav'st thy servant grace
On Thee, the living rock, to rest,
To look on thine unveiled face,
And lean on thy protecting breast,

2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel thy presence from above,
And in thy word and in thy will
To hear thy voice and know thy love;

3 And when the toils of life are done
And nature waits thy just decree,
To find our rest beneath thy throne
And look in certain hope to Thee

Reginald Heber.

87 STELLA. L. M. D.

JAMES MILLAR, 1754.

1 2 FINE.

1 { When marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glit-t'ring host be-stud the sky, ... }
One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sin-ner's (*Omit.* . .) wand'ring eye. }

D.C.—But one a-lone the Saviour speaks, It is the star of (*Omit.* . .) Beth-le-hem.

D.C.

Hark, hark, to God the cho-rus breaks, From ev-'ry host, from ev-'ry gem;

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in nights diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

Henry Kirke White, 1806.

88 PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA, 1788.

1 O Christ, Redeemer of our race, Thou brightness of the Fa-ther's face, Of Him and

with Him ev-er one, Ere times and seasons had be-gun, Ere times and seasons had be-gun,

2 Thou that art very light of light,
Unfailing hope in sin's dark night,
Hear Thou the prayers thy people pray
The wide world o'er this blessed day.

3 Remember, Thou who all didst make,
How, for thy fallen creatures' sake,
Thou, in the holy Virgin's womb,
Didst our humanity assume.

4 To-day, as year by year its light
Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,
One precious truth is echoed on,
'Tis Thou hast saved us, Thou alone.

5 Thou from the Father's throne didst come
To call his banished children home;
And heaven and earth and sea and shore
His love who sent Thee here adore.

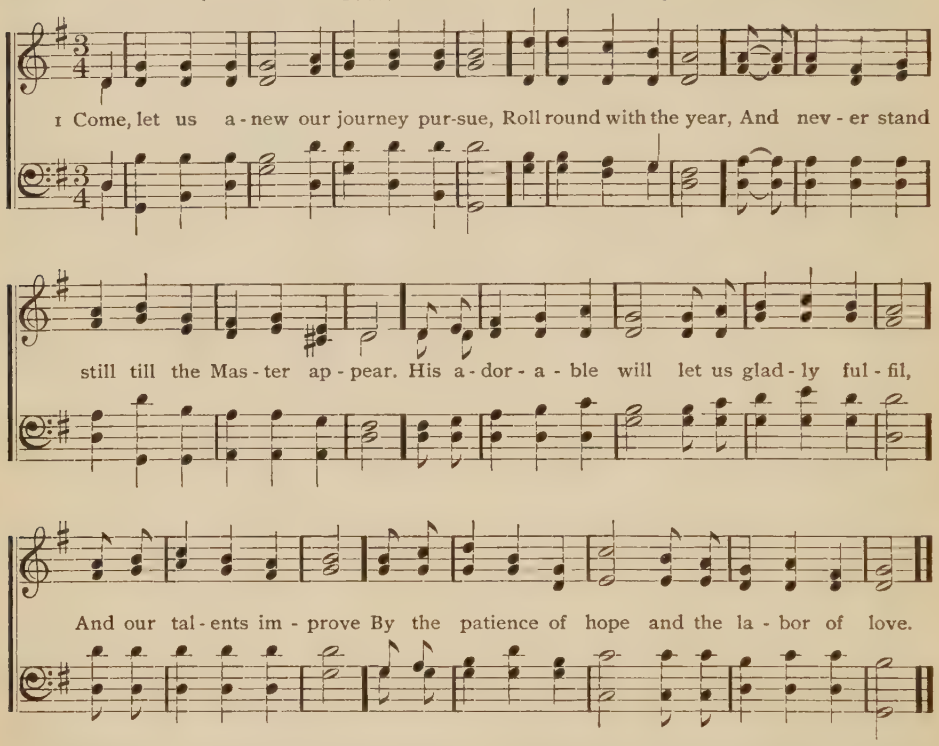
6 And gladsome too are we to-day,
Whose guilt thy blood has washed away;
Redeemed, the new-made song we sing,
It is the birthday of our King.

Latin Hymn, 6th century.
H. W. Baker & E. Caswall.

New Year.

89 NEW YEAR'S HYMN. P. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1770.



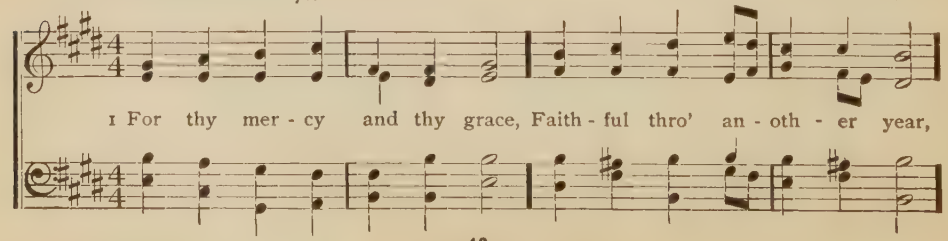
2 Our life is a dream; our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view and eternity's here.

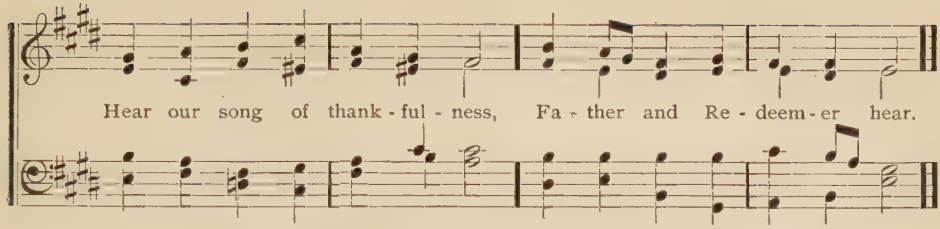
3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way thro';
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne!"

Charles Wesley, 1749.

90 SOUTHMINSTER. 7s.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.





2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay,
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

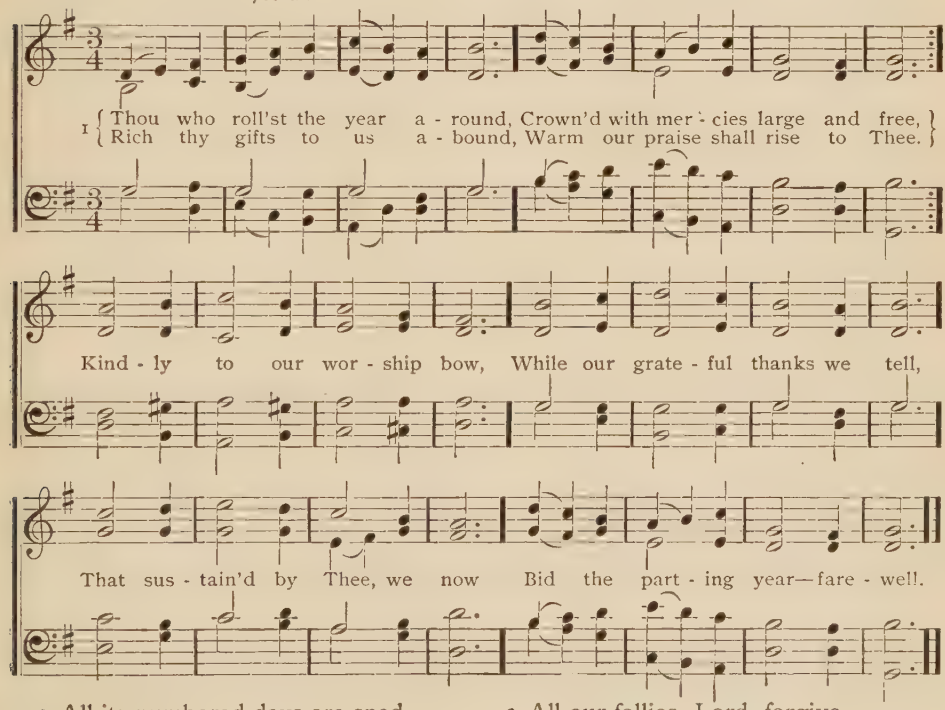
4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for thy promised crown.

5 So within thy palace gate
We shall praise on golden strings,
Thee, the only potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

Henry Downton, 1848.

91 MAIDSTONE. 7s. D.

WALTER B. GILBERT, 1862. By per.



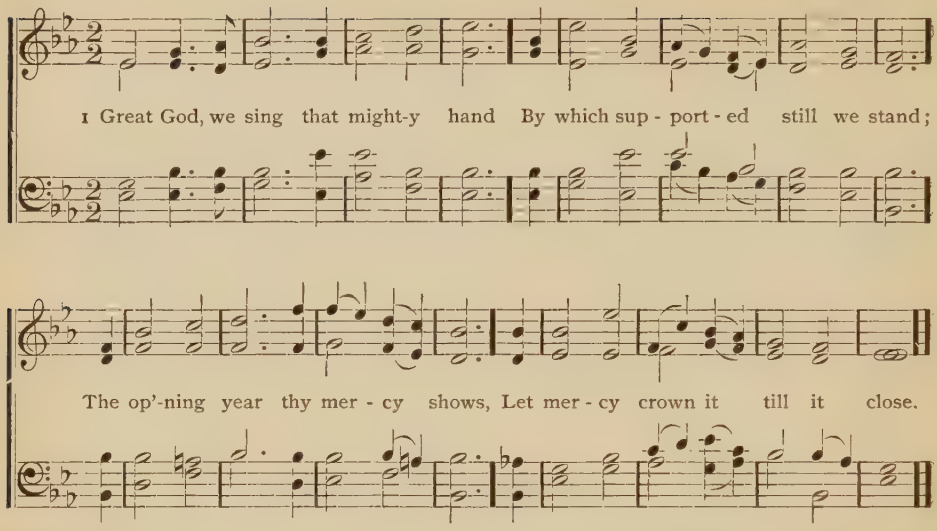
2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.
Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay,
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive,
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high.

Ray Palmer, 1839.

92 TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY, 1760.



2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God,
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

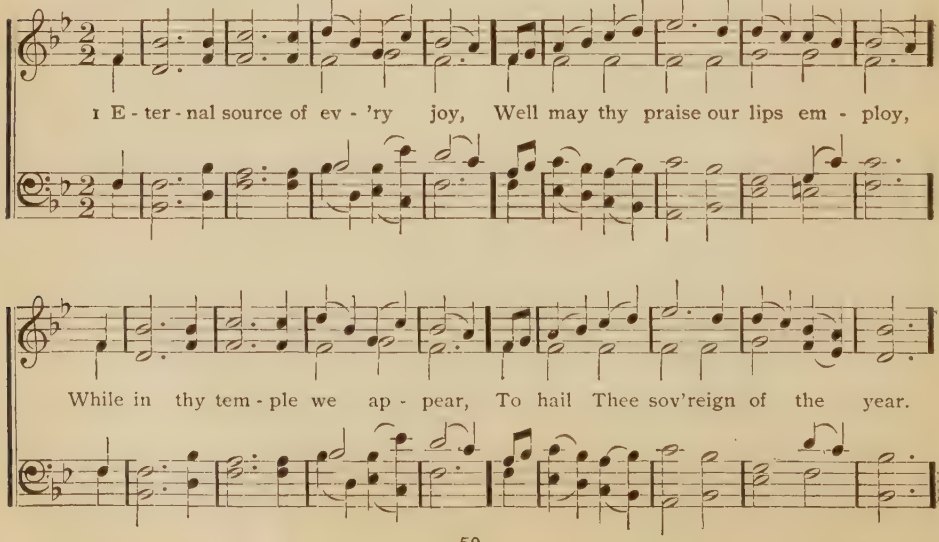
4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Be Thou our joy and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

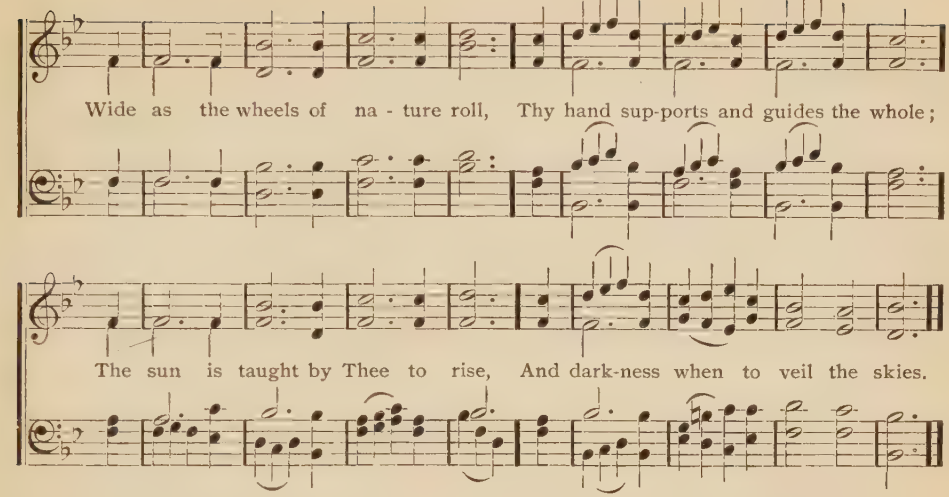
5 When death shall interrupt these songs
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Philip Doddridge.

93 CREATION. L. M. D.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1798.





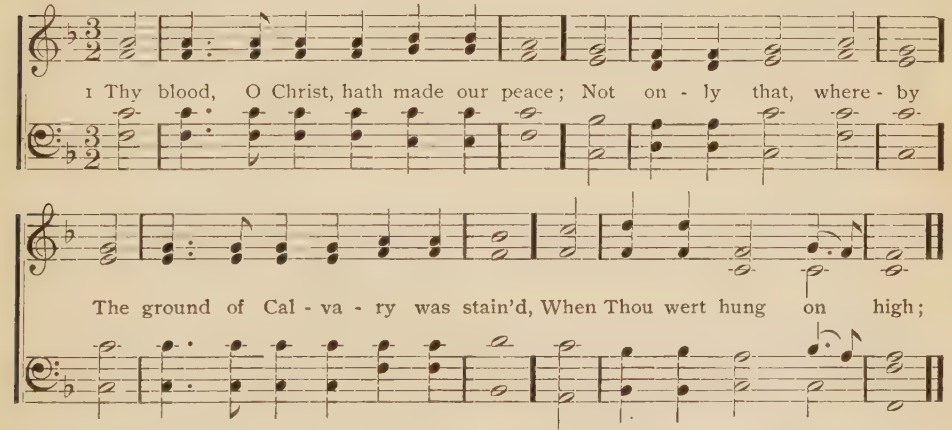
2 The flowery spring at thy command
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.
Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Philip Doddridge.

94 BYEFIELD. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



2 Not only that, which in thine hour
Of fear and agony
Distilled upon thy trembling frame,
In dark Gethsemane;

3 But that shed from Thee, when at first
In childhood Thou didst deign
Thus to endure for sinful man
The legal rite of pain.

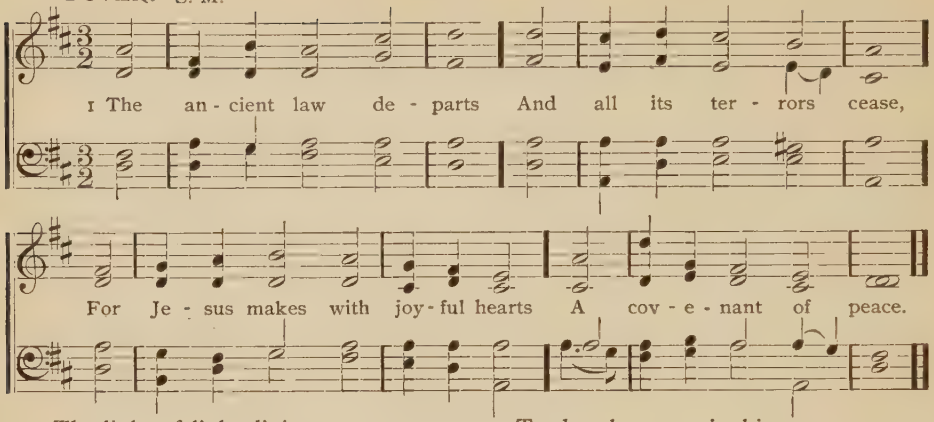
4 And as with suffering and with Thee
Our yearly course begins,
So teach us to renounce the flesh
And put away our sins,

5 That in the Israel of thy Church
We may not lose our part,
In spirit and in body pure,
And circumcised in heart.

Henry Alford, 1845.

95 DOVER. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS' COLL. 1731—1776.



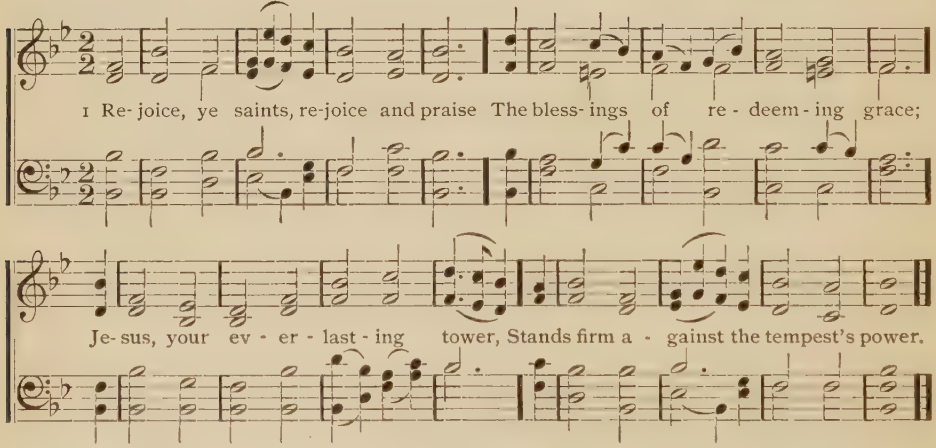
2 The light of light divine,
True brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless child.

3 To-day the name is thine
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, child divine,
Our Jesus deign to be.

Latin Hymn. Hymns A. & M.

96 GILGAL. L. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.



2 He is a refuge ever nigh,
His love endures as mountains high;
His name's a rock which winds above
And waves below can never move.

3 While all things change, He changes not;
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot;
His love will ever be the same,
His word enduring as his name.

4 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise
The blessings of his wondrous grace;
Jesus, your everlasting tower, [power.
Can bear unmoved the tempest's

97

1 NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee,
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, O God,
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To Thee will I address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I by thy watchful care
Be guarded safe from every foe.

Tate and Brady, 1767. (?)

Epiphany.

98 WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

G. J. Webb.

1 Hail to the Lord's a-noint-ed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time appoint-ed,

D. S.—To take a-way transgression,

His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppres-sion, To set the cap-tive free,

And rule in e-qui-ty.

2 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

3 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
His great, best name of love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

99 ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

Cæsar H. A. Malan, 1830.

1 God of mer-cy, God of grace, Show the bright-ness of thy face;
Shine up-on us, Sav-iour, shine, Fill thy Church with light di-vine,

And thy sav-ing health ex-tend Un-to earth's re-mot-est end.

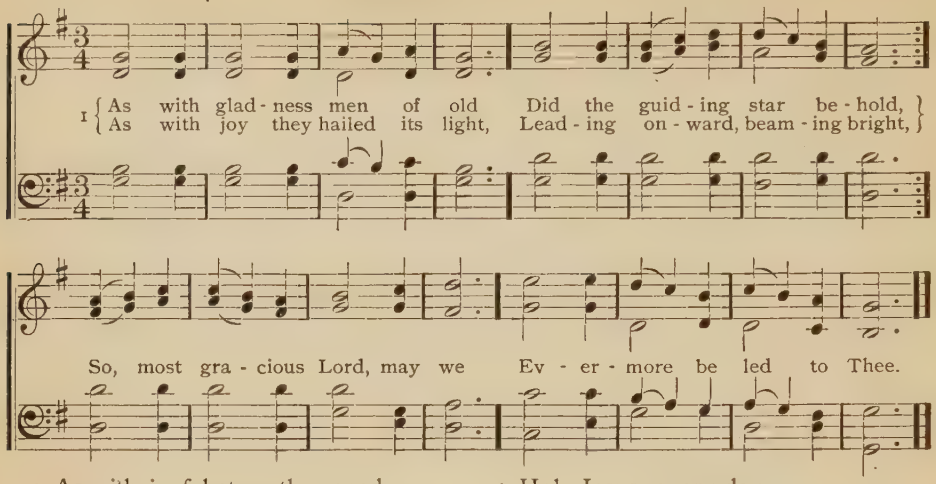
2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Let thy love on all be poured,
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
At thy feet their tribute pay
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man his blessings give,
Man to God devoted live,
All below and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

H. F. Lyte.

100 HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1798.



2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Wm. Chatterton Dix, 1860.

101

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high draw near,
Day-star in our hearts appear.

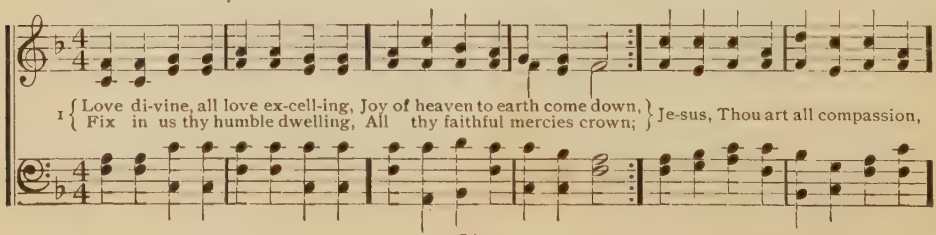
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams we see;
Lord, thine inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

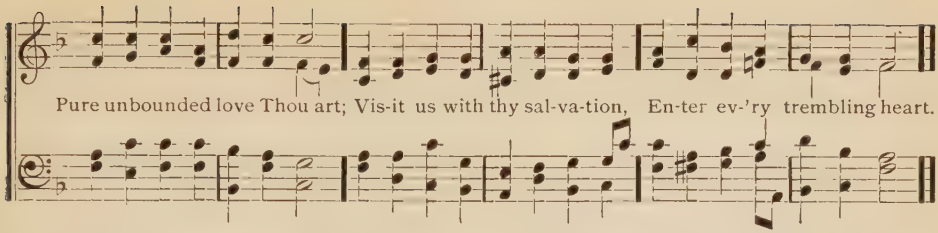
3 Visit every soul of thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill with radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

102 OTTO. 8s & 7s. D.

H. B. OLIPHANT.





2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away our power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

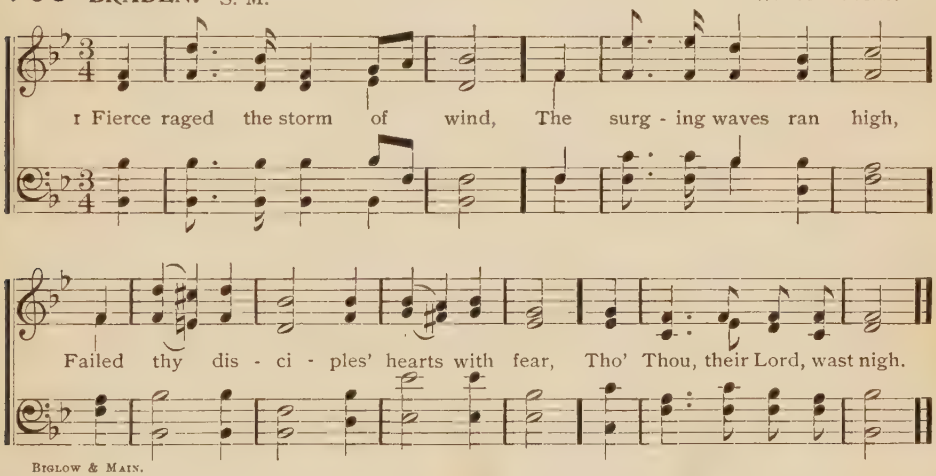
3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and sinless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1746.

103 BRADEN. S. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



Biglow & Main.

2 But at the stern rebuke
Of thine almighty word,
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned Thee God and Lord.

3 So, now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terror fill,
Arise and be our helper, Lord,
And speak thy "Peace, be still."

4 When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in thy power,
Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that dread trial hour.

5 And when amid the signs
Which speak thine advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fills faithless hearts with fear,

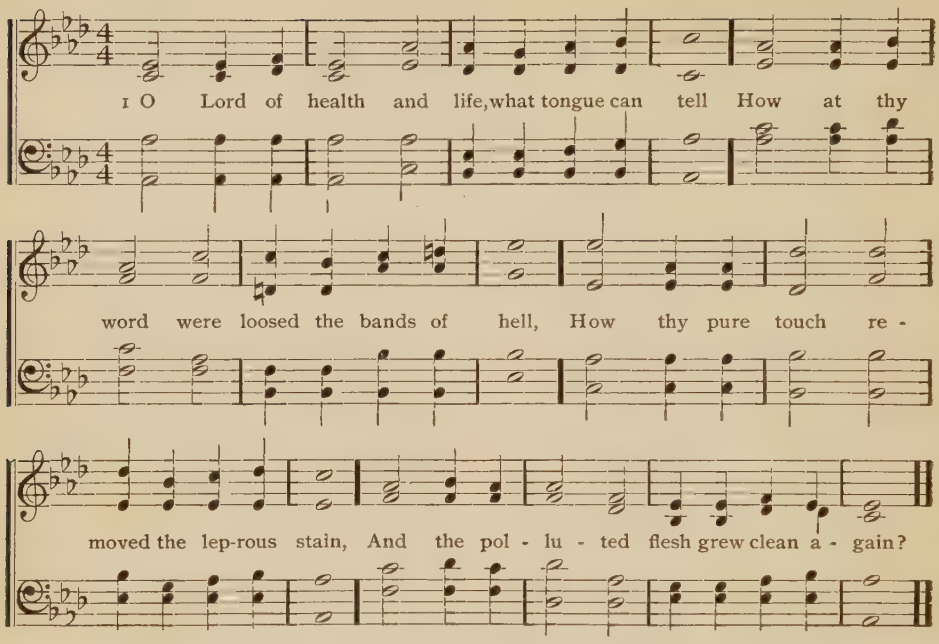
6 May we all undismayed
Thy raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads and hail with joy
Thy great epiphany.

7 All praise to Thee, of old
By sign and wonder known;
All praise to Thee, to be revealed
Upon the judgment-throne.

Hyde W. Beadon.

104 HOPKINS. 10s.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.



2 O wash our hearts, restore the contrite soul,
Stretch forth thy healing hand and make us whole;
O bend our stubborn knees to kneel to Thee;
Speak but the word, and we once more are free.

3 Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of thy love,
Thy love which can all guilt, all pain remove;
Nigh to our souls thy great salvation bring,
Then sickness hath no pang and death no sting.

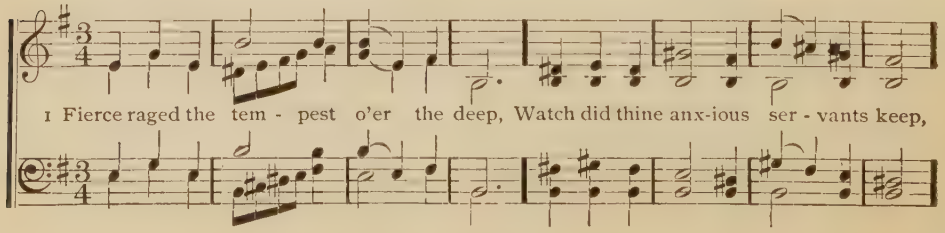
4 We hail this pledge in all thy deeds of grace;
As once disease and sorrow fled thy face,
So, when that face again unveiled we see,
Sickness and tears and death no more shall be.

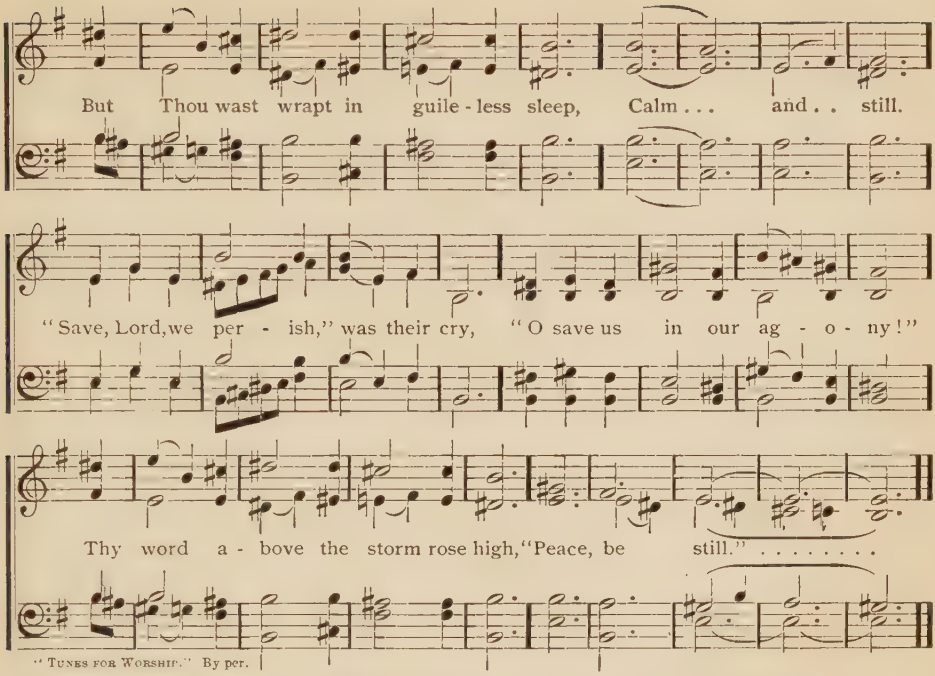
5 Then grant us strength to pray "Thy kingdom come,"
When we shall know Thee in thy Father's home,
And at thy great epiphany adore
The co-eternal Godhead evermore.

Greville Phillimore.

105 TEMPESTAS SEDATA. 8s & 3s.

HENRY SCHWING.





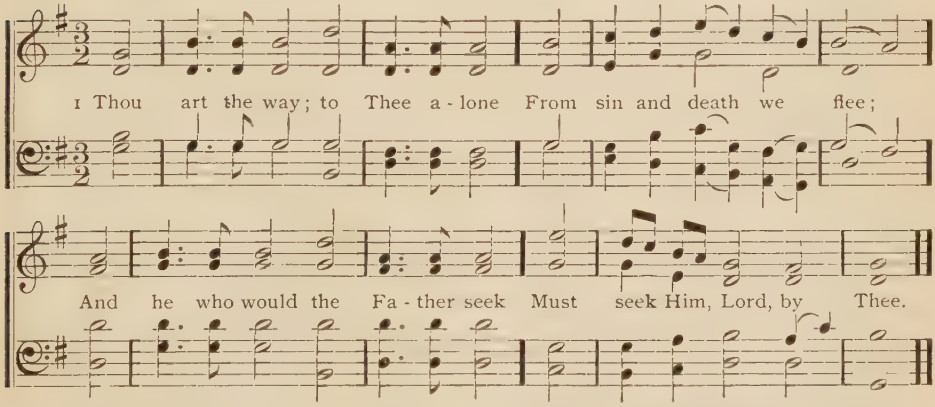
2 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap
At thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring.

106 WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. Dutton.



2 Thou art the truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

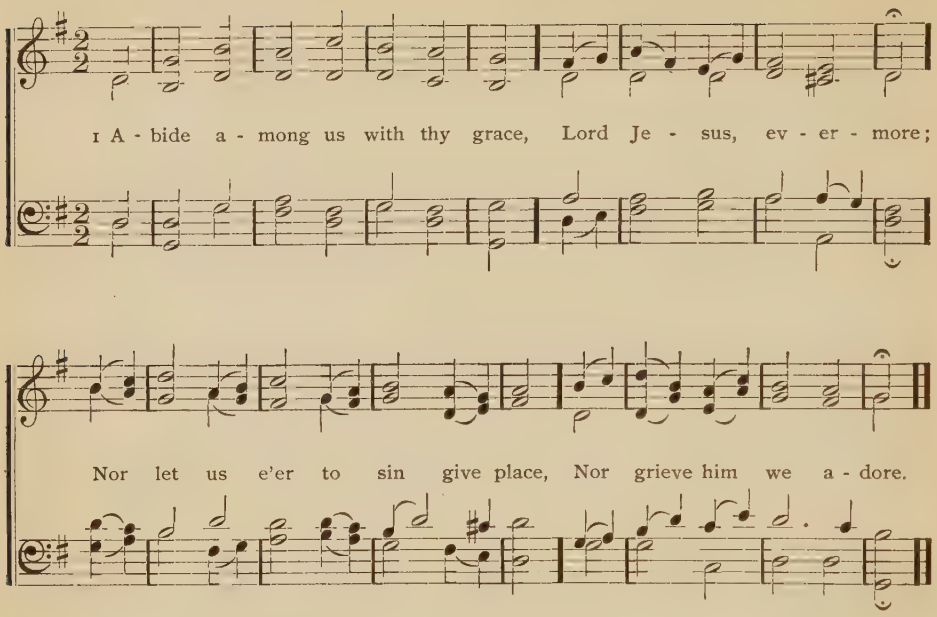
3 Thou art the life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

107 MEDFIELD. C. M.

W. MATHER.



2 Abide among us with thy word,
Redeemer whom we love;
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.

3 Abide among us with thy ray,
O light that lighten'st all;
And let thy truth preserve our way,
Nor suffer us to fall.

4 Abide with us to bless us still,
O bounteous Lord of peace;
With grace and power our souls fulfil,
Our faith and love increase.

5 Abide among us as our shield,
O Captain of thy host,
That to the world we may not yield
Nor e'er forsake our post.

6 Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be;
Thy help at need O let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee.

J. Stegmann.
Tr. by Catharine Winkworth.

108

1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou conqueror renowned,
Spirit of grace ineffable,
In whom all joys are found,

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then wakens love divine.

3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know
And all we can desire,

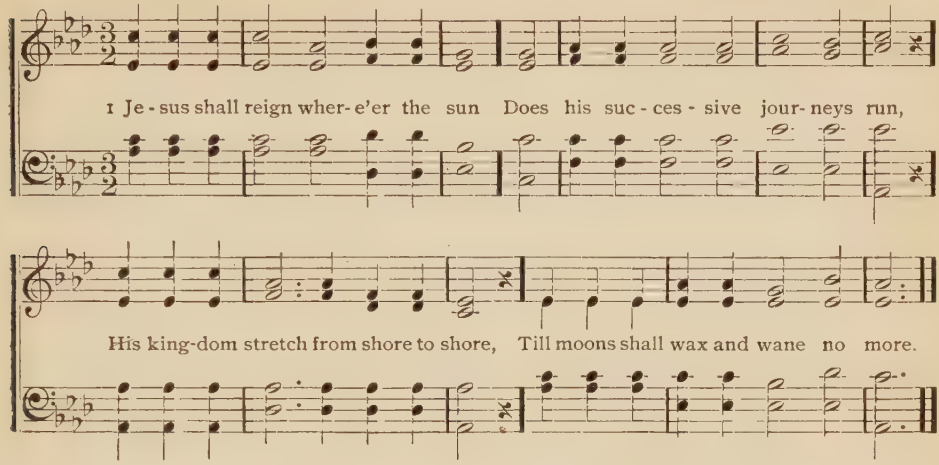
4 May every heart confess thy name
And ever Thee adore,
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

109 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. Zeuner. 1795—1857.



2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again
And earth repeat the loud amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

110

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

111

1 GOD in his earthly temples lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pays its night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

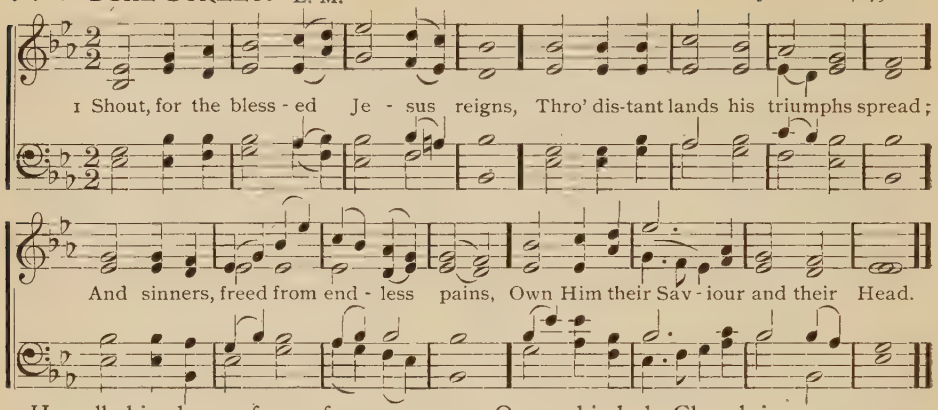
4 Egypt and Tyre and Greek and Jew
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born and nourished there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

112 DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON, 1790.



2 He calls his chosen from afar,
They all at Zion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And unconstrained their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

4 O may his holy Church increase,
His word and Spirit still prevail,
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories hail.

5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In loftly songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

Benj. Beddome.

113

1 O CHRIST, our true and only light,
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear thy voice,
And in thy fold with us rejoice.

2 And all who else have strayed from Thee
O gently seek; thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share thy heaven.

3 O make the deaf to hear thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

4 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from thy fold;
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

5 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given
By all thy Church in earth and heaven.

Catharine Winkworth.

114

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves; say, "Peace, be still."

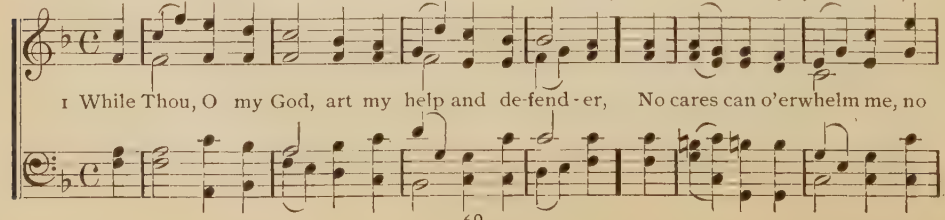
3 Amid the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

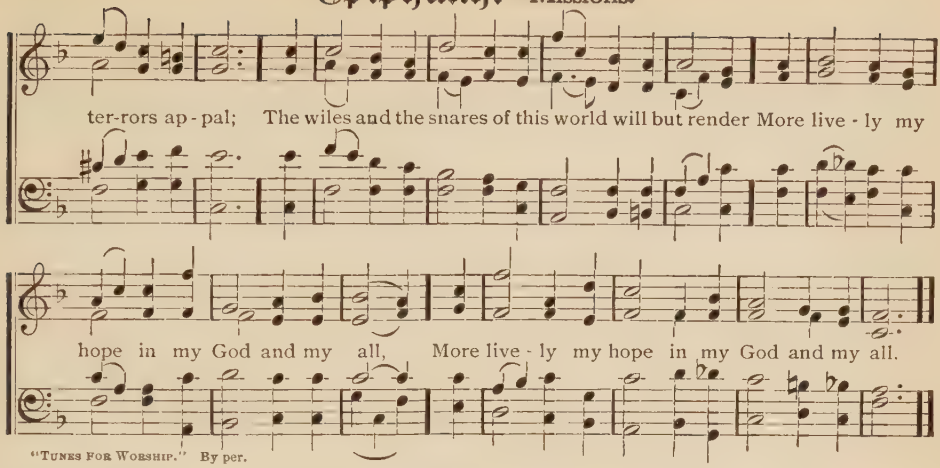
4 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatterd bark again.

Wm. Cowper.

115 SUPER. 12s & 11s.

Arr. by SCHWING. Melody by T. CLARK,





"Tunes for Worship." By per.

2 Yes, Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger,
My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall,
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger,
My treasure, my glory, my God and my all.

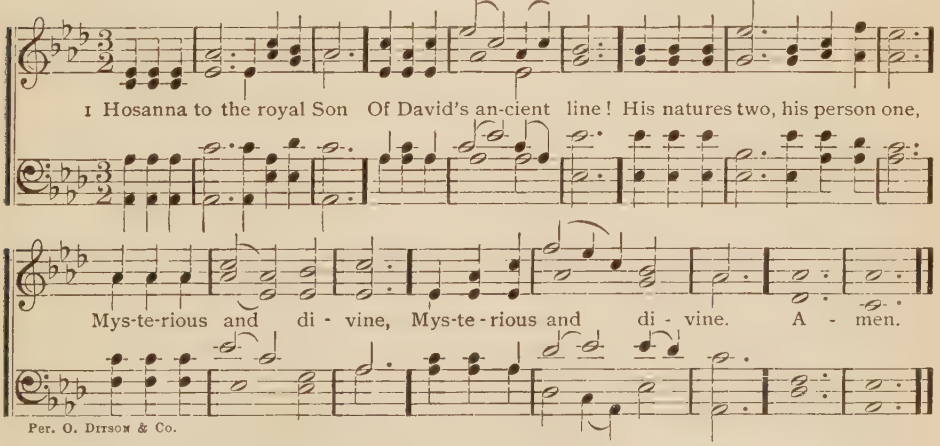
3 To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,
Though grief may oppress me or sorrow befall,
And love Thee, till death, my blest spirit releasing,
Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.

4 And when Thou demandest the life Thou hast given,
With joy will I answer thy merciful call,
And quit Thee on earth, but to find Thee in heaven,
My portion forever, my God and my all.

W. Young.

116 CHOPIN. C. M.

J. B. Woodbury.



Per. O. Ditson & Co.

2 The root of David, here we find.
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are joined
In our Immanuel's name.

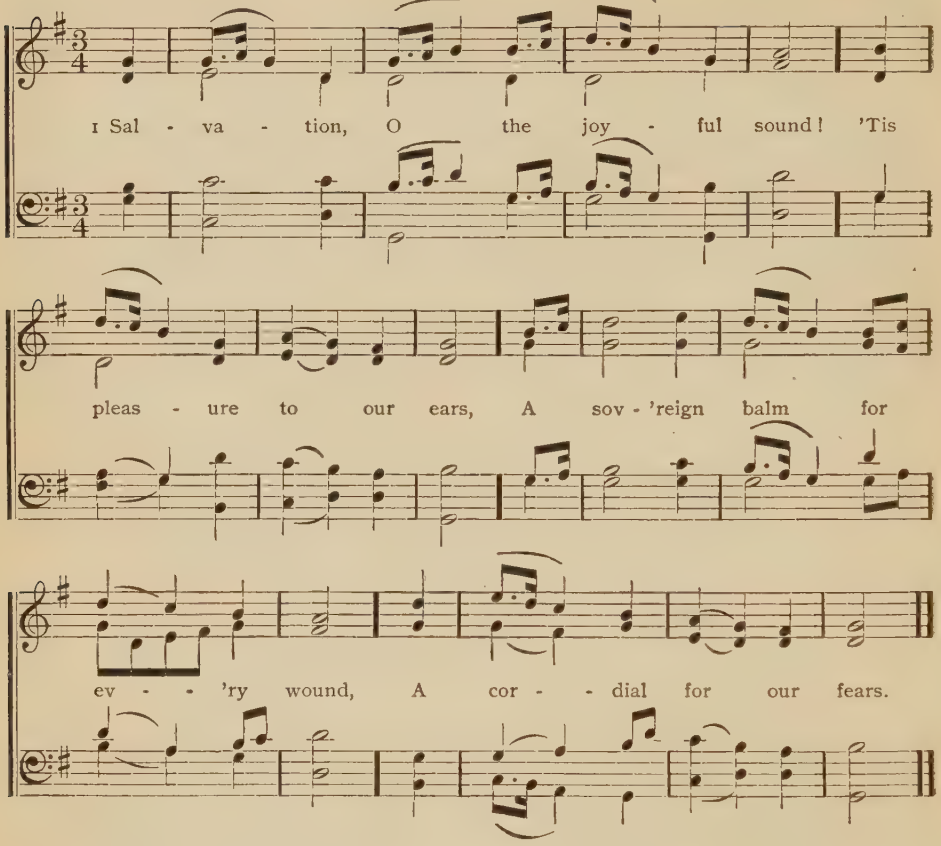
3 Blest He that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven;
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues, [break
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and
Their silence into songs.

Isaac Watts.

117 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1735.



2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation, let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

118

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music to my ravished ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mourning, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

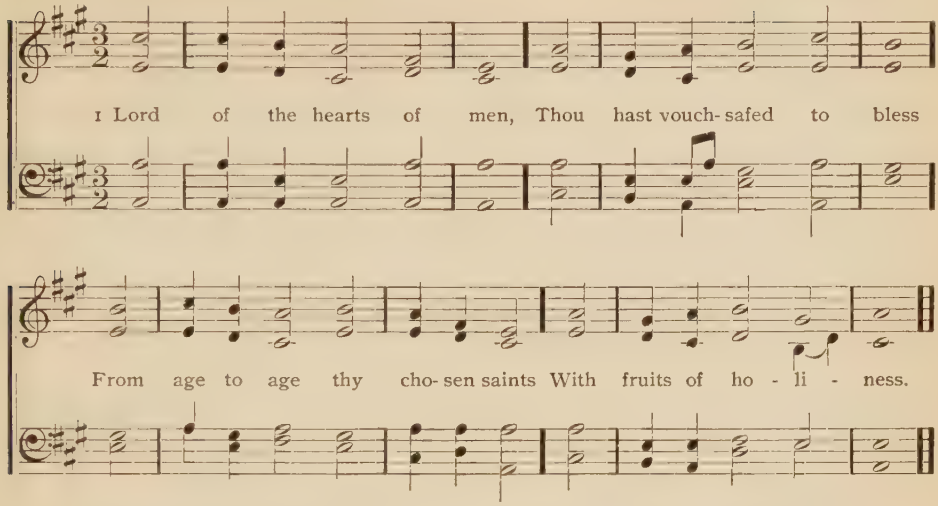
6 Hear Him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

Charles Wesley.

119 STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



2 Here faith and hope and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

3 O love, O truth, O light,
Light never to decay,
O rest from thousand labors past,
O endless Sabbath-day!

4 Here amid cares and tears,
Bearing the seed we come;
There with rejoicing hearts we bring
Our harvest burdens home.

5 Give, mighty Lord divine,
The fruits Thyself dost love;
Soon shalt Thou from thy judgment-seat
Crown thine own gifts above.

Latin Hymn. Tr. Jas. R. Woodford.

120

1 NOT by thy mighty hand,
Thy wondrous works alone,
But by the marvels of thy word
Thy glory, Lord, is known.

2 Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

3 And still from age to age
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The bearer forth of goodly seed,
The sower still unseen.

4 And Thou wilt come again,
And heaven beneath Thee bow,
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,
Sower and reaper Thou.

5 Watch, Lord, thy harvest-field
With thine unsleeping eye;
The children of the kingdom keep
To thine epiphany;

6 That when in thy great day
The tares shall severed be,
We may be gathered by thy grace
With all thy saints to Thee.

J. R. Woodford.

121

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee;

2 To scorn the senses sway,
While still to Thee I tend,
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

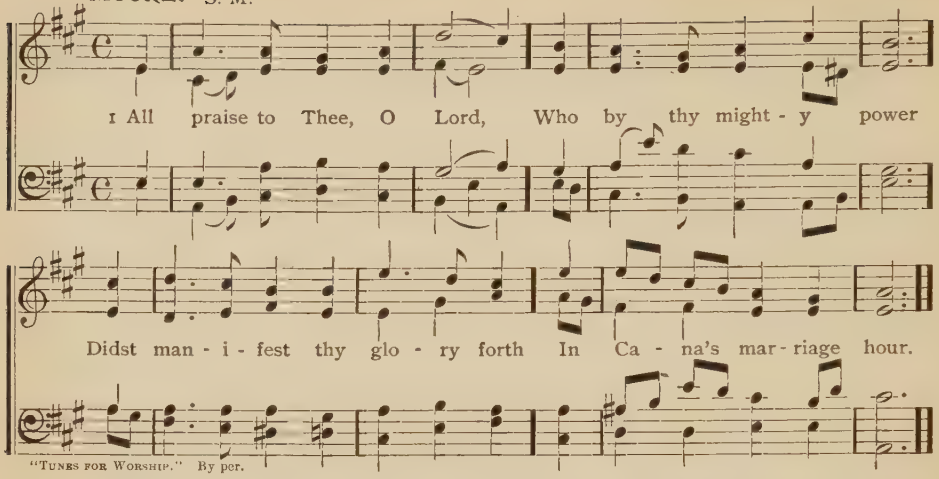
3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

George Herbert.

122 MOORE. S. M.

J. H. LUETZEL.



"TUNES FOR WORSHIP." By per.

2 Thou speakest, it is done,
Obedient to thy word
The water reddening into wine
Proclaims the present Lord.

3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee.

4 And blesséd they who know
Thine unseen presence true,
When in the kingdom of thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

5 For by thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou art the cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the heavenly bread.

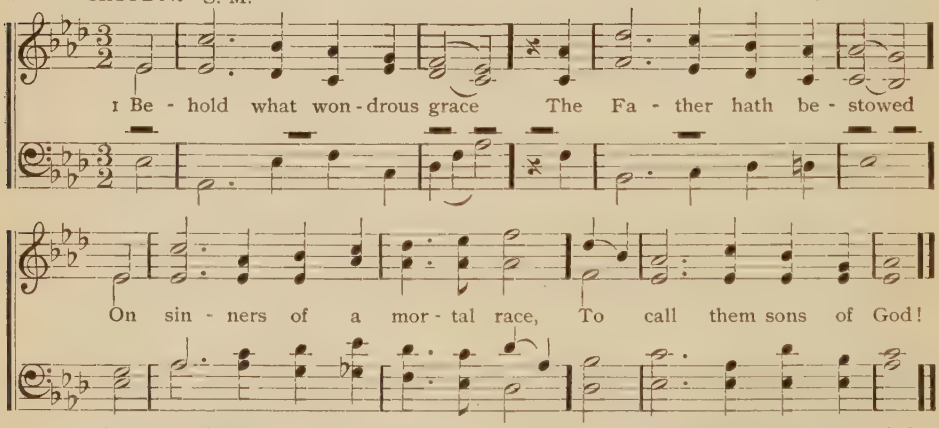
6 O may that grace be ours,
In Thee for aye to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams
Which Thou alone canst give.

7 So, led from strength to strength,
Grant us, O Lord, to see
The marriage supper of the Lamb,
Thy great epiphany.

Hyde W. Beadon.

123 HAYDN. S. M.

F. J. HAYDN.



2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

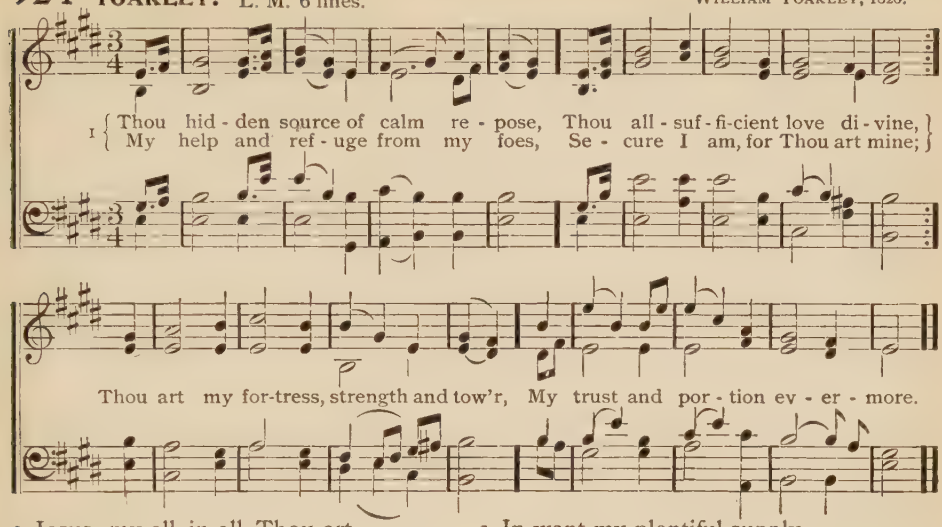
5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

124 YOAKLEY. L. M. 6 lines.

WILLIAM YOAKLEY, 1820.



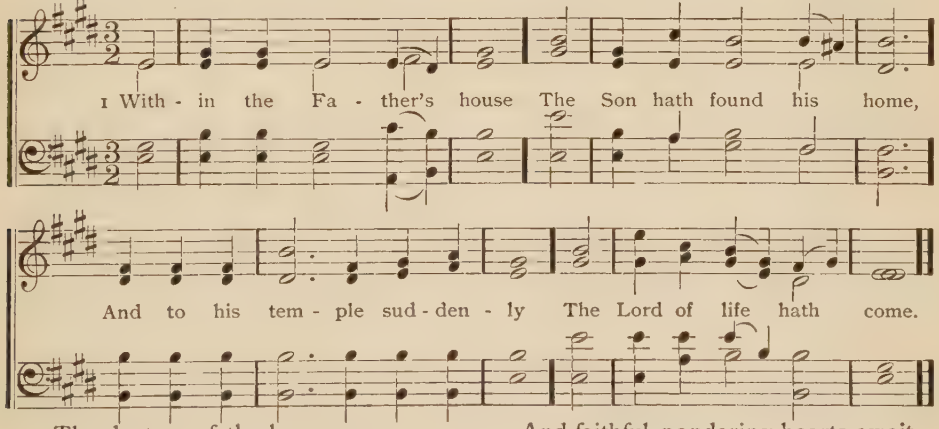
2 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart,
In storms my peace, in loss my gain,
My strength beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown,

3 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My refuge in temptation's hour,
My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

125 DODDRIDGE. S. M.

GREGORIAN.



2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous child,
And marvel at his gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the fleshly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full epiphany.

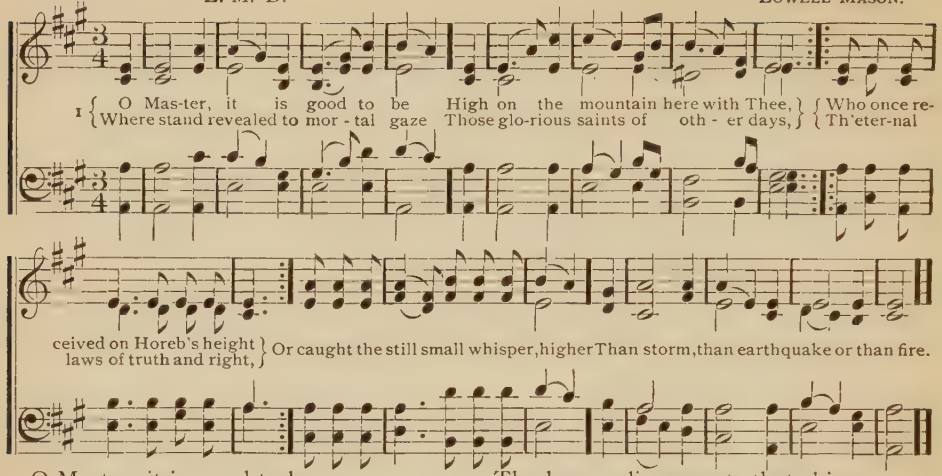
5 Lord, visit Thou our souls,
And teach us by thy grace
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;

6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansed soul shall burst
The everlasting day.

James R. Woodford.

126 NUNDA. L. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.



2 O Master, it is good to be
With Thee and with thy faithful three,
Here, where th'apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock,
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes and word that burns,
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With Him whose last best creed is love.

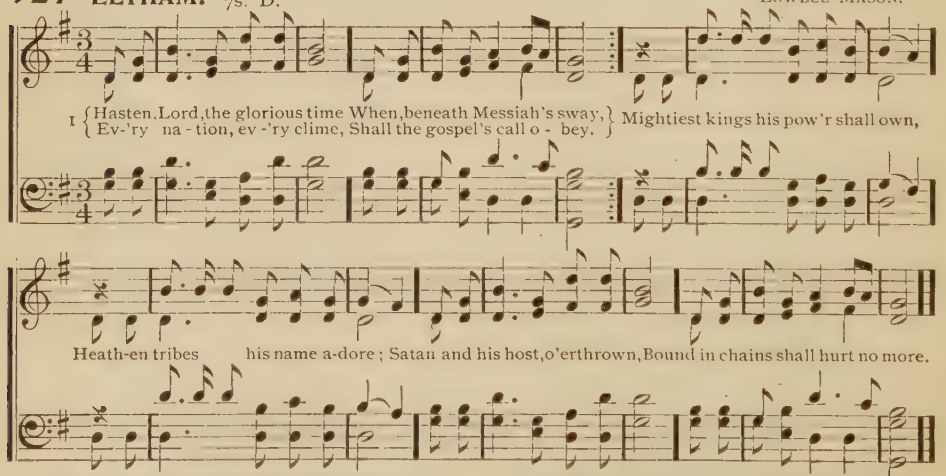
3 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee,
And watch thy glistering raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold and faith be dim,
"This is my Son, O hear ye Him."

A. P. Stanly.

127 ELTHAM. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



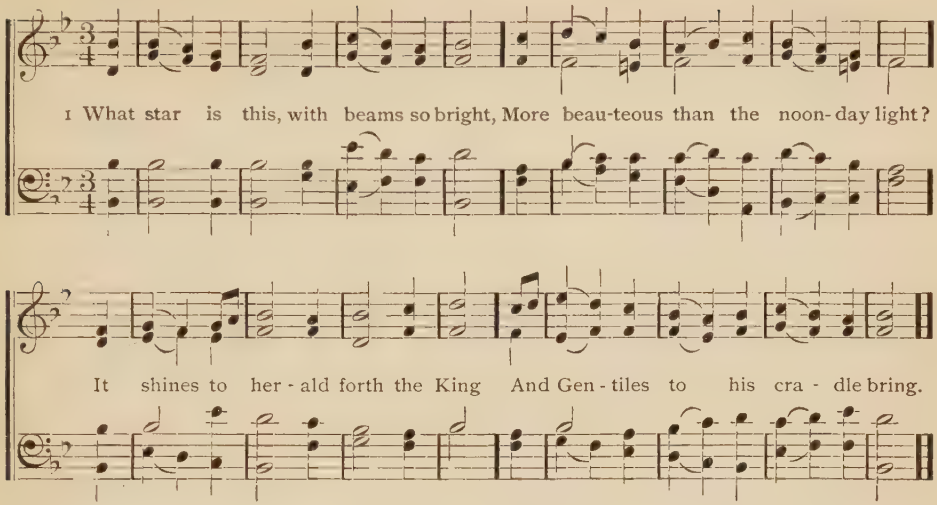
2 Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name,
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

128 WAREHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1760.



2 And lo, the eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command;
Children of faith they come; they find
The Prince and Saviour of mankind.

3 They bless the meek and holy child,
An infant Lord and monarch mild;
Their riches at his feet they pour
And with the heart their King adore.

4 O heavenly Lord, O holy light,
That shines through nature's wondering night,
What marvels in thy love we trace,
What power divine, what glorious grace!

5 And now, Thou bright and morning star,
Arise again and shine afar
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Till utmost tribes their King adore.

Latin Hymn.

129

1 THROUGH Israel's coasts, in times of old,
When Thou didst dwell with men below,
By signs and wonders manifold
Thou didst, O Lord, thy glory show.

2 But not alone thy mighty power
Shone forth from every wondrous sign;
Day unto day and hour to hour
Spoke forth thy love and grace divine.

3 And now Thou reignest, Lord, above,
We none the less thy wonders trace;
Unwearied are thy calls of love,
Unspent thy miracles of grace.

4 Thou who didst make the water wine,
Our earthly with thy heavenly fill;
Our scant obedience change to thine,
Our passions to thy blessed will.

Henry Alford.

130

1 ON Tabor's top the Saviour stands,
His altered face resplendent shines;
And while he elevates his hands,
Lo, glory marks its gentle lines.

2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below;
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching woe.

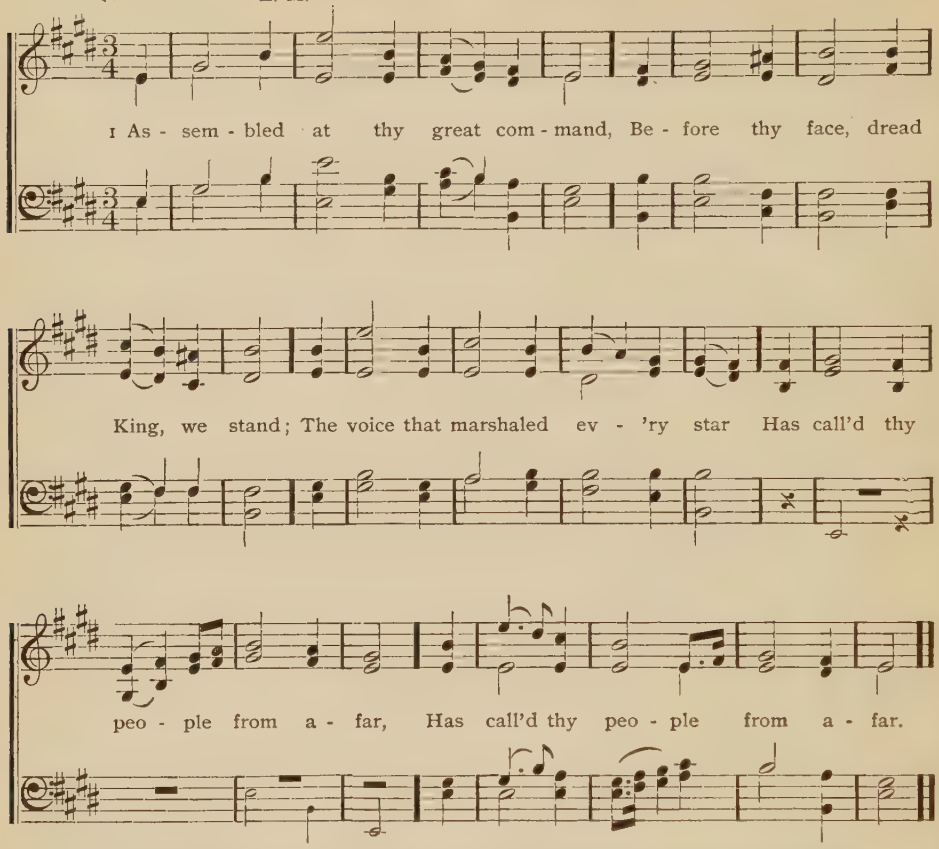
3 Amid the lustre of the scene
To Calvary He turns his eyes,
And with submission, all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.

4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all his beaming glories shine,
And gazing on his brightness there
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5 O that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Saviour stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distils,
I too may elevate my hands.

131 ROTHWELL. L. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1743.



2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled,
Along the line to either pole
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

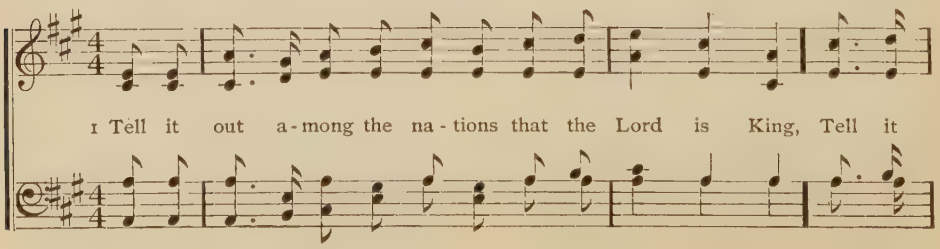
3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

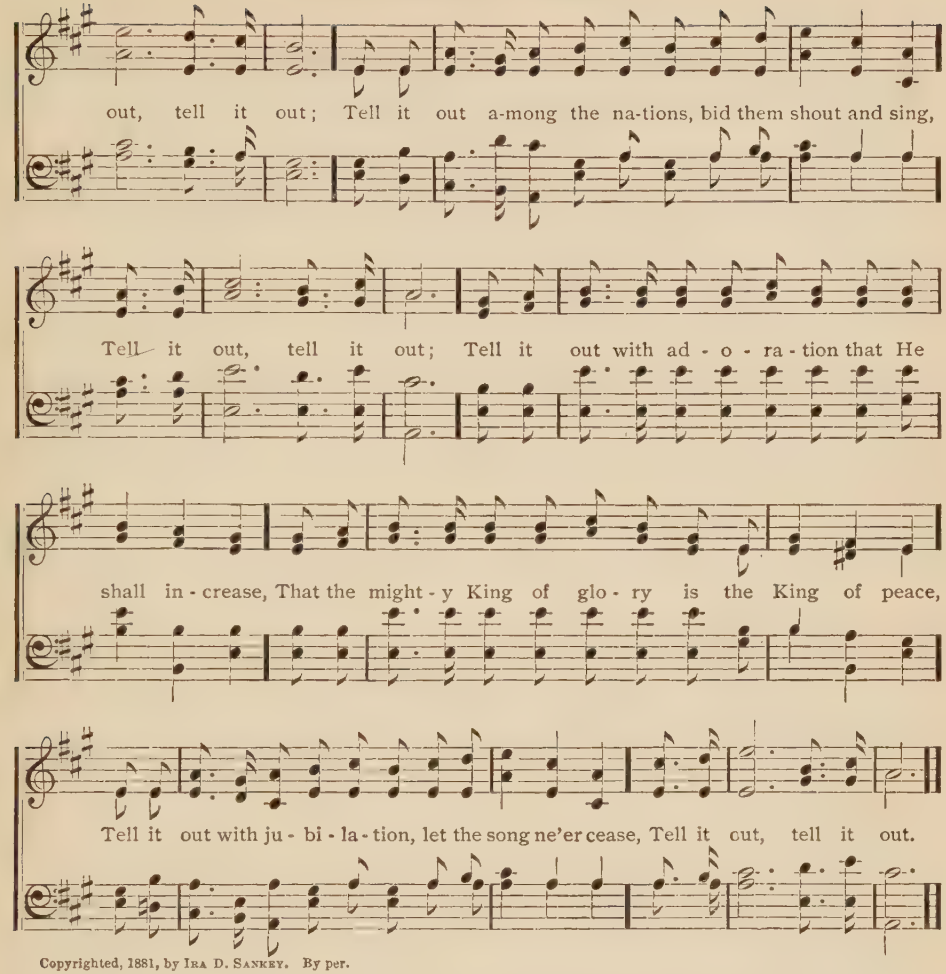
4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound
To spread the spacious earth around.

W. B. Collyer.

132 TELL IT OUT.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.





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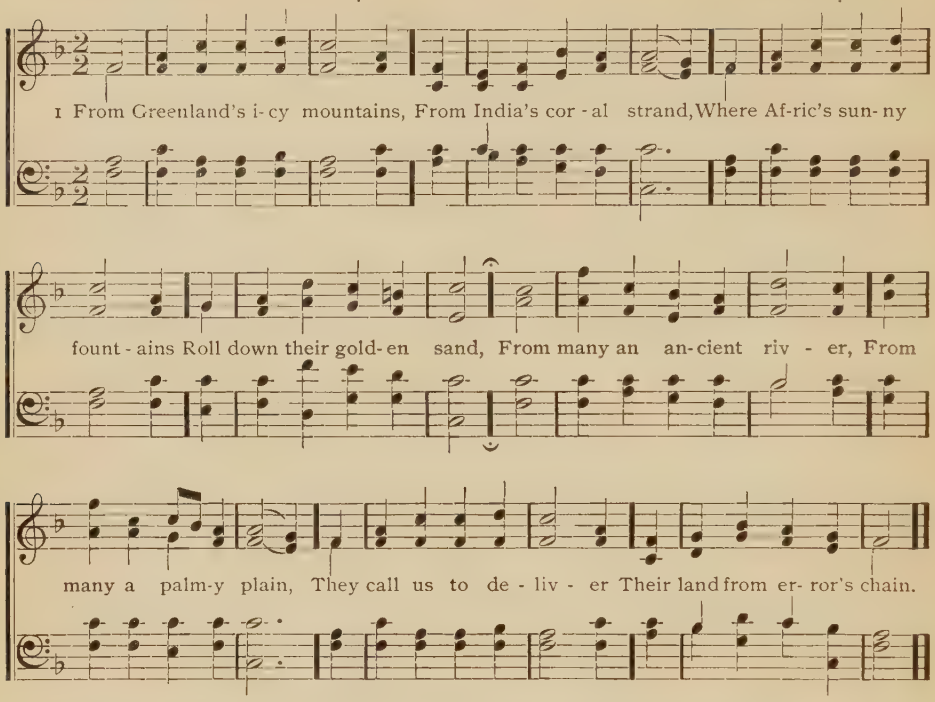
2 Tell it out among the people that the Saviour reigns,
Tell it out, tell it out;
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their chains,
Tell it out, tell it out;
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives,
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save,
Tell it out, tell it out.

3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus reigns above,
Tell it out, tell it out;
Tell it out among the nations that his reign is love,
Tell it out, tell it out;
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,
That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam,
Tell it out, tell it out.

Frances R. Havergal.

133 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1824.



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819.

134

1 OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise;
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

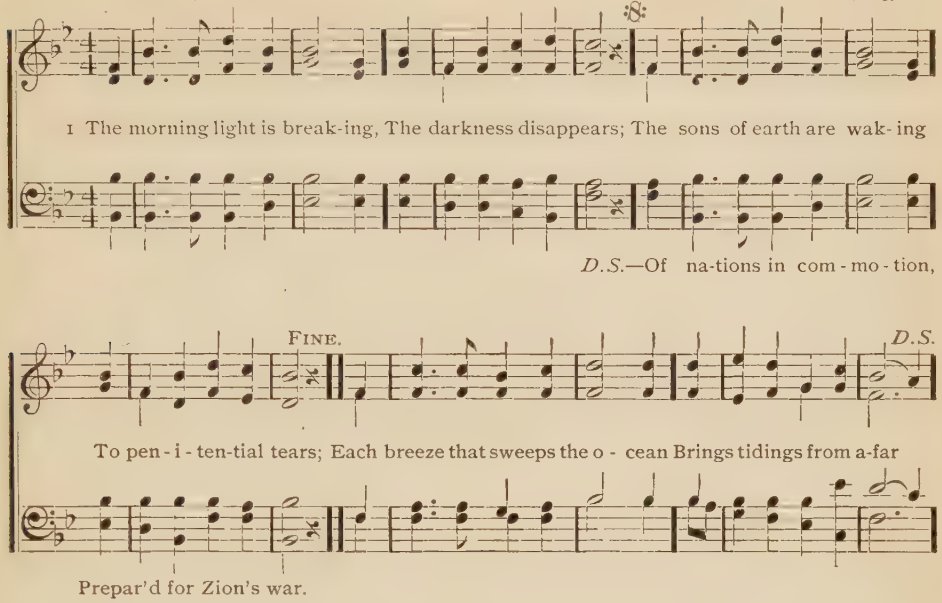
2 Go, where the waves are breaking,
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore·
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all his cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

Mrs. M. F. Anderson, 1848.

135 WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB, 1837.



2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Samuel F. Smith, 1831.

136

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey,
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes,
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, 1858.

137 MISSION SONG. 8s & 7s. D.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

1 Hark, the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?

:S: FINE.

Fields are white and har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"

D.S.—Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me?"

D.S.

Loud and strong the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee;

Per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in his sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
Gladly take the task He gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

D. March.

138

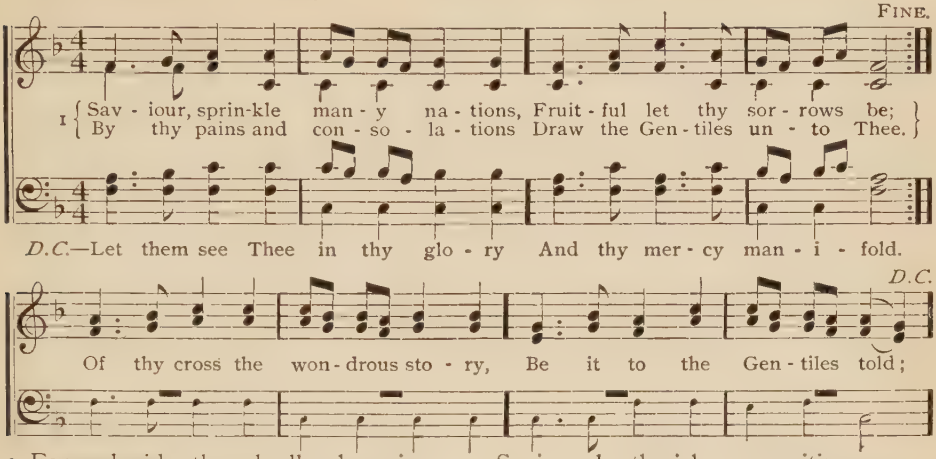
1 CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.
Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wildly though the billows roll;
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

2 As the seed by billows floated
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted
That thou flingest may be borne.
Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hanaford.

139 MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

English Air.



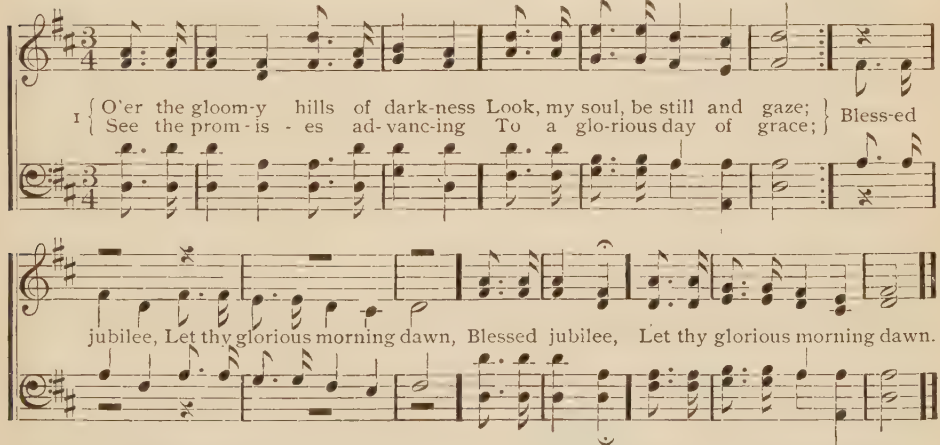
2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest;
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the [sight,
For thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851.

140 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. Thos. Hasting, 1784—1872.



2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

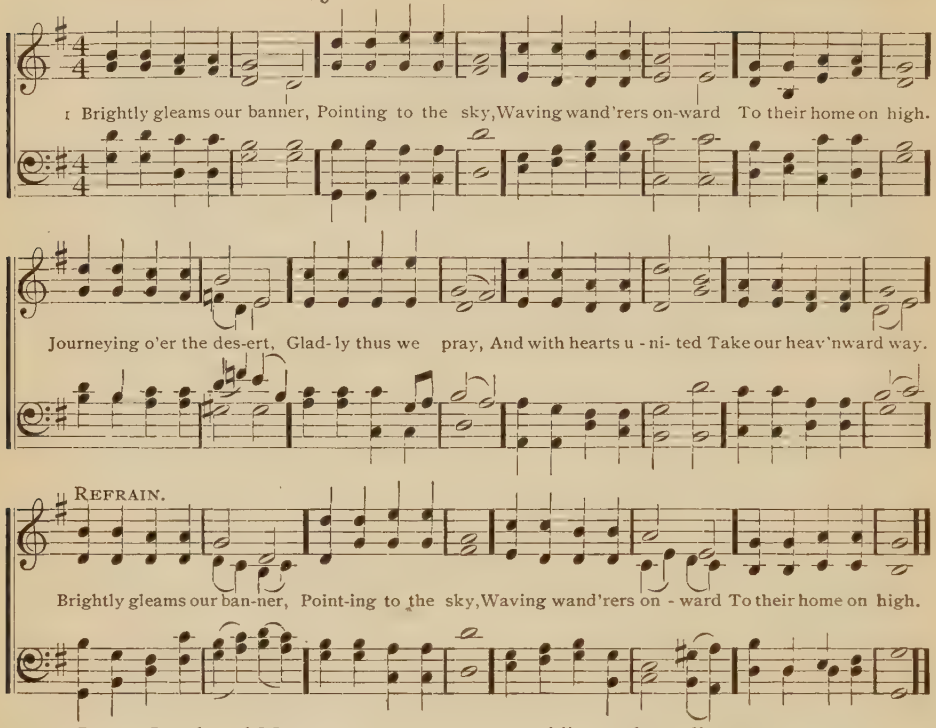
3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

W. Williams, 1772

141 ST. ALBAN'S. 6s & 5s. D.

From F. J. Haydn.



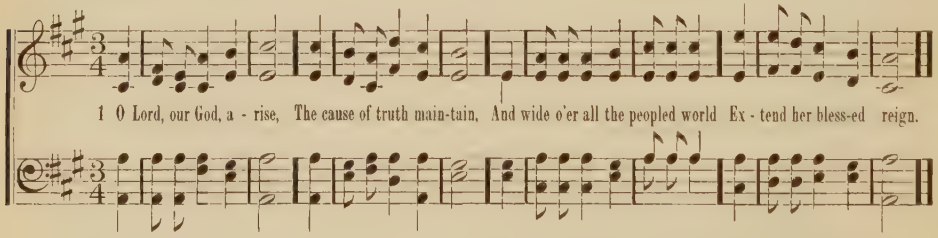
2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet
Here with hearts rejoicing
See thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—Ref.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—Ref.

T. J. Potter.

142 LISBON. S. M.

Daniel Read, 1785.



2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

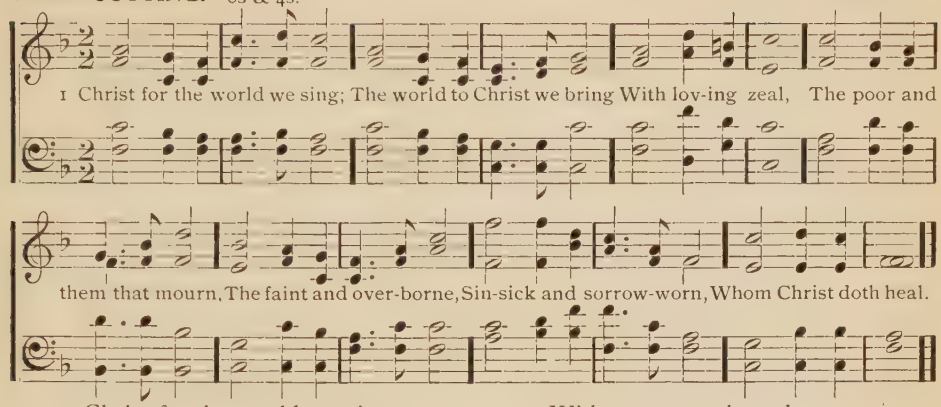
3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

143 CUTTING. 6s & 4s.

Wm. F. Sherwin.



2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer,
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

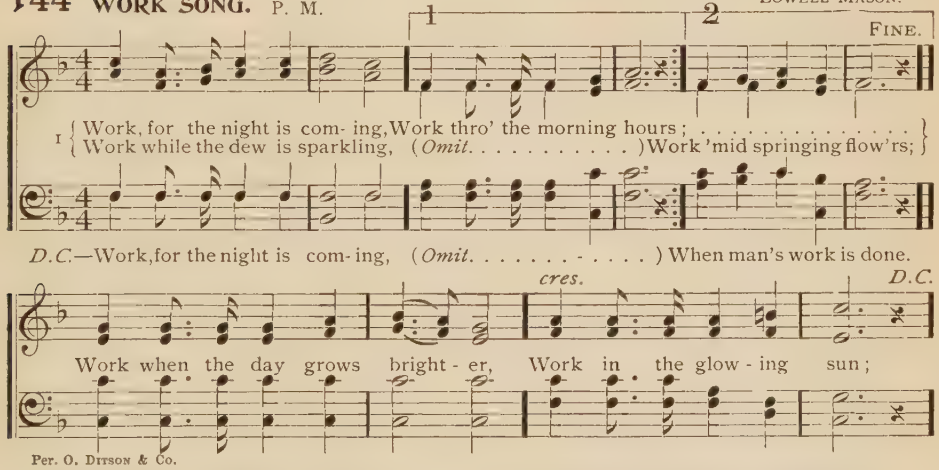
3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord,
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear.
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

S. Wolcott.

144 WORK SONG. P. M.

Lowell Mason.



Per. O. Ditson & Co.

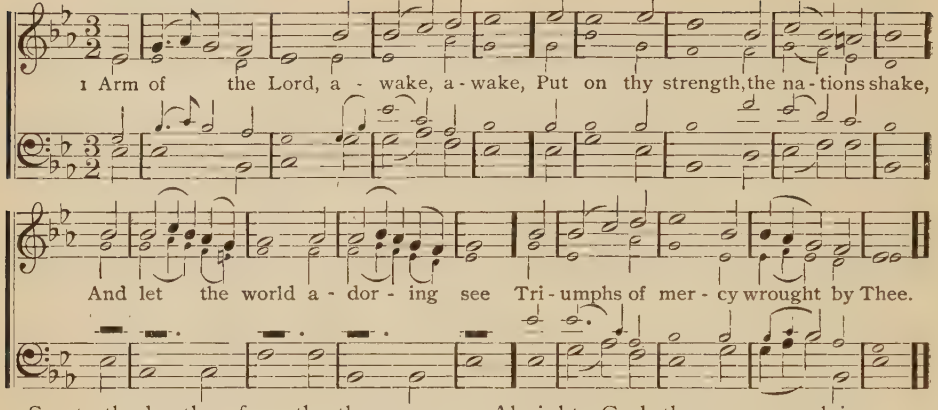
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker.

145 STONEFIELD. L. M.

S. Stanley.



2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Wm. Shrubsole, 1795.

146

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be Thou known the gracious God.

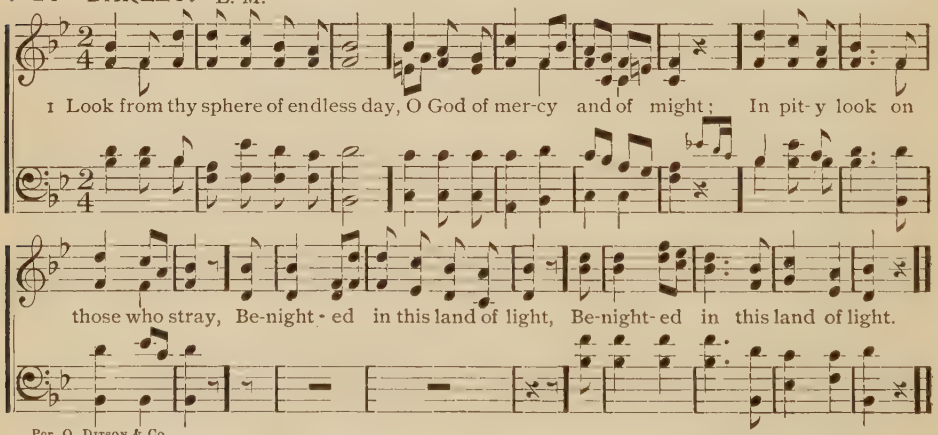
2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be Thou through heaven and earth adored.

Benj. Beddome.

147 DARLEY. L. M.

W. H. W. Darley.



Per. O. Ditson & Co.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened [old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

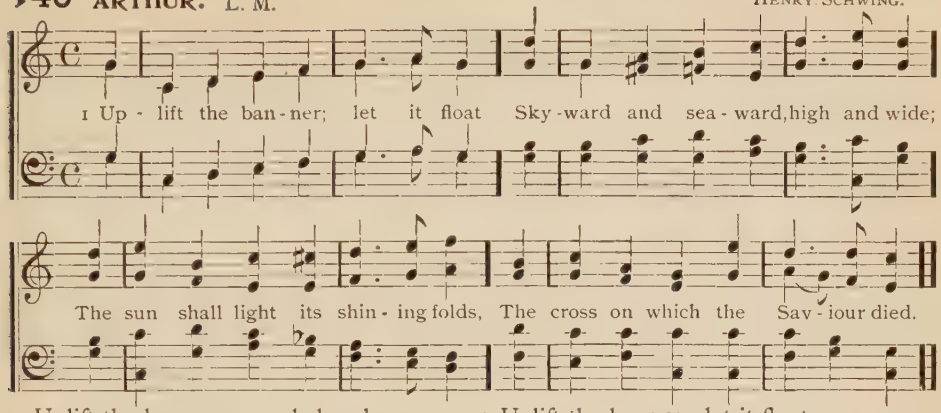
4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant.

148 ARTHUR. L. M.

HENRY SCHWING.



2 Uplift the banner; angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Uplift the banner; heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

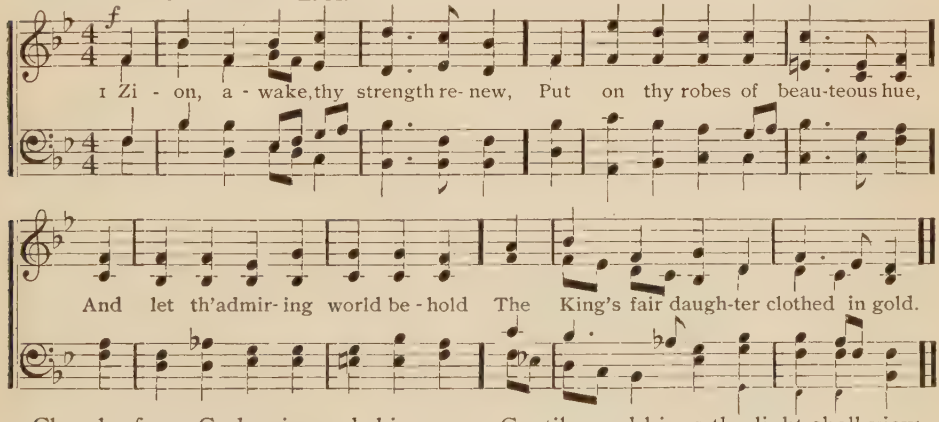
4 Uplift the banner; let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the crucified.

5 Uplift the banner; wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill nor might nor merit ours,
We conquer only in that sign.

George W. Doane.

149 ST. DROSTANE. L. M.

J. B. DYKES, 1859.



2 Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love thee too;
They come, like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

W. Shrubsole, 1796.

150

1 LORD of the harvest, bend thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear;
O send forth lab'rers filled with zeal
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view;
The work is great, the lab'rers few.

3 Under the guidance of thy hand
May Zion's sons to every land
Go forth, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow
The Saviour's dying love to show,
And spread the gospel's joyful sound
Far as the race of man is found.

Thos. Hastings.

151 WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.

CRANE.

1 When, Lord, to this our western land, Led by thy prov-i-den-tial hand, Our wand'ring fathers came,

Their ancient homes, their friends in youth, Sent forth the heralds of thy truth To keep them in thy name.

2 Then through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost,
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And O may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land!
There brethren from our common home
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour, we owe this debt of love;
O shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast,
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim
And temples rise to fix thy name
Through all our desert west.

152 STEELE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

F. T. S. DARLEY.

1 { Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour, Make the word of truth thy car,
{ Prosper in thy course triumphant, (*Omit*.....) All success attend thy war; Gracious victor,

gracious victor, Bring thy trophies from afar, Gracious victor, gracious victor, Bring thy trophies from afar.

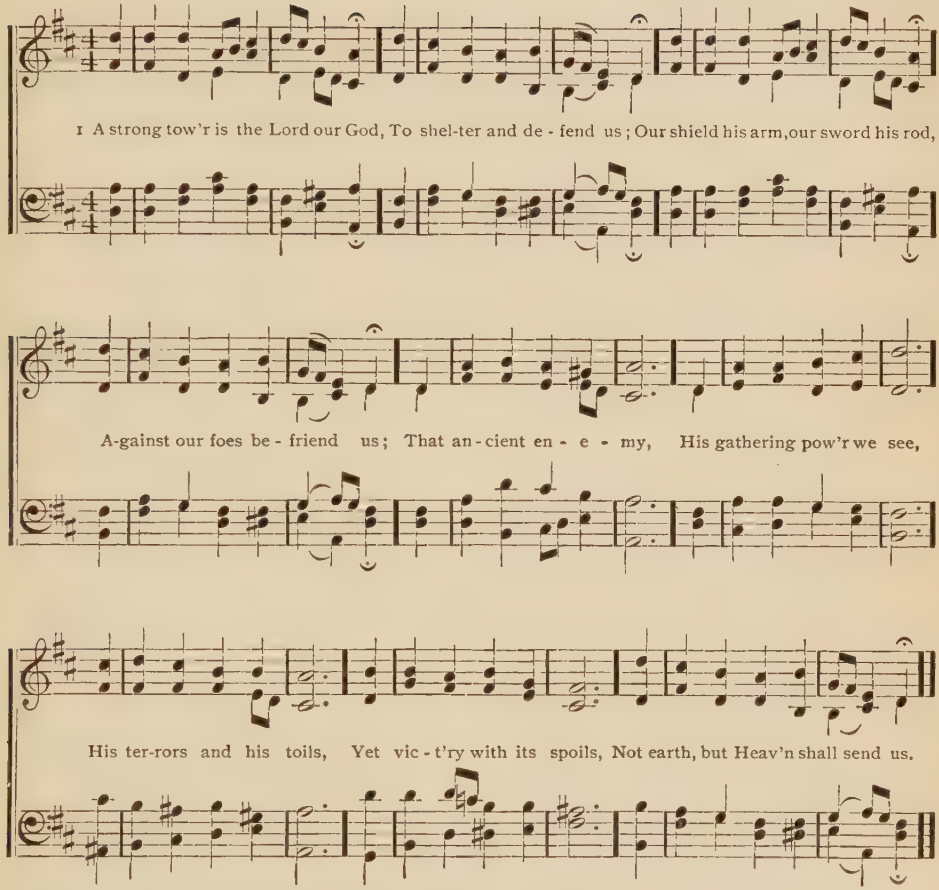
Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To ensure thy blessed conqests,
Take possession of thy right;
Ride triumphant,
Decked in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own thy reign,
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants.
Rescued from its galling chain;
Saints and angels,
All who know Thee bless thy reign.

Lent.

153 **LUTHER.** P. M. MARTIN LUTHER, 1483—1546.



2 Though wrestling with the wrath of hell,
No might of man avail us,
Our captain is Immanuel,
And angel comrades hail us;
Still challenge ye his name,
"Christ in the flesh who came,"
"The Lord, the Lord of hosts,"
Our cause his succor boasts,
And God shall never fail us.

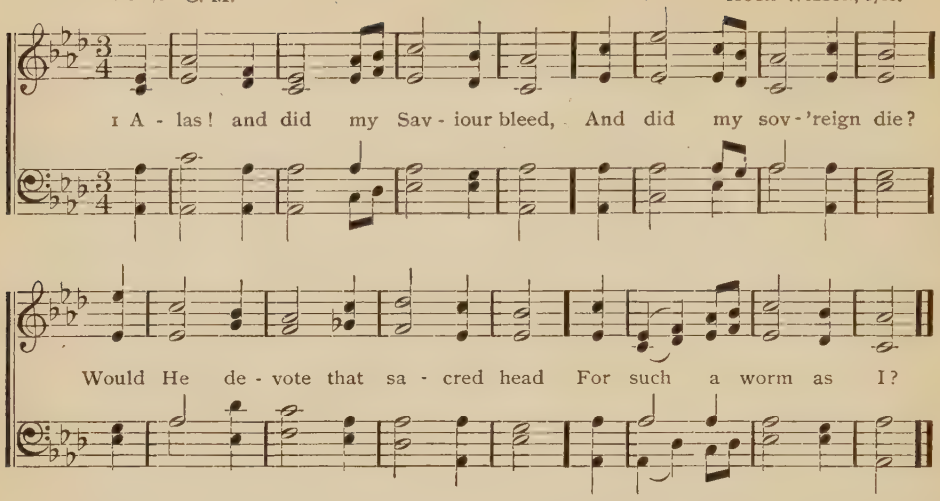
3 Though earth by peopling fiends be trod,
Embattled all, yet hidden,
And though their proud usurping gods
O'er thrones and shrines have stridden,
Nay, let them stand revealed,
And darken all the field,
We fear not, fall they must;
The word, wherein we trust,
Their triumph hath forbidden.

4 While mighty truth with us remains.
Hell's arts shall move us never,
Nor partings, friendships, honors, gains,
Our love from Jesus sever;
They leave us, when they part,
With Him a peaceful heart;
And when from death we rise,
Death yields us, as he dies,
The crown of life forever.

W. M. Bunting.

154 AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON, 1768.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty maker died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

155

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness,
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad
And tell the world my joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

156

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

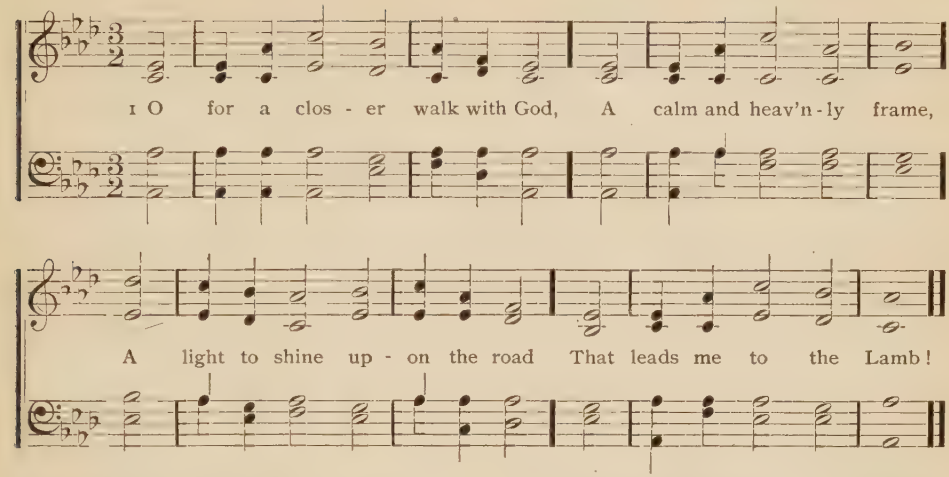
4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

157 EVAN. C. M.

W. H. Havergal. Arr.



2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast,

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame,
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

158

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dews of heaven descend
And righteous growth abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield a hundred fold
Returns of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Go back to Thee and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

Jno. Cawood, 1825.

159

1 WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercéd hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

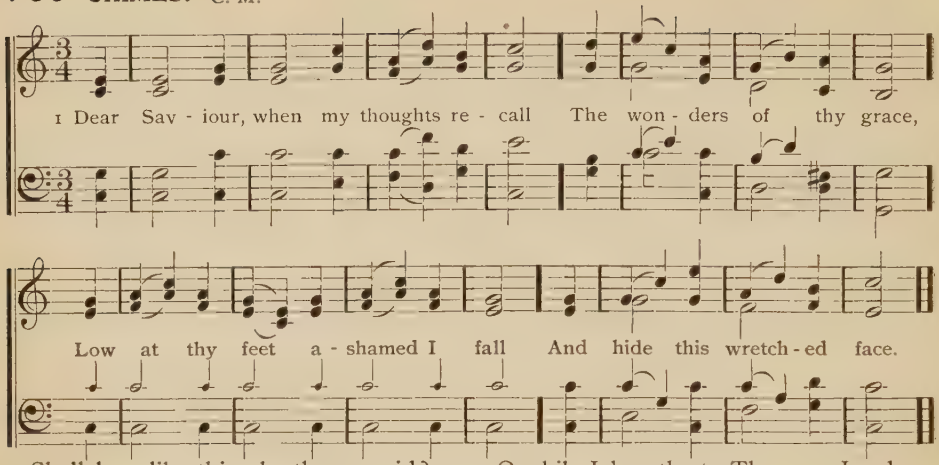
4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys
And feels for all our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

Cecil Francis Alexander.

160 CHIMES. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile, ungrateful heart,
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed
From Jesus to depart.

3 But He for his own mercy's sake
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 O while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,
The deep repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face,
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

Anne Steele.

161

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quenched his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood;

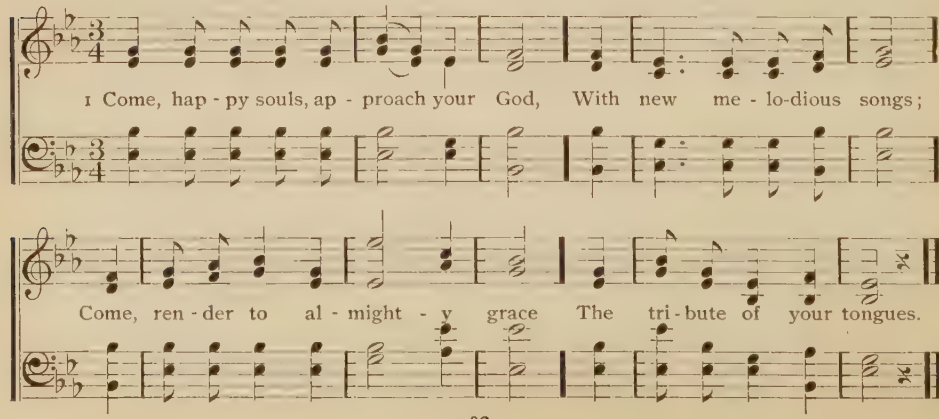
3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

162 ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform,
The vengeance of a God.

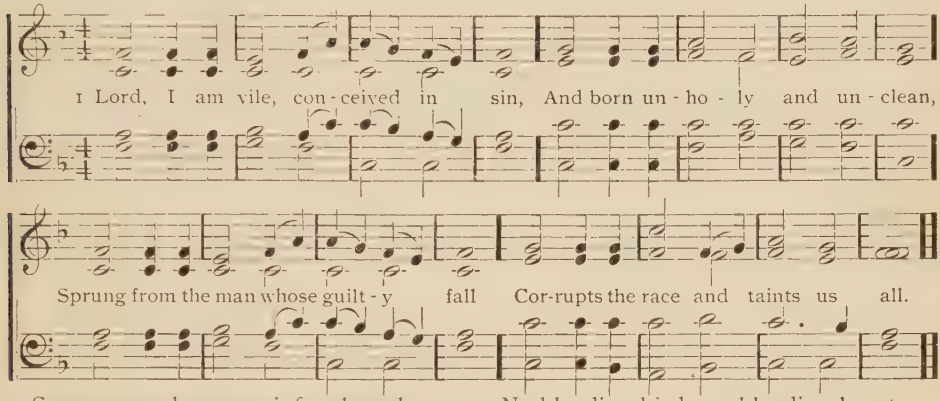
4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came
And brought salvation down.

5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love
And give the Father praise.

Isaac Watts.

163 ILLA. L. M.

L. Mason.



2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest
Nor running brook nor flood nor sea
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

164

1 THE God of mercy warns us all
From day to day, from year to year,
And each must hear his awful call,
"No longer stand ye idle here."

2 Ye, whose young cheeks with health are bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Why will ye waste the morning light?
Alas! why stand ye idle here?

3 And ye, whose scanty locks of gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your closing day,
And yet ye stand thus idle here.

4 O Thou, in heaven and earth adored,
Who makest erring souls thy care,
Now call us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And give us grace to serve Thee there.

165

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

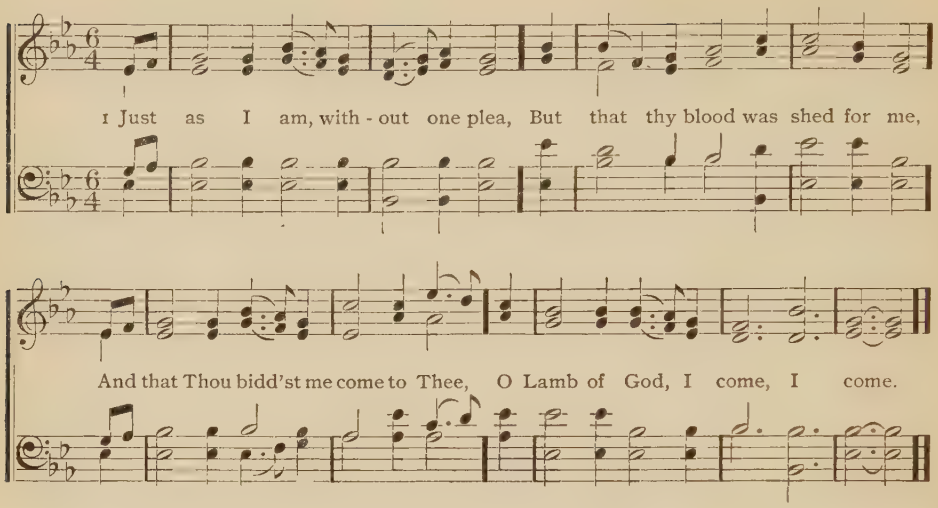
3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin
And let the heavenly stranger in.

4 O welcome Him, the Prince of Peace;
Now may his gentle reign increase;
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be his empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg, 1765.

166 WOODWORTH. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1816—1868.



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am; thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

167

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a sinner seek thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

168

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid,
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

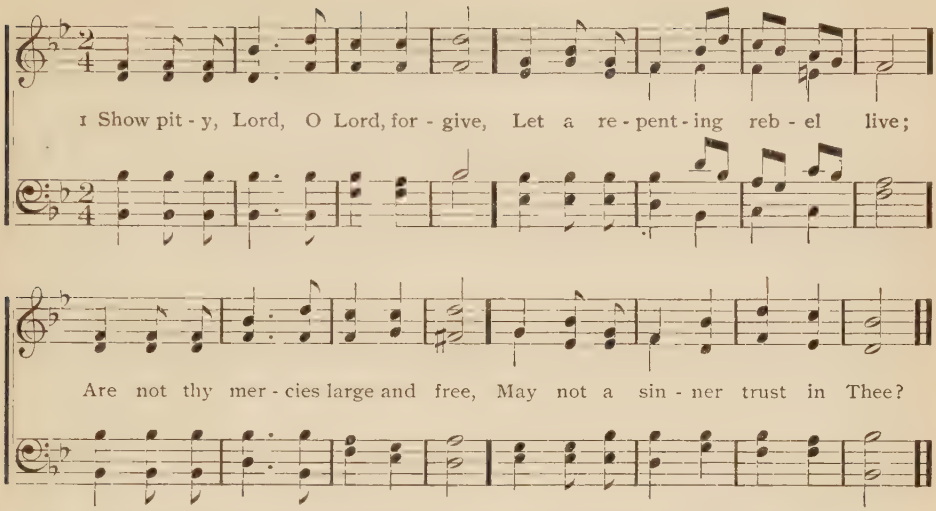
3 To save a guilty world He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb;
To Him lift up your longing eyes
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through Him abound,
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

169 WELTON. L. M.

Cæsar H. A. Maran, 1830.



2 My crimes are great, but ne'er surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, [word,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

170

1 THOU loving Saviour of mankind,
Before thy throne we pray and weep;
O strengthen us with grace divine
This sacred fast aright to keep.

2 Searcher of hearts, Thou dost our ills
Discern and all our weakness know;
Again to Thee in tears we turn,
Again to us thy mercy show.

3 Much have we sinned; but we confess
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore;
O for the praise of thy great name
These fainting souls to health restore.

4 And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin
And so to purify the soul.

Gregory the Great. Tr. by E. Caswall.

171

1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free,
O God, be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea,
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see,
O God, be merciful to me.

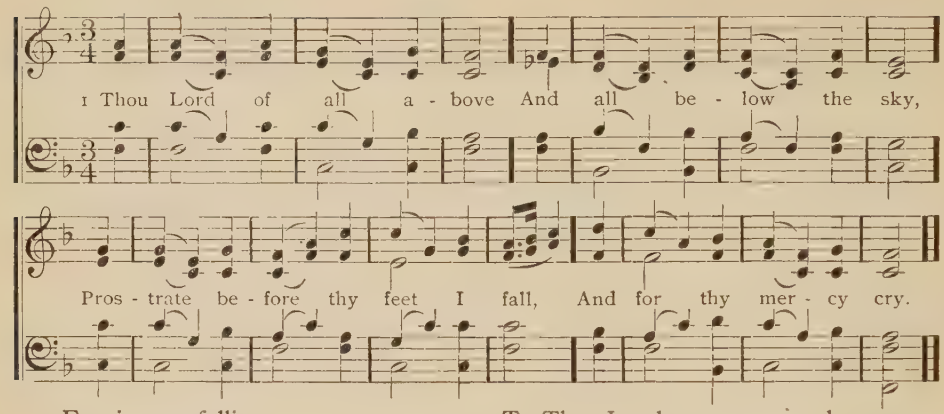
4 Nor alms nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee,
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

C. Elven, 1852.

172 DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. Nageli, 1768–1836.



2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Bid a repenting sinner live,
Through thine incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To Thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel
Thou canst alone remove;
Do Thou display thy pardoning grace
And thine unbounded love.

Benjamin Beddome, 1790.

173

1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

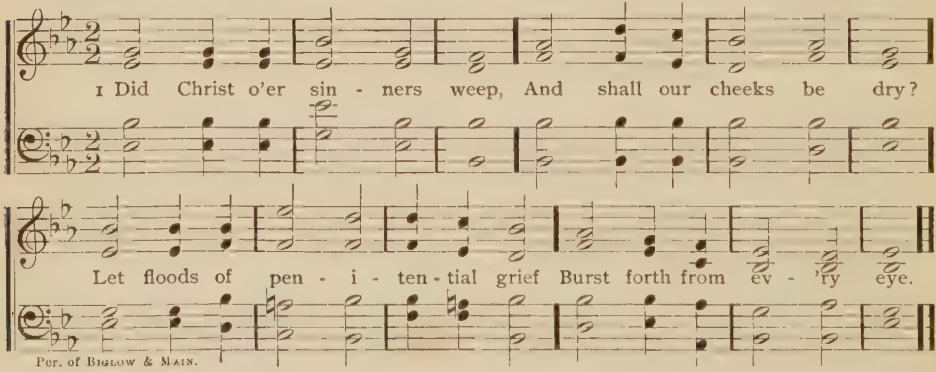
3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts.

174 STANTON. S. M.

Hubert P. Main.



Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 The Son of God in tears
The angels wondering see;
Hast thou no wonder, O my soul?
He shed those tears for thee.

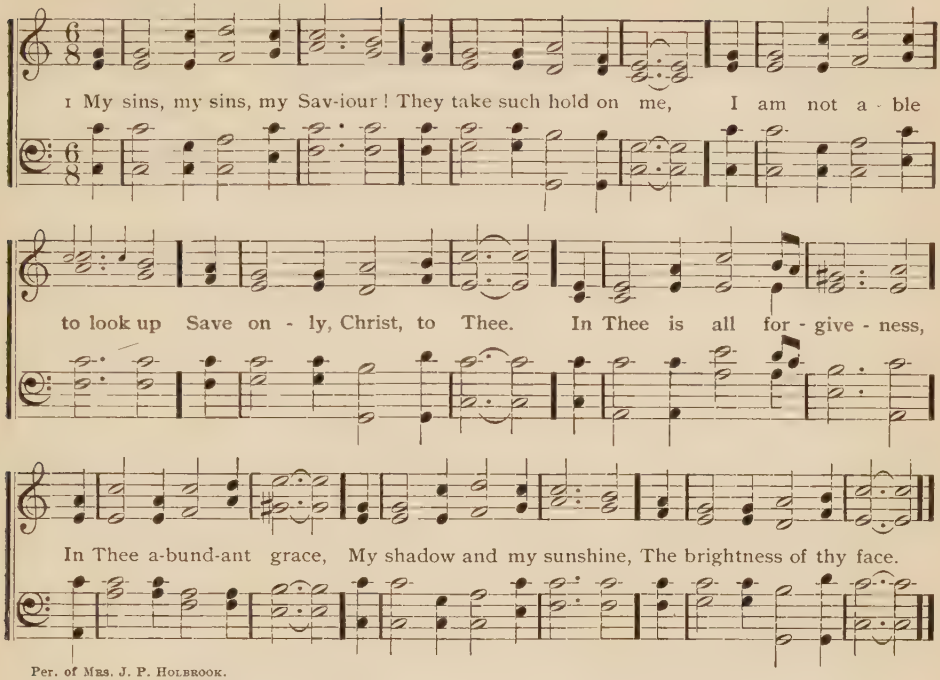
3 He wept that we might weep,
Might weep our sin and shame;
He wept to show his love for us,
And bid us love the same.

4 Then tender be our hearts,
Our eyes in sorrow dim,
Till every tear from every eye
Is wiped away by Him.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

175 MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.

J. P. Holbrook, 1865.



Per. of Mrs. J. P. Holbrook.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all,
I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew,
Till with Thee in the desert
I near thy passion drew,
Till with Thee in the garden
I heard thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all thy goodness
To suffering man below,
Thy goodness and thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

Jno. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

176

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares,
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline;
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

H. Bonar, 1857.

177 REFUGE. 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1 Jesus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the bil - lows near me roll,

While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.

Per. of MRS. J. P. HOLBROOK.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, While the billows near me roll,

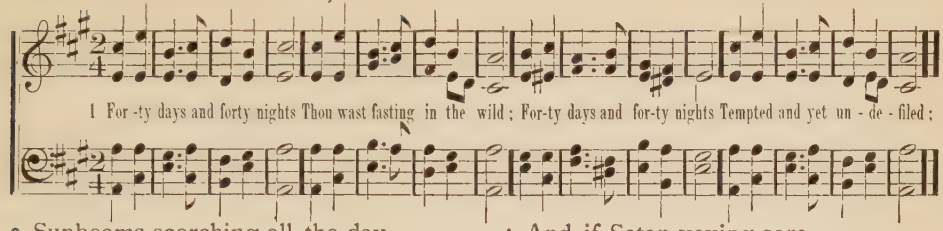
D.C.—Safe in-to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

D.C.

While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide Till the storm of life is past;

178 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757—1831.



2 Sunbeams scorching all the day,
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed,
Prowling beasts about thy way,
Stones thy pillow, earth thy bed.

3 Shall we not thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

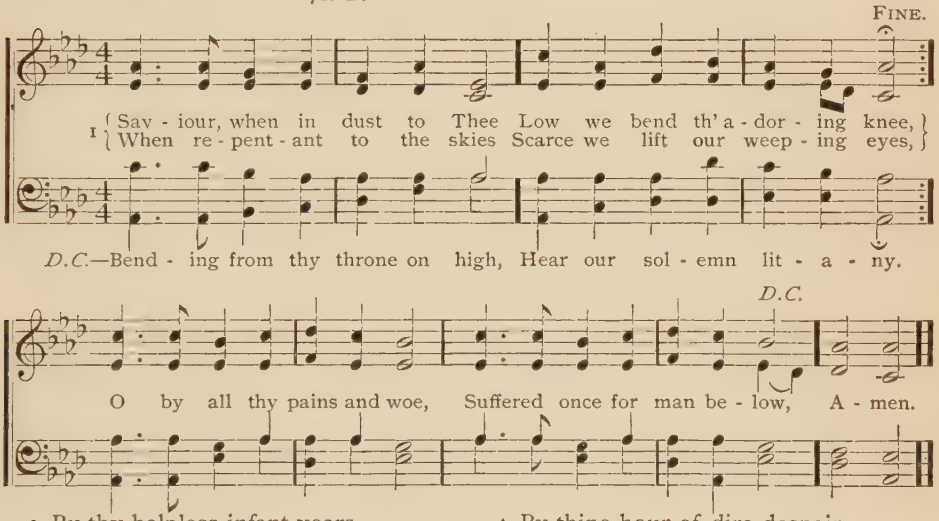
4 And if Satan vexing sore
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

5 So shall we have peace divine,
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Geo. H. Smyttan.

179 SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.

B. CASE.



2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the anguished eye that told
Treachery lurked within the fold,
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

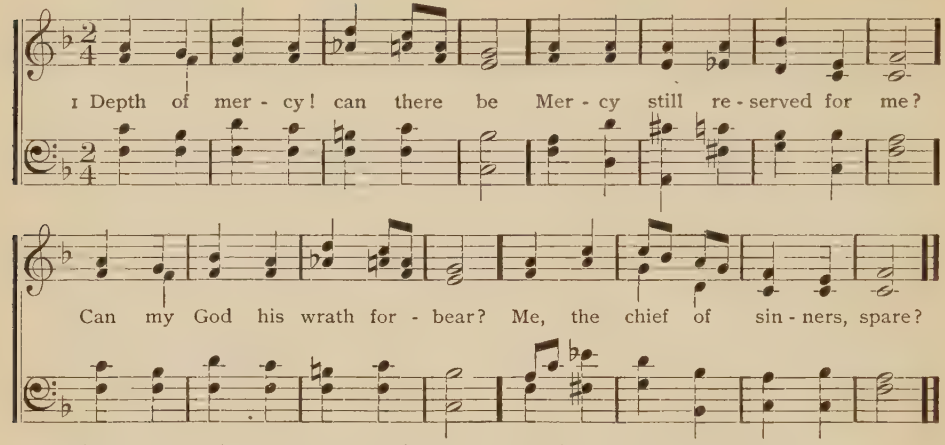
4 By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

Robert Grant, 1815.

180 SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. von Weber, 1786—1826.



2 I have scorned the Son of God,
Trampled on his precious blood,
Would not harken to his calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

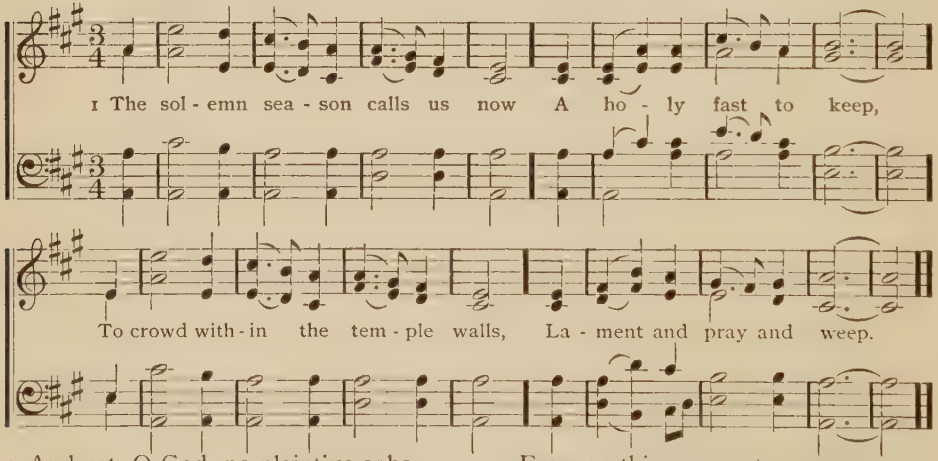
3 Lord, incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament,
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Still for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

181 BOARDMAN. C. M.

Devereux. Arr. by George Kingsley, 1839.



2 And yet, O God, no plaintive sobs
From Thee can pardon win,
Unless the heart be moved with grief
And penitent for sin.

3 With Thee avail not smitten breast,
Sad face, and garments rent,
Unless the contrite soul be sad
And all its guilt lament.

4 With tears that speak a mourning heart,
We Thee entreat, O God,
From us thine anger turn away,
And stay th'avenging rod.

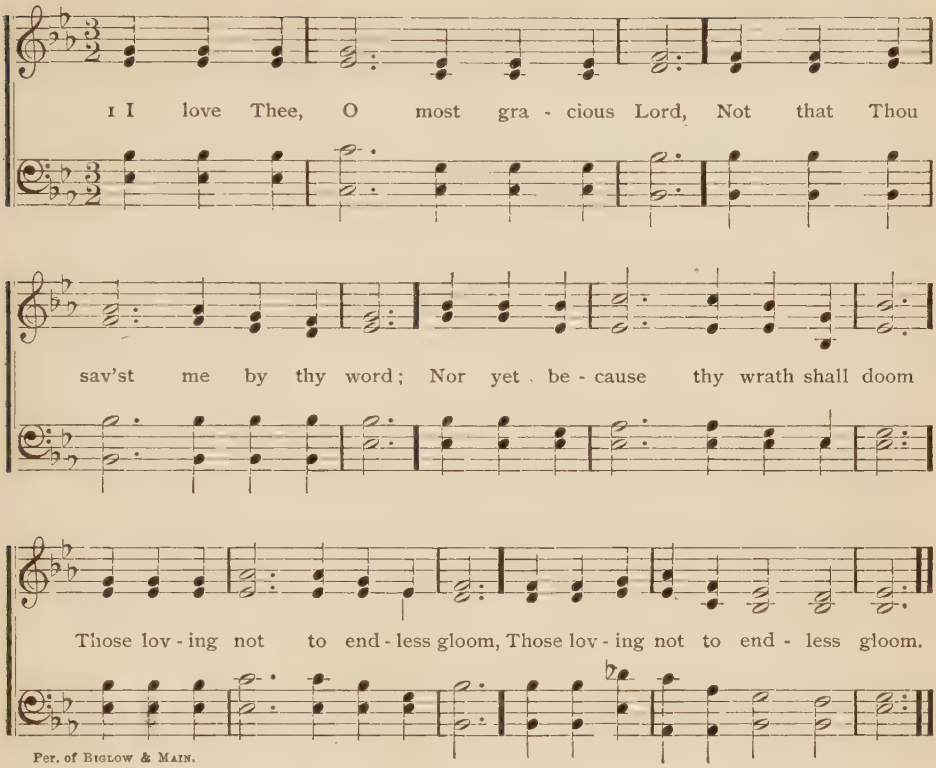
5 Thou art a righteous Judge, O deign
To spare the bruised reed;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest Trinity in Unity,
Vouchsafe us, in thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by J. Chandler.

182 BACA. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1857.



Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 Thou, Thou, my Jesus, full of grace,
Didst me upon the cross embrace,
Didst bear the nails, the bloody spear,
The great disgrace, the rabble's jeer.

3 Innumerable griefs were thine,
Great sweats and anguish, Lord of mine,
The pangs of death, and all for me,
That I, poor wretch, might come to Thee.

4 Then why not love with all my heart?
O Jesus, most beloved Thou art;
Not that Thou sav'st my soul above,
Nor me condemn'st, do I Thee love,

5 Not for the hope of sure reward,
But for thy love, O blessed Lord;
My love is thine and e'er shall be,
Because, my King, Thou reign'st o'er me.

Francis Xavier. Tr. by A. C. Coxe.

183

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.

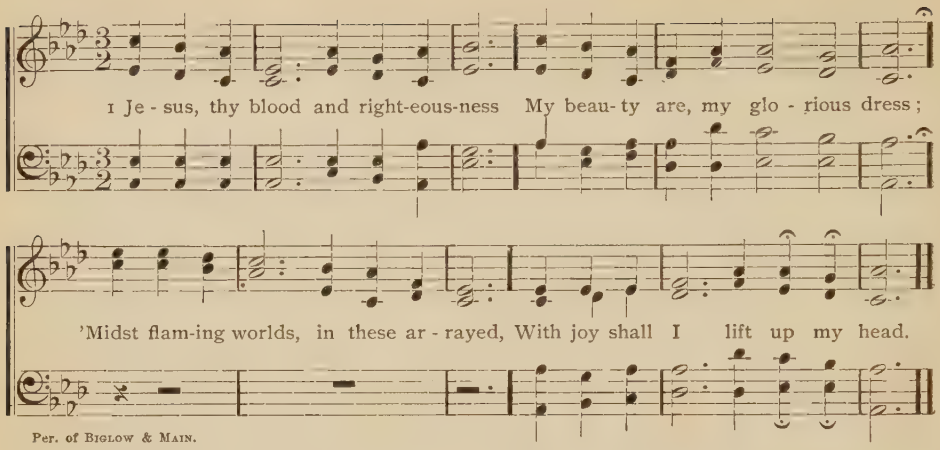
3 O let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame
And mould me wholly to thy mind.

4 Thy love in suffering be my peace,
Thy love in weakness make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

Paul Gerhardt, 1659. Tr. by John Wesley, 1739.

184 ORIEL. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

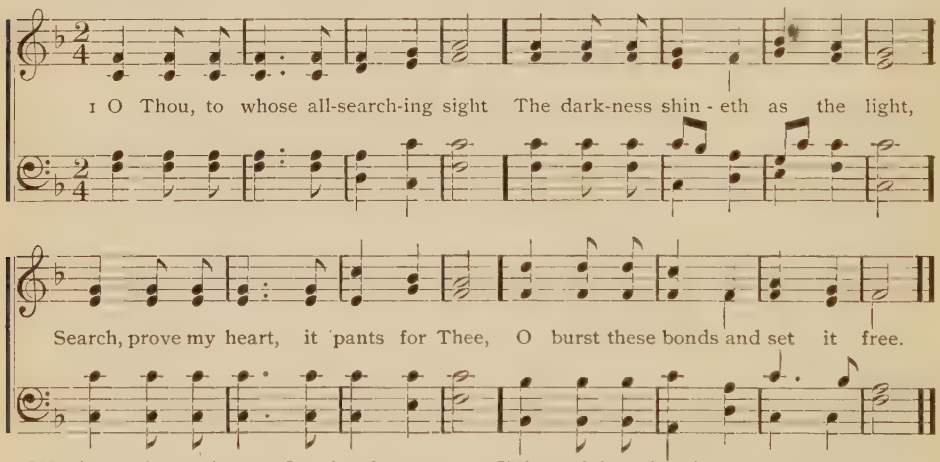
3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

Zinzendorf. Tr. by John Wesley.

185 GALILEE. L. M.

RICHARD LANGDON.



2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud while Thou, my God, art near.

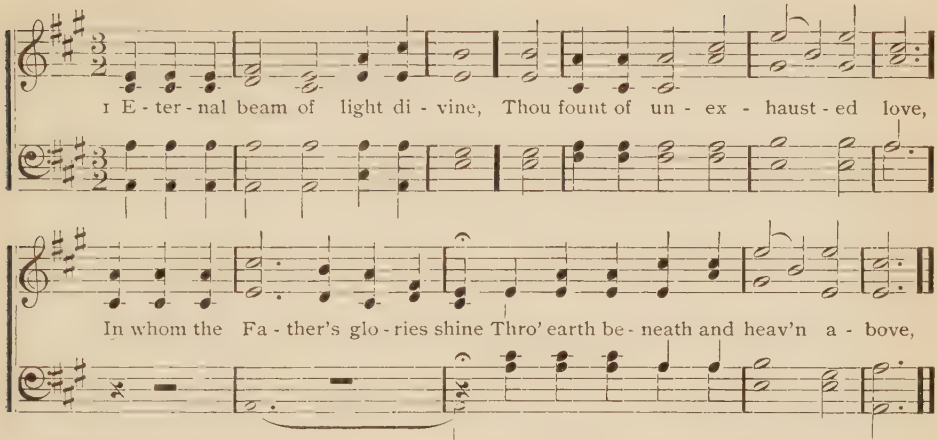
4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untried, I follow Thee;
O let thy hand support me still
And lead me to thy holy hill.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731. Tr. John Wesley, 1739.

186 WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give us thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm each breast
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 In faith we take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
'Tis strong the wounded soul to heal.

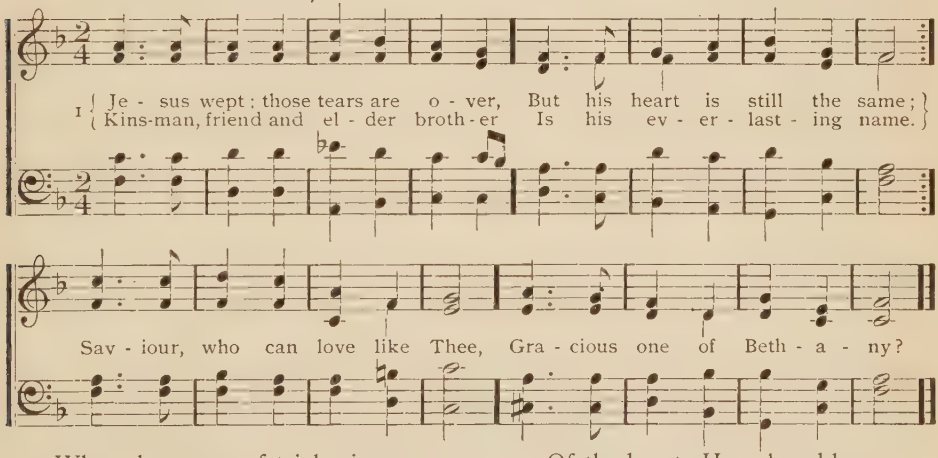
4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh; [gone;
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief and fear and care shall fly
As clouds before the midday sun.

5 O speak our warring passions peace,
And bid our trembling hearts be still;
Thy power our strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

John Wesley.

187 ST. JOSEPH. 8s & 7s.

H. H. STATHAM.



2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul;
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping one of Bethany.

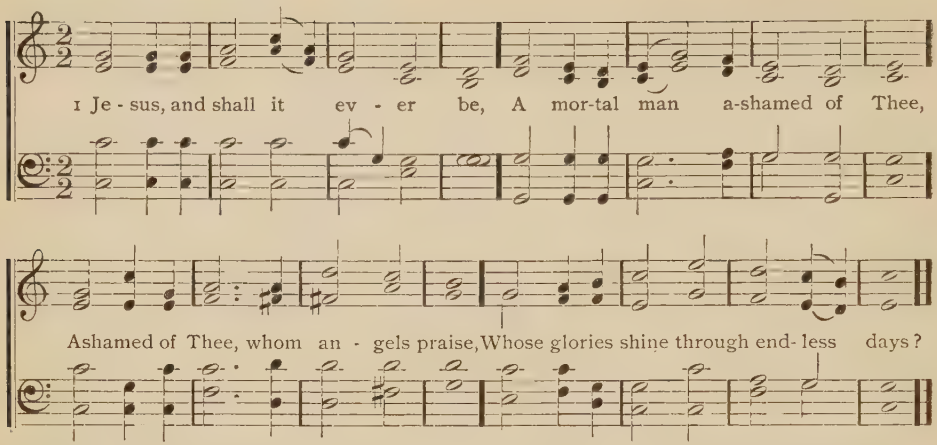
3 Jesus wept; and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear,
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here;
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept; that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove;
Thou art all in all to me,
Living one of Bethany.

E. Denny, 1839.

188 ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright morning-star, bid darkness flee.

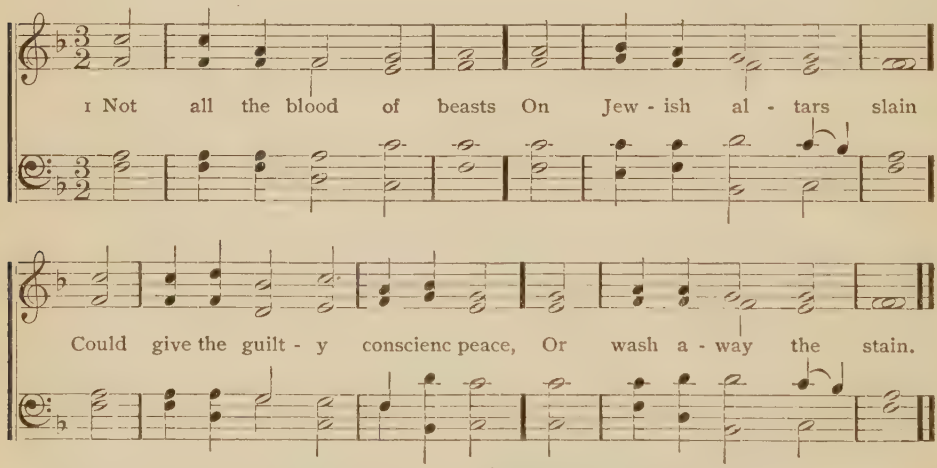
4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Joseph Grigg.

189 BADEA. S. M.

From an Old Choral.



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all my sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.

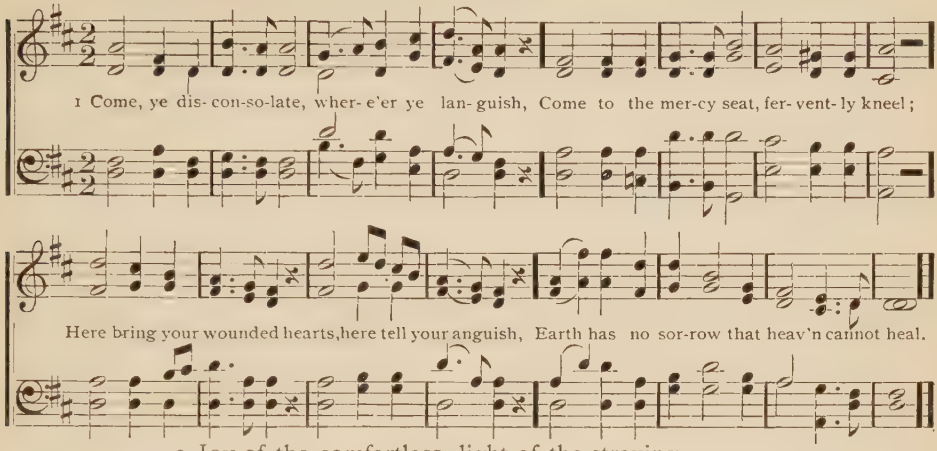
4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

190 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.



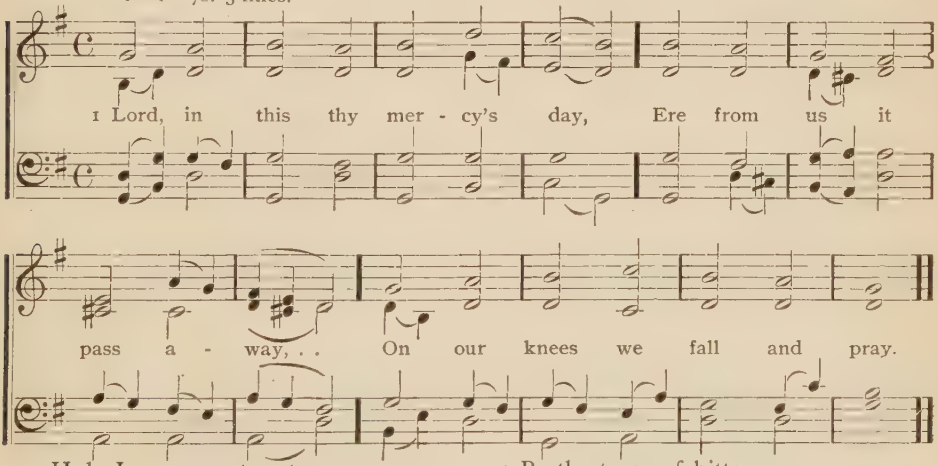
2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, vv. 1, 2, 1816. Thomas Hastings, v. 3.

191 FIROR. 7s. 3 lines.

Melody by S. WEBBE. Arr. by SCHWING.



2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at thy door,
Ere it close forevermore.

4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

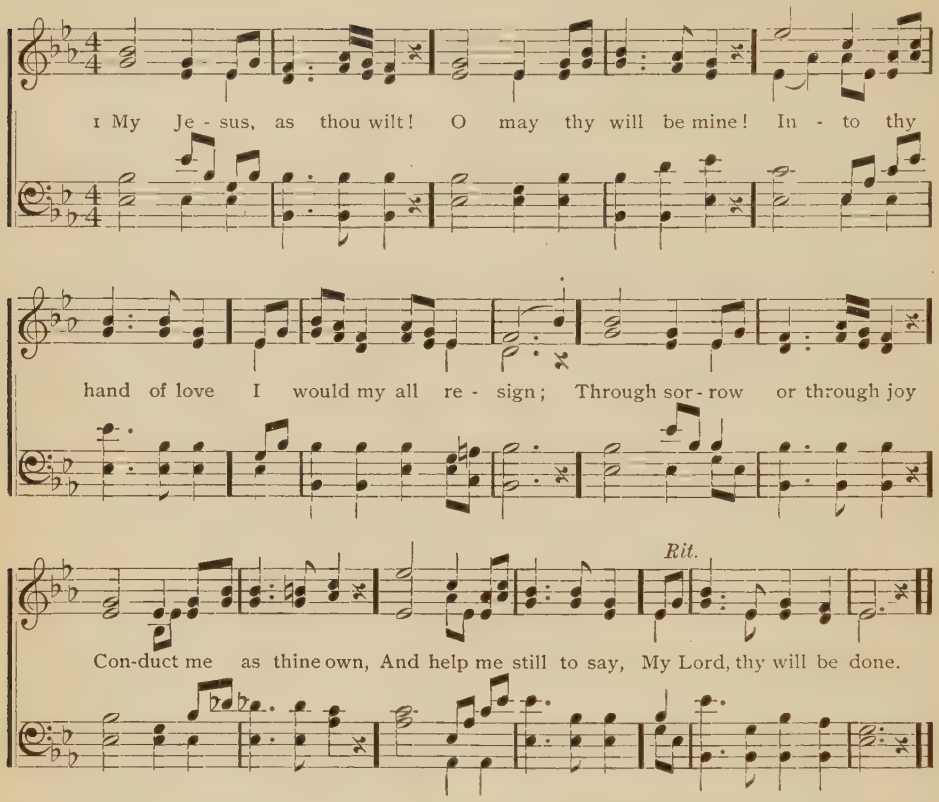
6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath thy wings a place.

7 On thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned 'round thy throne.

Rev. I. Williams, 1841.

192 JEWETT. 6s. D.

C. M. von Weber, 1786—1826. Arr. by H. P. Main.



2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee;
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

B. Schmolke. Tr. by Jane Borthwick.

193

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

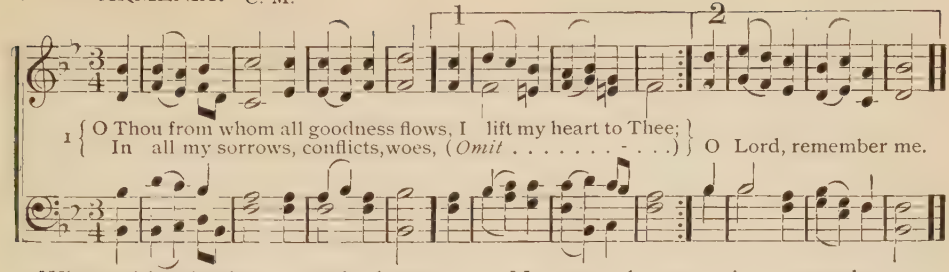
2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

H. Bonar, 1856

194 ARMENIA. C. M.

S. B. POND.



2 When with a broken, contrite heart
I lift mine eyes to Thee,
Thy name proclaim, Thyself impart,
In love remember me.

3 In sore temptations, when no way
To shun the ill I see,
My strength proportion to my day
And then remember me.

4 And when I tread the vale of death
And bow at thy decree,
Then, Saviour, with my latest breath
I'll cry, remember me.

Thos. Haweis, 1792.

195

1 O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought and word and deed
Each hour on earth we live.

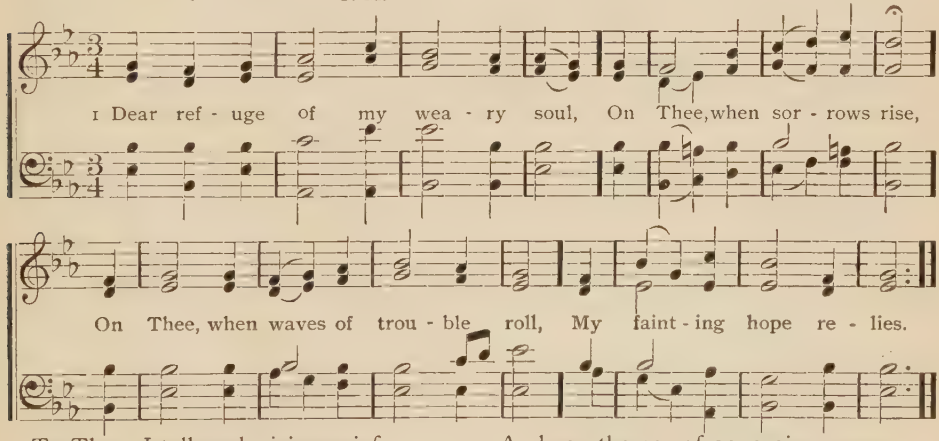
2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the power of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Jesus, from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be.

196 ECKHARDTSHEIM. C. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.



2 To Thee, I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail
And all my hopes decline.

4 Hast Thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

5 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

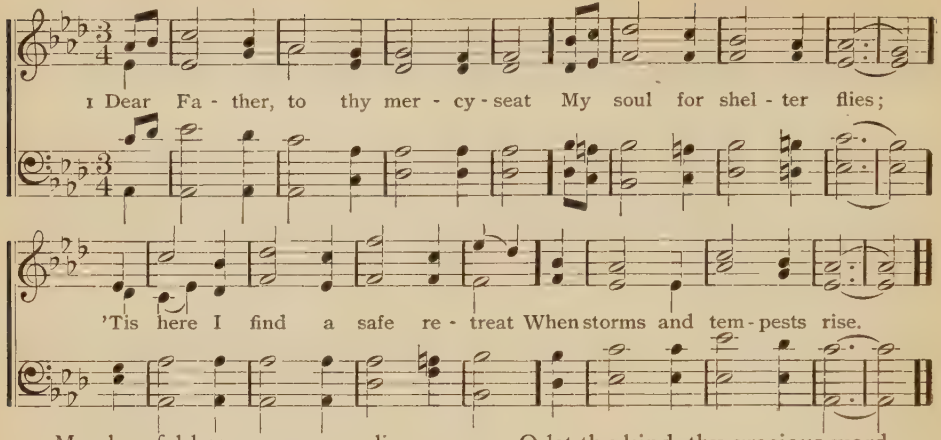
6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

97

Anne Steele, 1760.

197 MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. Haydn, 1732—1809.



2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If Thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high
And banish every fear.

3 My great protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love
And dwell beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele.

198

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt,
No tears, but those which Thou hast shed,
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

199

1 BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,
In wonder, joy and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears
Like thy beloved name,
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with Thee?

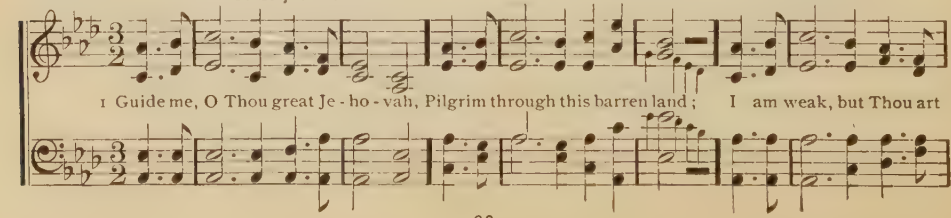
4 Hast Thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for Thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

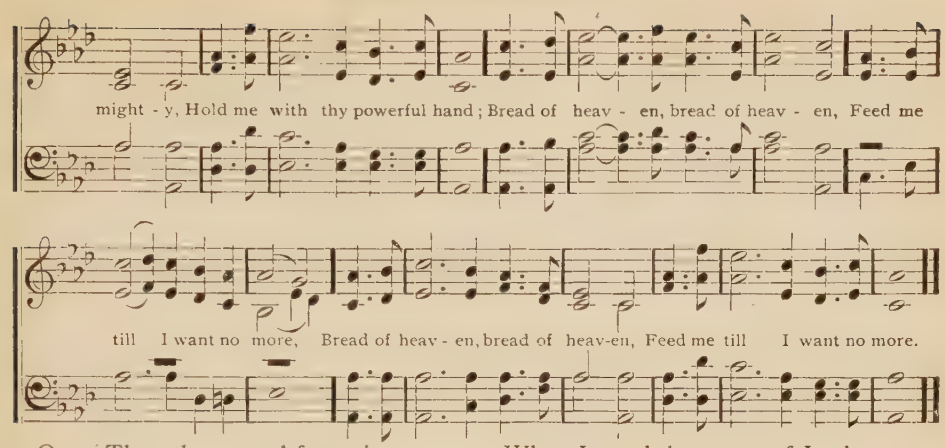
5 No; Thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

O. Heginbotham.

200 AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

Spanish. From Marechio.





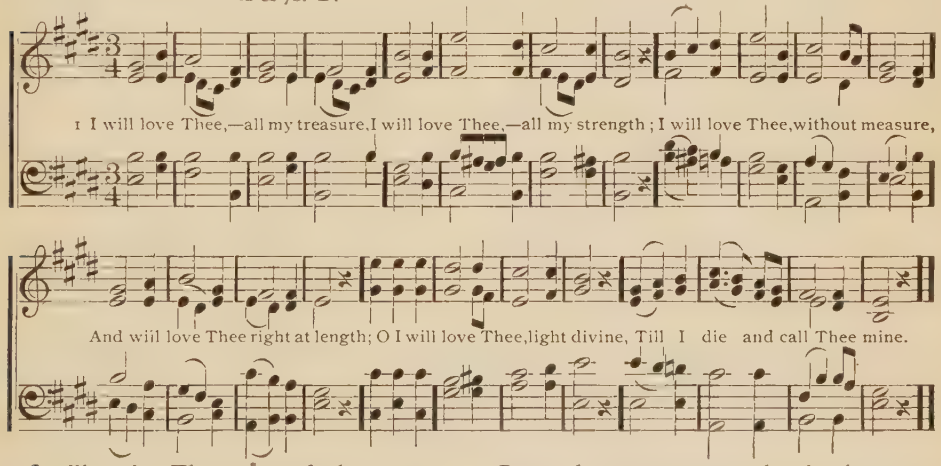
2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams, 1774.

201 ANGELUS. 8s & 7s. D.

Arr. by SCHWING. GERMAN CHORAL.



2 I will praise Thee, sun of glory,
For thy beams have gladness brought;
I will praise thee, will adore Thee,
For the light I vainly sought;
Will praise Thee that thy words so blest
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest.

3 In thy footsteps now uphold me,
That I stumble not nor stray;
When the narrow way is told me,
Never let me lingering stay,
But come, my weary soul to cheer,
Shine, eternal sunbeam, here.

4 Be my heart more warmly glowing,
Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
And its love, its ardor showing,
Let my spirit onward tread;
Still near to Thee and nearer still,
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

5 I will love in joy and sorrow,
Crowning joy, will love Thee well;
I will love to-day, to-morrow,
While I in this body dwell;
O I will love thee, light divine,
Till I die and find Thee mine.

Johann Scheffler (Angelus), Tr.

202 ST. CHAD. 8s & 7s. D.

R. REDHEAD.

1 Je-sus, ref-uge of the wea-ry, Object of the Spirit's love,
Fountain in life's desert dreary, (*Omit.* . . . . .) Saviour from the world above,

D.C.—Yet up-on the cross extend-ed (*Omit.* . . . . .) Thou didst bear the pain of all.

Voices in unison. *D.C.*

O how oft thine eyes of-fend-ed Gaze up-on the sin-ner's fall!

Organ.

2 Do we pass that cross unheeding,
Breathing no repentant vow,
Tho' we see Thee wounded, bleeding,
See thy thorn-encircled brow?
Yet thy sinless death has brought us
Life eternal, peace and rest;
Only what thy grace has taught us
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning
With more fervent love for Thee,
May our eyes be ever turning
To thy cross of agony,
Till in glory, parted never
From the blessed Saviour's side,
Graven in our hearts forever
Dwell the cross, the crucified.

Jerome Savonarola, 1498.

203 WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER, 1786—1826.

1 Hail, my ev-er bless-ed Je-sus, On-ly Thee I wish to sing; To my soul thy name is precious, Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.

2 O what mercy flows from heaven,
O what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay,
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
While astonished I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received Him
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

204

1 Far beyond all comprehension
Is Jehovah's covenant love;
Who can fathom its dimension,
Or its unknown limits prove?

2 Ere the earth upon its basis
By creating power was built,
His designs were wise and gracious
For removing human guilt.

3 He displayed his grand intention
On the mount of Calvary,
When He died for our redemption,
Lifted high upon the tree.

4 O how sweet to view the flowing
Of his soul-redeeming blood,
With divine assurance knowing
That it made my peace with God.

5 Freely Thou wilt bring to heaven
All thy chosen ransomed race,
Who to Thee, their Head, were given
In the covenant of grace.

205 OSGOOD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

L. Mason.

1 { Je - sus, to thy cross I hast - en, In all wear-i - ness my home; } Saviour, hide me,
{ Let thy dy - ing love come o'er me, Light and cov-ert in the gloom; }

Sav-iour, hide me, Till the hour of gloom is o'er, Till the hour of gloom is o'er.

Per. O. Ditson & Co.

2 Where life's tempests dark are rolling
Fearful shadows o'er my way,
Let firm faith in Thee sustain me,
Every rising fear allay;
Hide, O hide me,
Hide me till the storm is o'er.

3 When stern death at last shall lead me
Through the dark and lonely vale,
Let thy hope uphold and cheer me,
Tho' my flesh and heart should fail;
Safely hide me
With Thyself forevermore.

206

1 JESUS, Lord, we kneel before Thee,
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear;
By thy mercy
O deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the death of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By thy mercy
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 In the weary night of sickness,
In the throes of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,
By thy mercy
O deliver us, good Lord.

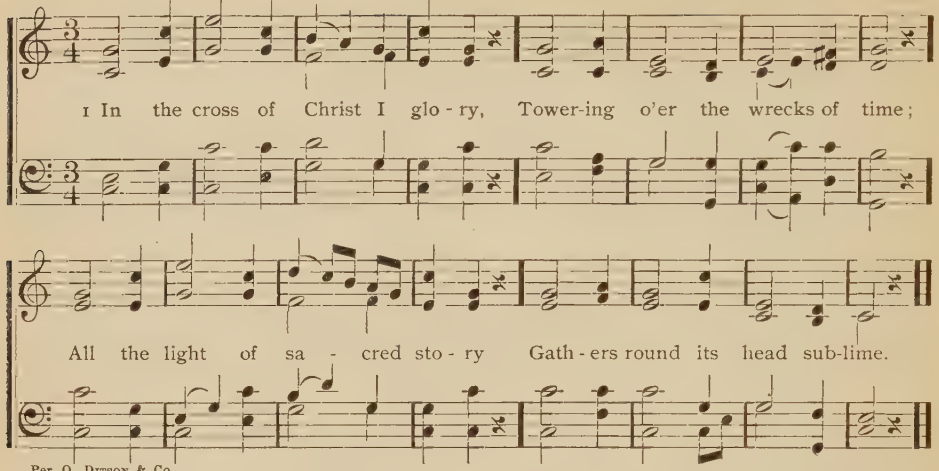
5 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls on Thee relying
Find Thee still our hope and stay;
By thy mercy
O deliver us, good Lord.

6 Jesus, may thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we now thy love possessing
Find at last the great reward;
By thy mercy
O deliver us, good Lord.

James J. Cummings, 1849.

207 RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1851.



Per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

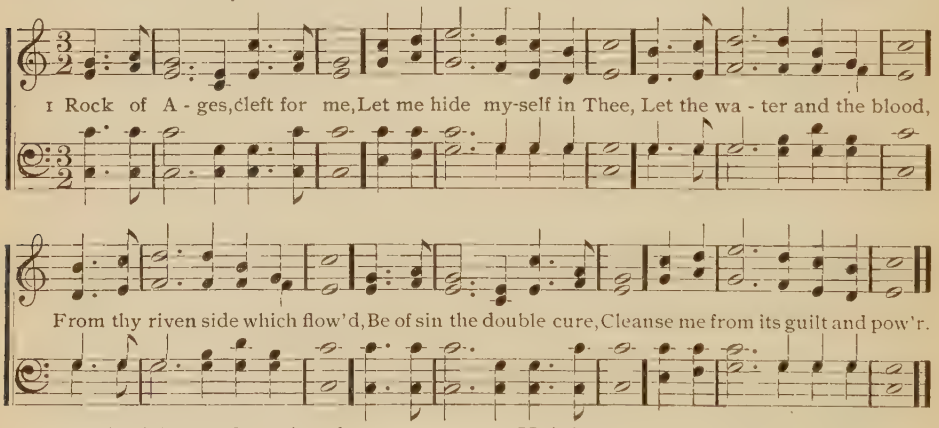
3 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

4 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring, 1825.

208 TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.

THEO. HASTINGS.



2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and Thou alone.

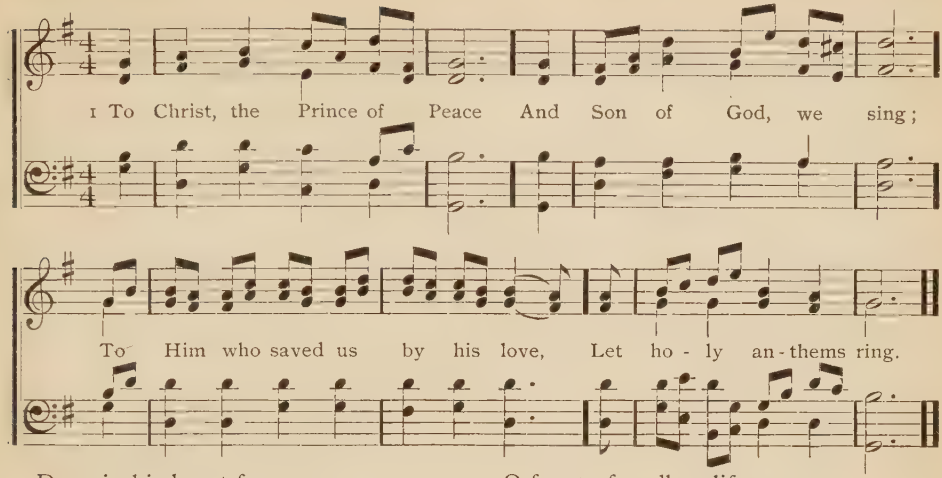
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

209 SHIRLAND. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767—1822.



2 Deep in his heart for us
The wound of love He bore,
That love which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

3 O Jesus, victim blest,
What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of thine?

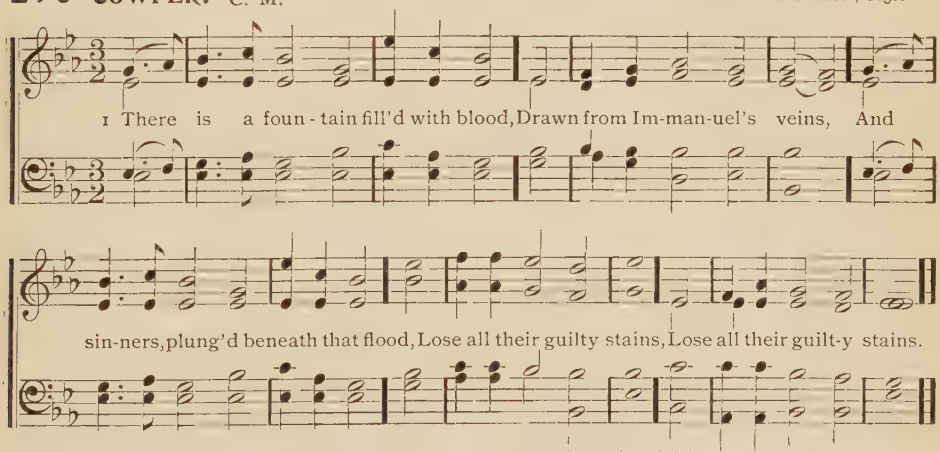
4 O fount of endless life,
O spring of water clear,
O flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near,

5 Hide me in thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly; [death
There seek thy grace through life, in
Thine immortality.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by E. Caswall.

210 COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

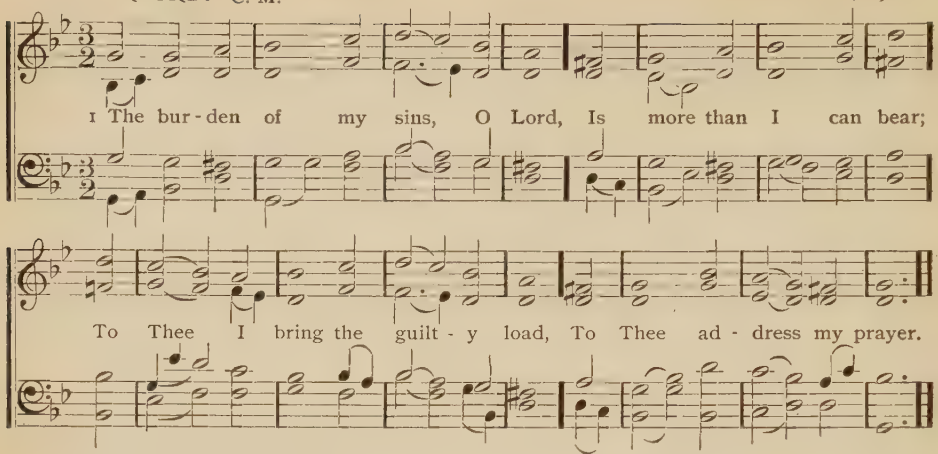
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

Wm. Cowper, 1779.

211 BURFORD. C. M.

PURCELL, 1690.



2 For naught of good that I have done
On thy dear name I call;
Alone upon the cross I lean,
My Saviour and my all.

3 Teach me to feel how weak I am
Without thy strength'ning power,
And fresh supplies of grace renew
For every passing hour.

4 Dangers unseen on every side
Crowd thick life's troubled way;
O guard me through the shadowy night
And guide my steps by day.

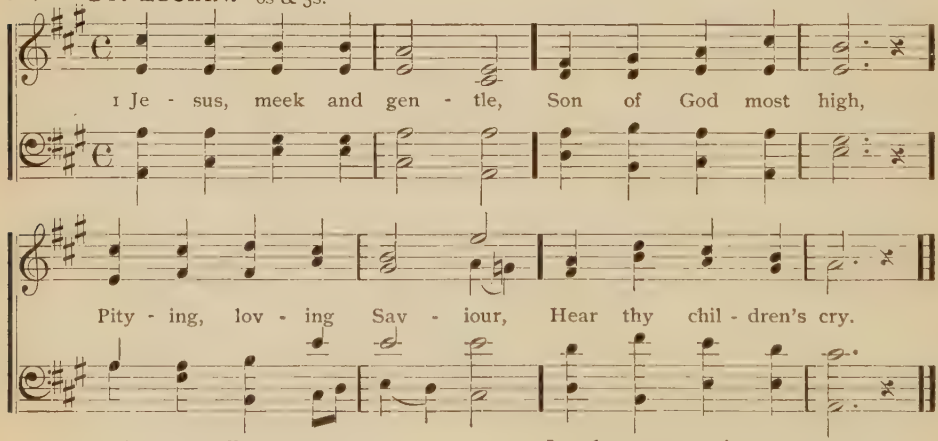
5 If sorrow shade, if grief oppress,
Whatever be thy will,
O may I bow to thy behest
And own thy mercy still.

6 And when the chilling shades of death
Obscure life's fading ray,
Through all may I descry the dawn
Of an eternal day.

A. C. Coxe, 1859.

212 ST. LUCIAN. 6s & 5s.

C. H. RINCK.



2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

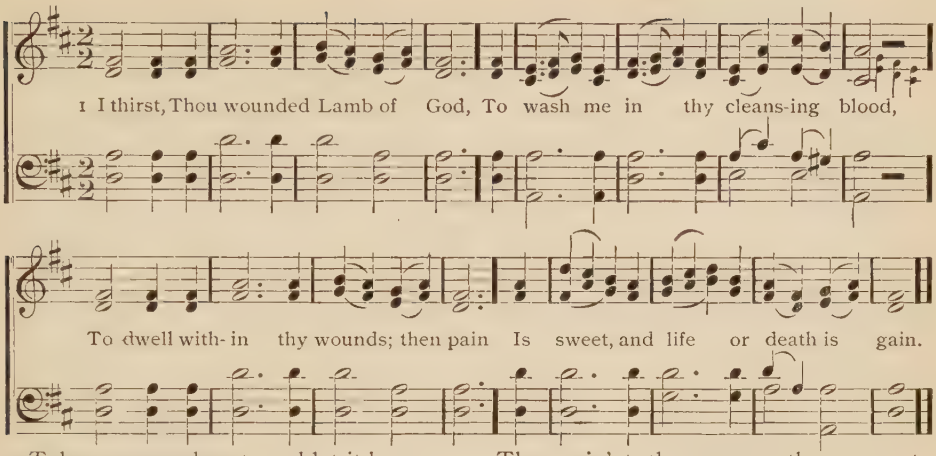
4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

G. R. Prynne

213 OLIVET. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move and in Thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power, the grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

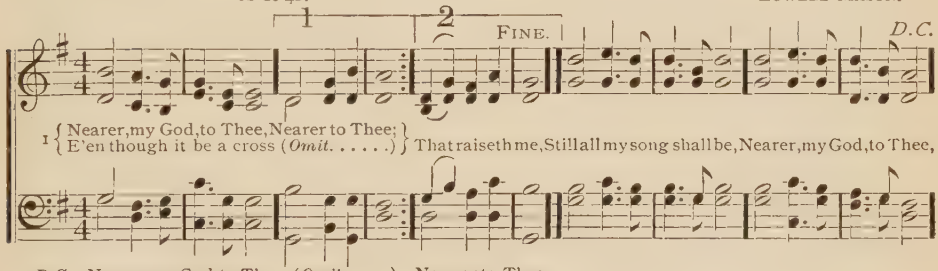
5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my love, is crucified."

Nicolaus Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

214 BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



By per. O. DITSON & Co.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

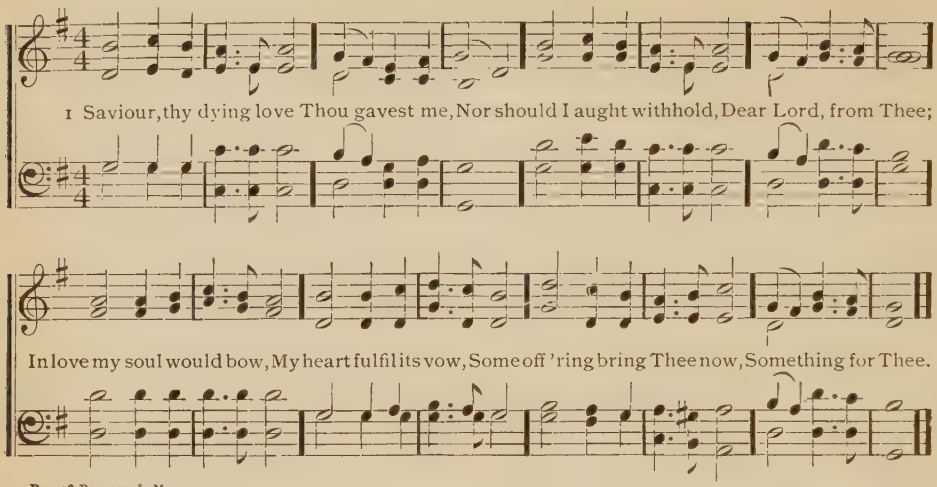
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

215 SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s & 4s.

ROBERT LOWRY.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee;
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps.

216

1 SAVIOUR, thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to Thee,
Let us thy fulness see,
Let us thy fulness see,
Our life to cheer.

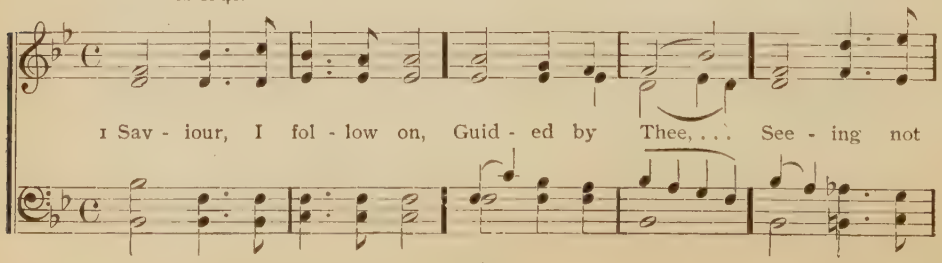
2 Fountain of life divine,
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
Forevermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

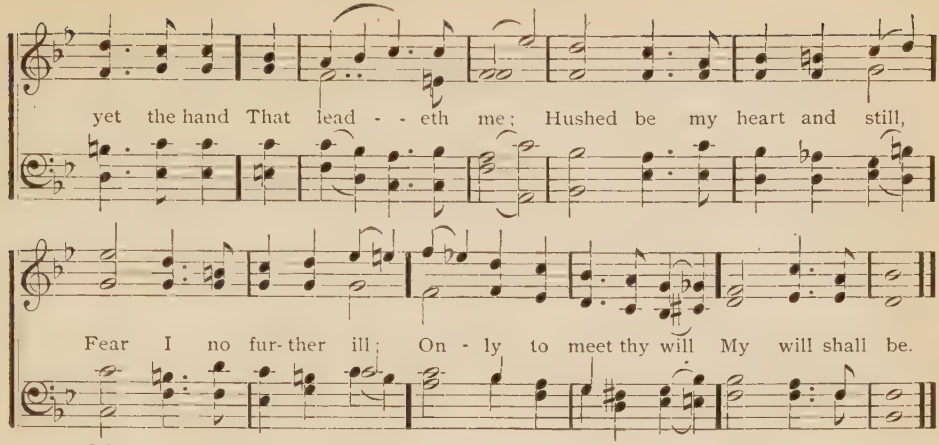
3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On Thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains.

Thomas Hastings.

217 MAY. 6s & 4s.

HENRY SCHWING.





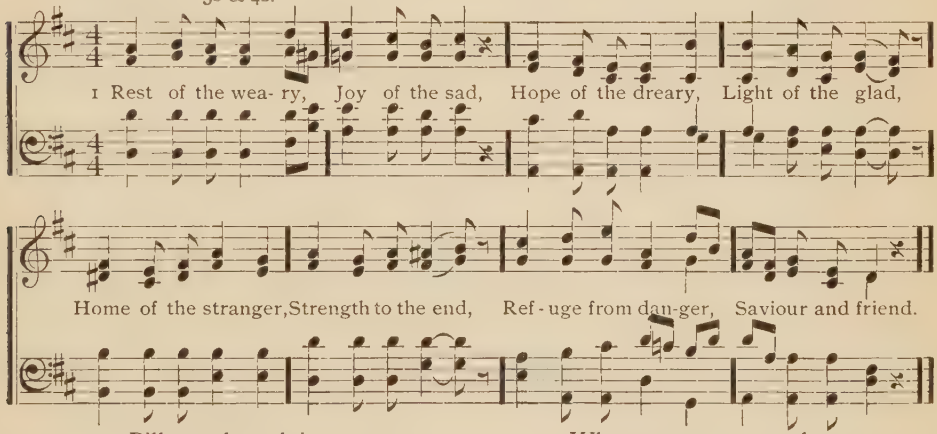
2 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

3 Saviour, I long to walk
Closer with Thee.
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me.

C. S. Robinson.

218 HAVEN. 5s & 4s.

J. T. Tucker.



2 Pillow where lying
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead,
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and friend.

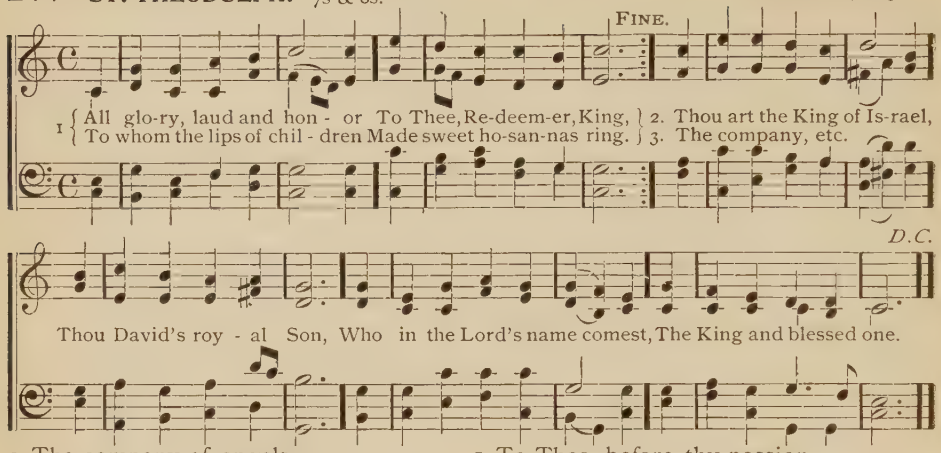
3 When my feet stumble
To Thee I cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and friend.

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory and praise;
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and friend.

Wm. W. Reese.

219 ST. THEODULPH. 7s & 6s.

M. TESCHNER, 1613.



3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created, make reply. All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

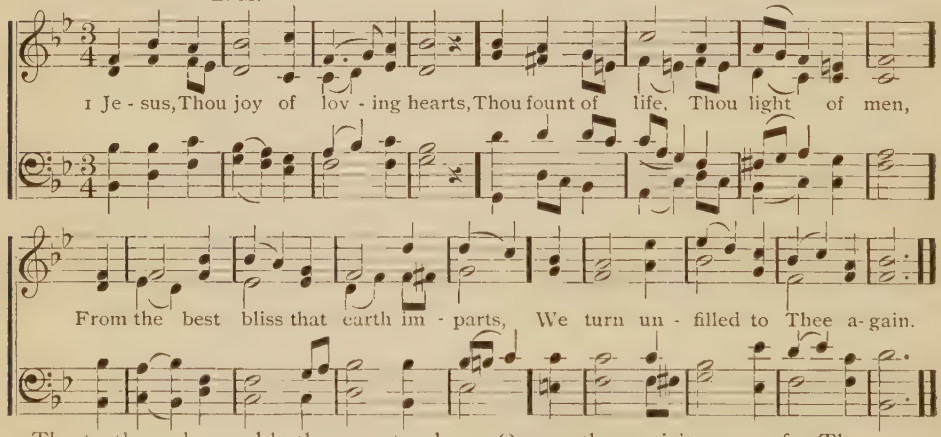
5 To Thee, before thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high-exalted,
Our melody we raise. All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Tr. by Jno. M. Neale, 1856.

220 HIGBEE. L. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. From BEETHOVEN.



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the fountain head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

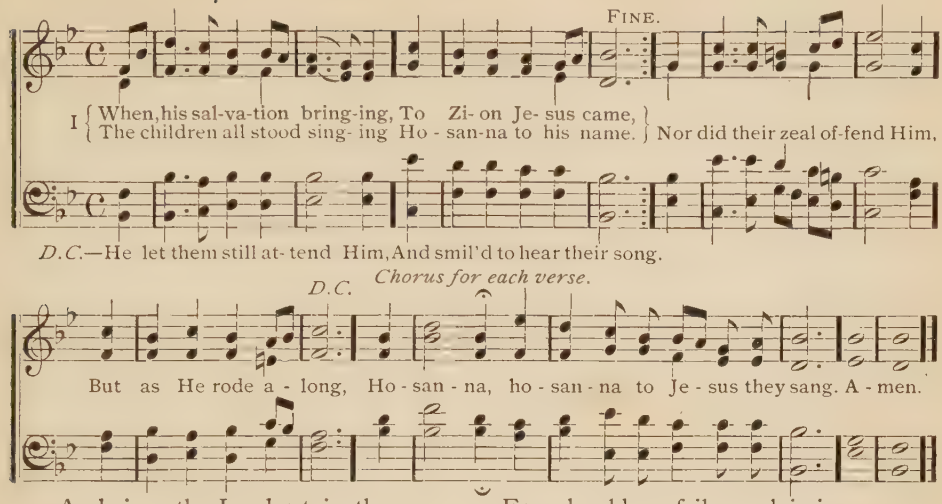
4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140. Tr. by Ray Palmer, 1833.

221 MEHUL. 7s & 6s.

From Mehul.



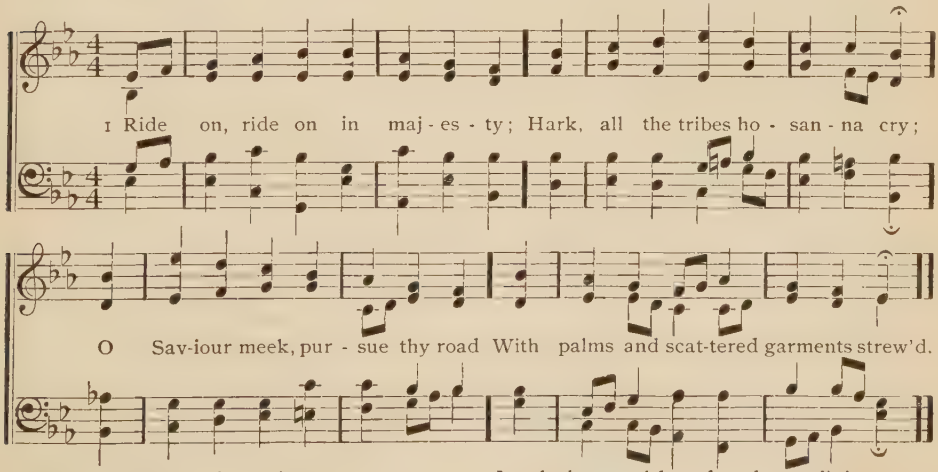
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus our King.

J. King.

222 EISENACH. L. M.

J. H. Schein, 1586—1630.



2 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

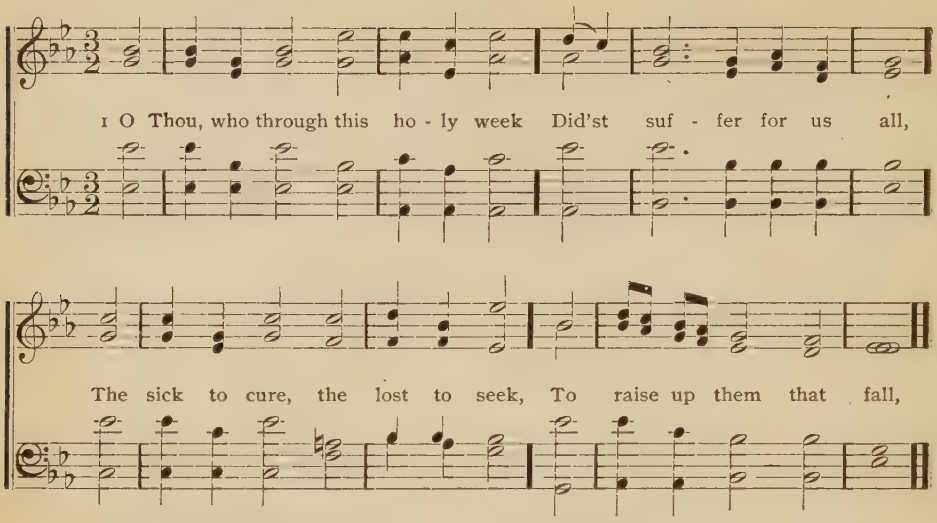
3 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

Henry H. Milman, 1827.

223 VALENTIA. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY. Arr.



2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear;
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes were there.

3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy hand the victory won;
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

4 To God the Father, God the Son
And God the Holy Ghost,
By man on earth be honor done
And by the heavenly host.

Jno. M. Neale, 1844.

224

1 I SAW one hanging on a tree
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word He spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain?

4 A second look He gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton, 1779.

225

1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy wounded side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood
And cleanse and keep me clean.

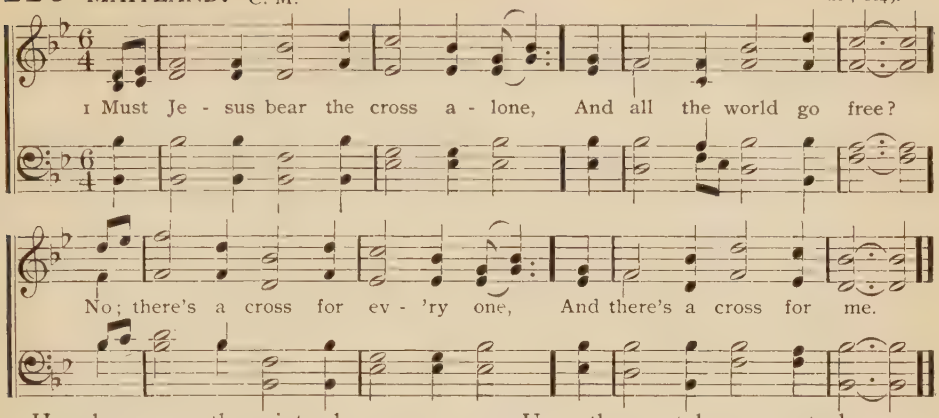
3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

226 MAITLAND. C. M.

GEO. N. ALLEN, 1849.



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

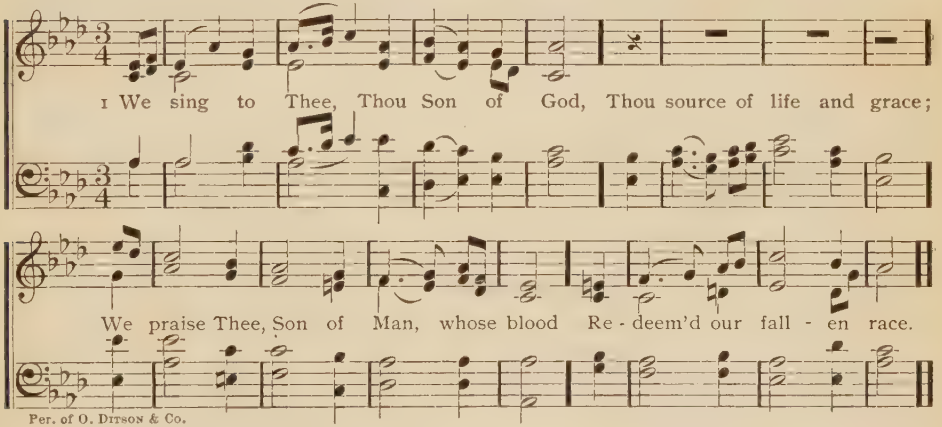
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown
And his dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down
And bear my soul away.

G. N. Allen, vs. 1–3, 1849.

227 HELFENSTEIN. C. M.

JAMES N. BECK.



Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts,
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts.

4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of thy rest.

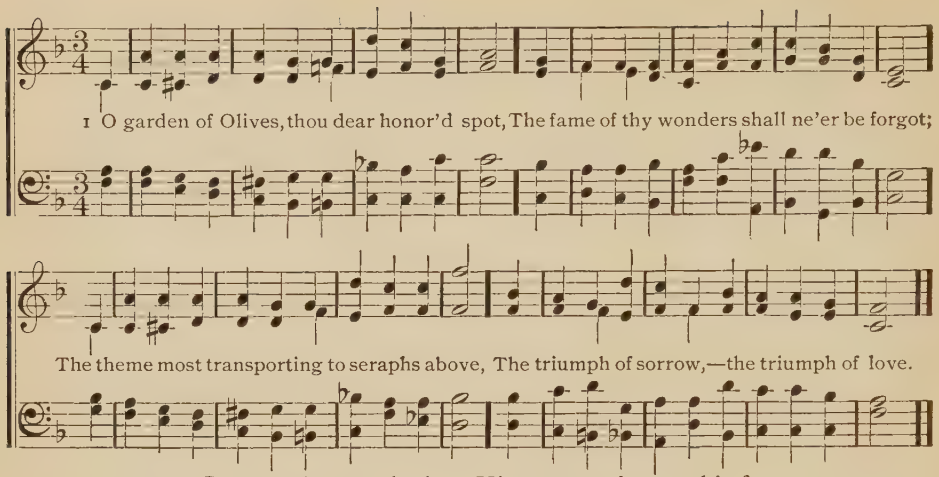
5 Th' apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim;
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

6 Throughout the world thy churches join
To call on Thee, their Head,
Brightness of majesty divine,
Who every power hast made.

7 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing thy precious blood;
Reign here and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

228 ST. CYPRIAN. 11s.

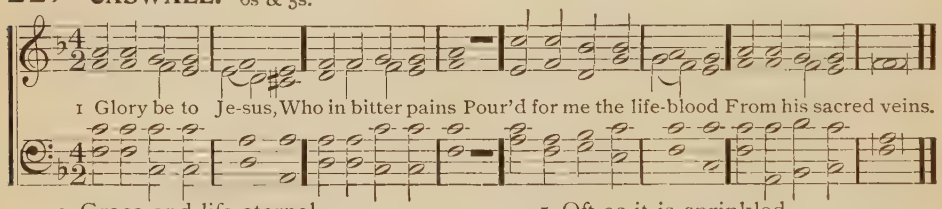
R. Redhead.



2 Come, saints, and adore Him; come, bow at his feet;
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

229 CASWALL. 6s & 5s.

W. H. Monk.



2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be his compassion,
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies,
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

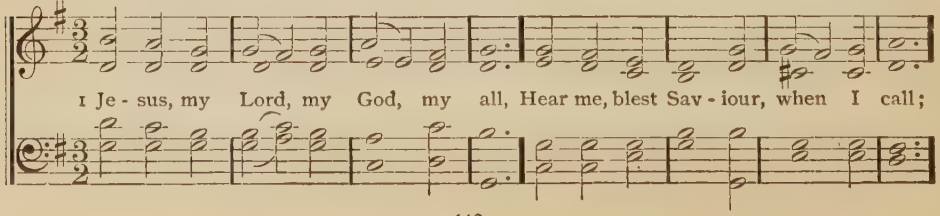
6 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

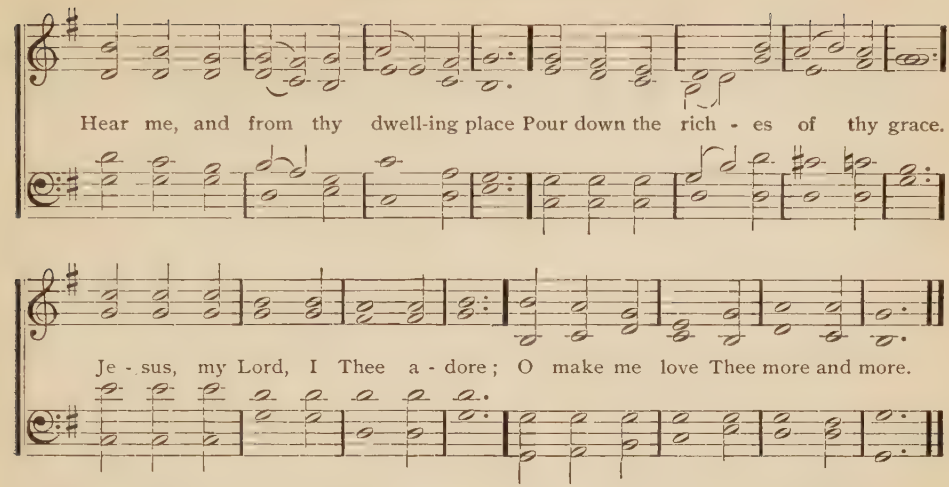
7 Lift ye, then, your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
And with saints and angels
Praise the precious blood.

Italian Hymn. Tr. by E. Caswall, 1849.

230 ST. FINBAR. 8s.

English.





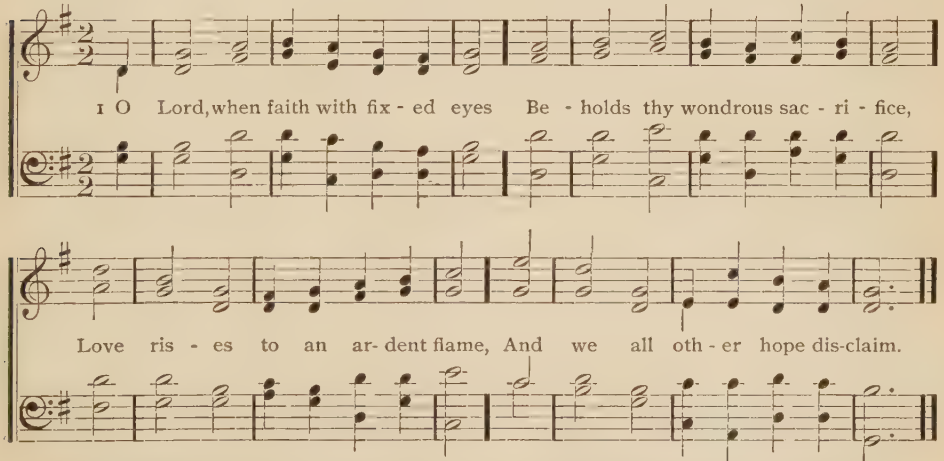
2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought,
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Henry Collins, 1852.

231 NAMUR. L. M.



2 With cold affections who can see [tree,
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the
The flowing tears and crimson sweat,
The bleeding hands and head and feet!

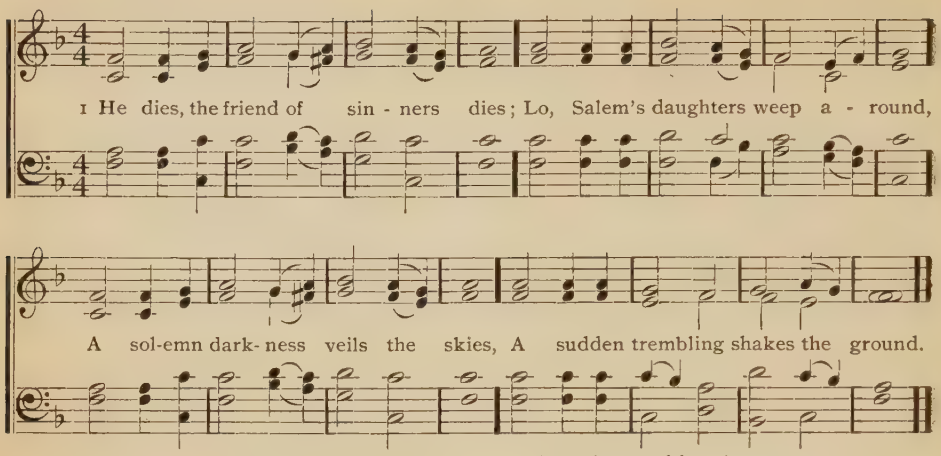
3 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to Thee shall fly
And on thy sacrifice rely.

4 The sorrow, shame and death were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine;
Ours are the pardon, life and bliss;
What love can be compared to this!

Beddome-Gibbons.

232 HAMBURG. L. M.

LOWELL MASON. Arr.



2 Ye saints, approach, the anguish view
Of Him who groans beneath your load,
He gives his precious life for you,
For you He sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo, what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again.

4 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem and strong to save;"
Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting
And where thy victory, O grave?"

Isaac Watts, 1709.

233

1 O LORD, the wilderness to me
A very Paradise shall be,
Since Thou for forty days wast there
In fasting, solitude and prayer.

2 Unworthy though these feet to rest
On ground thy footsteps once have blest,
The way of sorrows shall be mine,
Made sweet because it first was thine.

3 Lord, let me find some lowly place
Where I may seek thy pitying face,
And plead with Thee by Olivet,
By agony and bloody sweat.

4 Some quiet isle or dim recess
Shall make for me a wilderness;
And surely angels shall be there
To wait on penitence and prayer.

5 Nor is this all, for I would know
The depth of shame, the crown of woe,
Stand by the stricken mother's side
While Thou art mocked and crucified.

6 And then in hours of saddest gloom
I still will watch around thy tomb,
Till with the day new joy be born,
And Thou shalt rise on Easter morn.

7 O blessed thought, that faith can see
In every altar Calvary,
Find there the loving arms outspread,
And fall before the fallen Head.

8 Come, King of kings; come, light of light;
The bride awaits the day all bright,
When she shall lift, her mourning o'er,
The shout of paschal joy once more.

234

1 LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

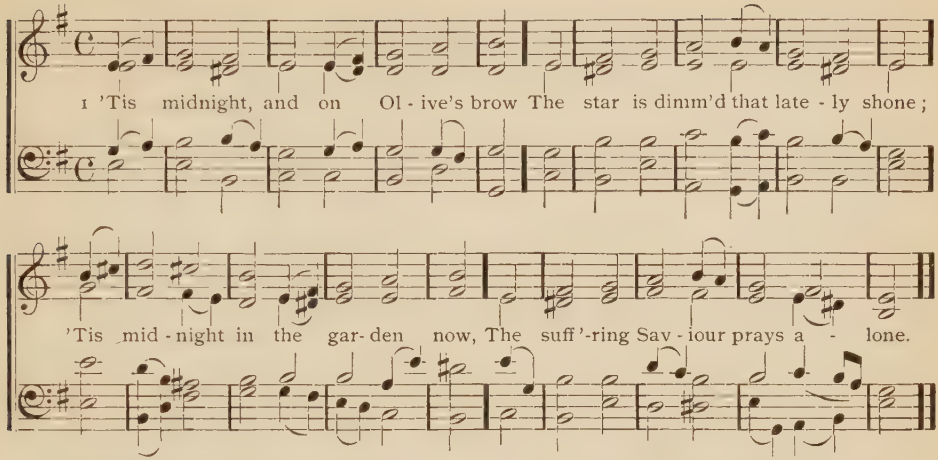
3 O holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And, in the mystery of thy death,
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1854.

235 CYPRIAN. L. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.



2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved [tears.
Heeds not his Master's griefs and

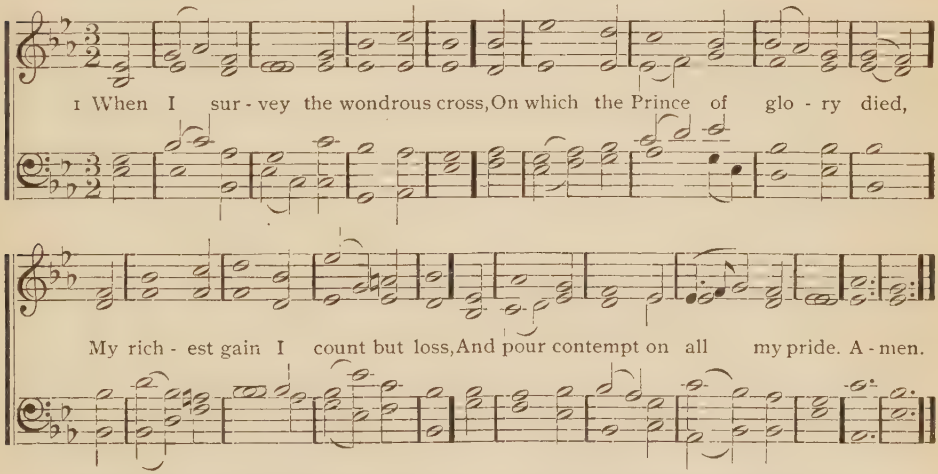
3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight, and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains [woe.
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's

Wm. B. Tappan, 1829.

236 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

WEBBE.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

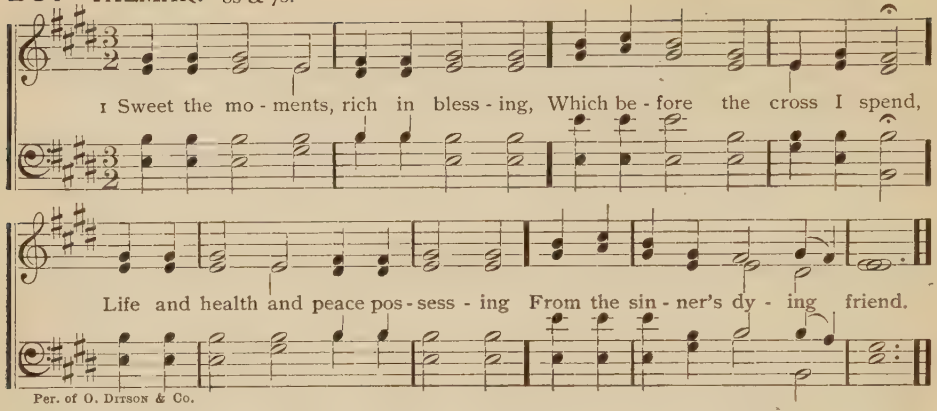
4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

237 TALMAR. 8s & 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1850.



Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

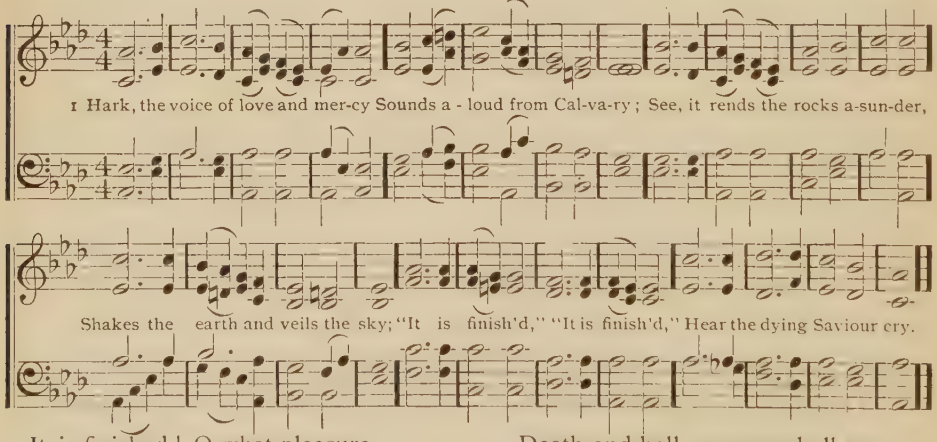
5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove his blood each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

James Allen, 1757.

238 CALVARY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



2 It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God has promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Evans (?), 1787.

239 GUIDANCE. 8s & 7s. D.

From FLOTOW.

1 Who is this that comes from E - dom, Clad in robes with carnage stain'd, Bringing vic - to - ry and free - dom By his mar-tial prow - ess gain'd? 'Tis the cap - tain of sal - va - tion Who is conq'ring in the fight, Res - cu - ing a lost cre - a - tion By his un - as - sist - ed might, By his un - as - sist - ed might.

2 Lord, the course Thou art pursuing
Is a course of glorious gain,
But the work which Thou art doing
Is a work of bitter pain;
In a passion-tide beginning,
It will lead to bright renown;
By it Thou a way art winning
To an everlasting crown.

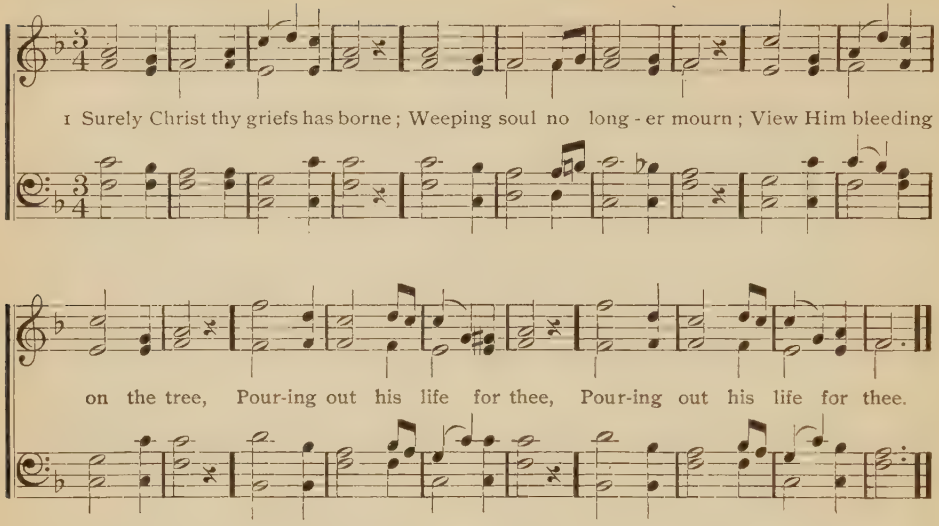
3 Through thy cloud of shame and sorrow
Brilliant gleams of light appear,
Whence we hope and comfort borrow
In our griefs and struggles here;
Thou dost conquer death by dying,
By thy death we ever live;
And to us in darkness lying
Thou dost endless glory give.

4 Cruel hands of sinners bound Thee,
Thou a sinful world hast freed; [Thee,
They with thorns and mockery crowned
Placing in thy hand a reed;
Now a starry crown Thou wearest,
Heavenly King, almighty Lord;
Scepter of the world Thou bearest,
And by angels art adored.

C. Wordsworth.

240 KUECKEN. 7s.

From KUECKEN.



2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On th'atoning sacrifice;
There th' incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see.

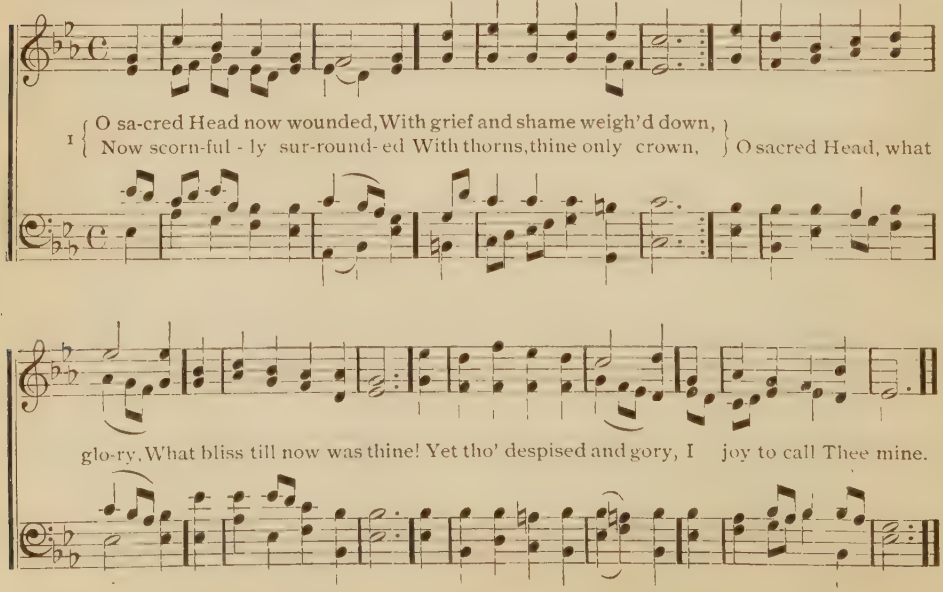
3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away.

4 Lord, thine arm must be revealed
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to Thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me.

A. M. Toplady.

241 PASSION CHORALE. 7s & 6s. D.

Arr. by SCHWING.



2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me,
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through thy love.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. by J. W. Alexander.

242

1 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

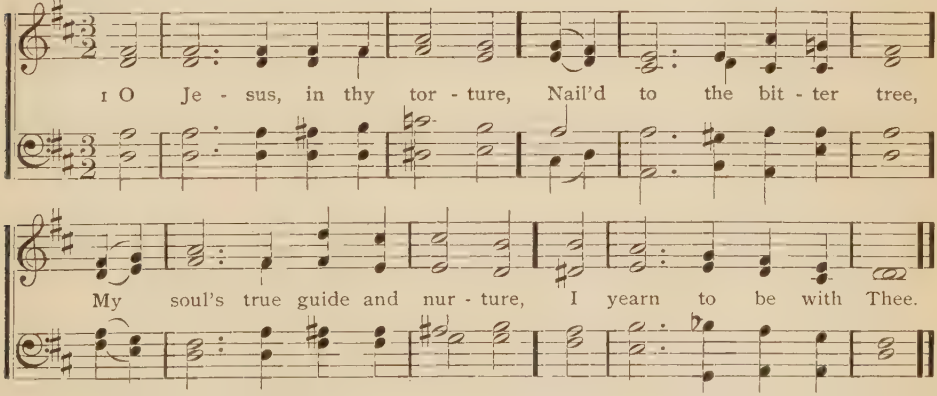
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

James George Deck, 1857.

243 EDEN. 7s & 6s.

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865.



2 How can I taste of pleasure
Whilst Thou dost hang in pain,
Jesus mine only treasure,
Mine everlasting gain?

3 O Jesus, may thy sadness,
Thine agony and tears,
Win for my spirit gladness
Throughout the endless years.

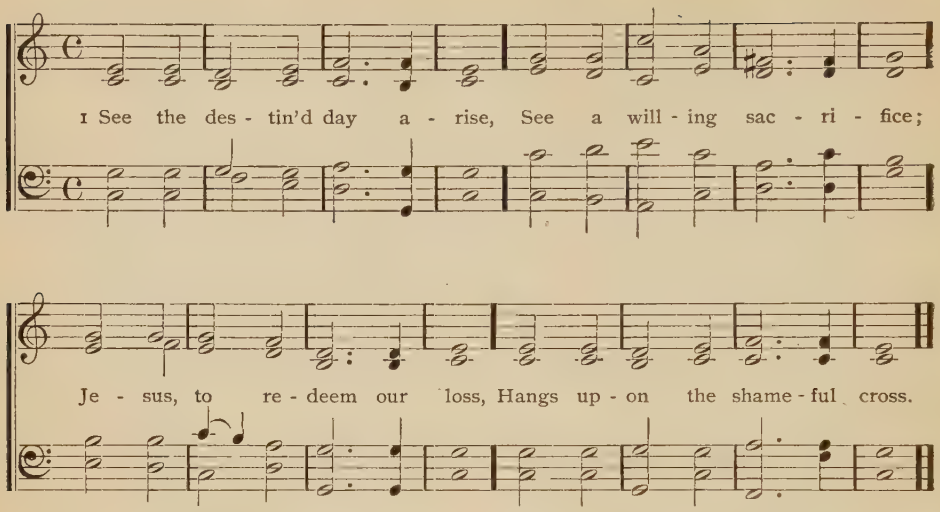
4 With thine own body feed me,
Life to my soul accord,
Then to thy pierc'd heart lead me,
And hide me there, O Lord.

5 And in my dying hour
By those sharp wounds I pray,
Lord, may thy passion's power
Wash all my sins away.

Latin Hymn, of 15th century

244 REDHEAD. No. 47. 7s.

R. REDHEAD.



2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing thy life of woe?

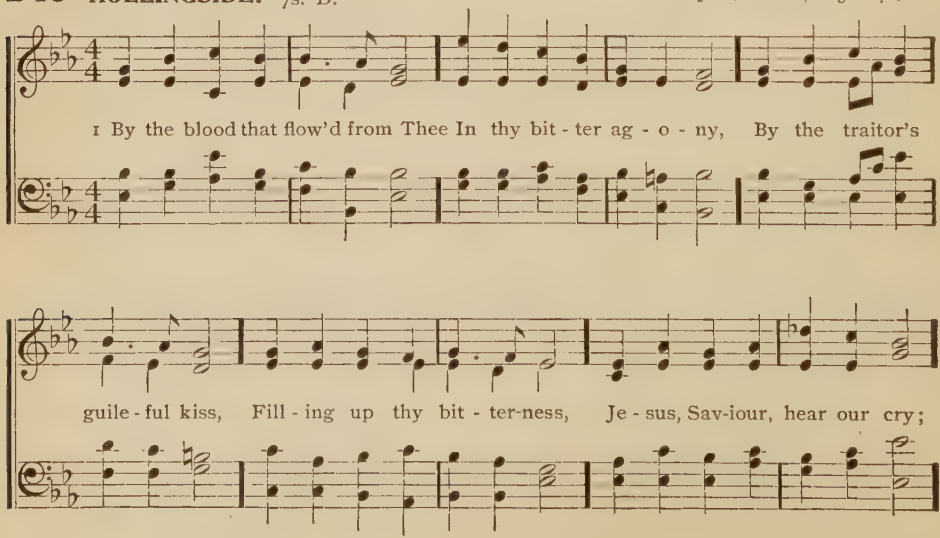
3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns and nails and piercing spear?

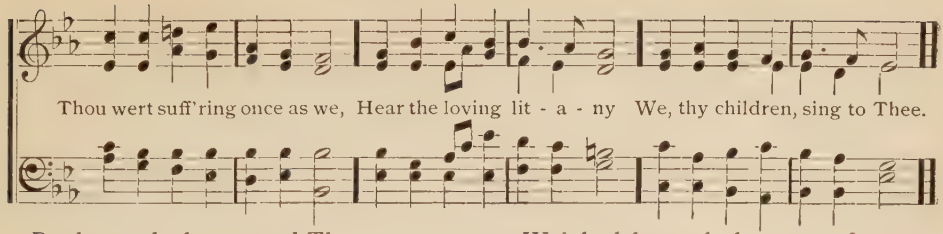
4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from thy side with blood,
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin and promised good.

245 HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1823—1876.





2 By the cords that, round Thee cast,
Bound Thee to the pillar fast,
By the scourge so meekly borne,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

3 By the thorns that crowned thy head,
By the sceptre of a reed,
By thy foes on bending knee
Mocking at thy royalty,
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

4 By the people's cruel jeers,
By the holy women's tears,
By thy footsteps faint and slow,
Weighed beneath thy cross of woe,
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc,

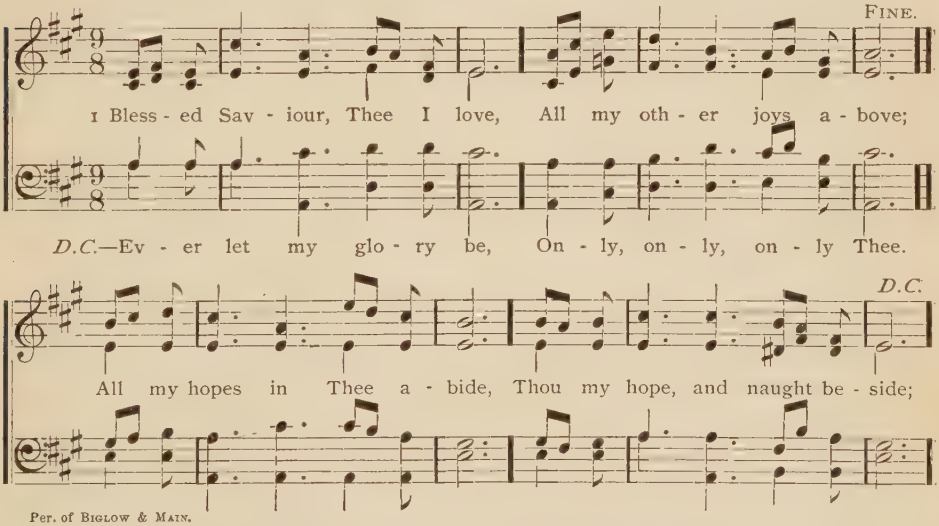
5 By the nails and pointed spear,
By thy desolation drear,
By thy dying prayer which rose
Begging mercy for thy foes,
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

6 By the darkness thick as night,
Blotting out the sun from sight,
By the cry with which in death
Thou didst yield thy parting breath,
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

F. W. Faber.

246 GREATOREX. 7s. 6 lines.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows, let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

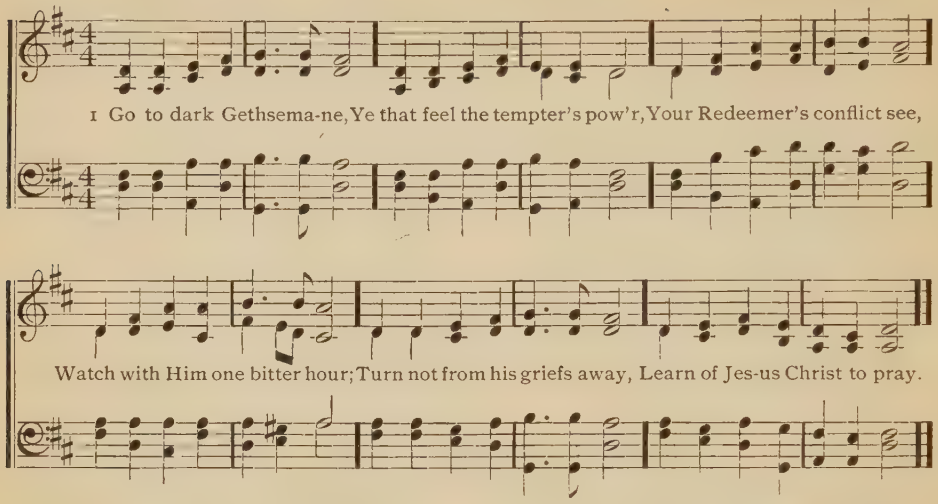
3 From beneath that thorny crown
Trickle drops of cleansing down;
Pardon from thy piercéd hand
Now I take, while here I stand;
Only then I live to Thee,
When thy wounded side I see.

4 Blessed Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live and thine to die;
Height or depth or earthly power
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only Thee.

George Duffield.

247 GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lines.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

J. Montgomery.

248

1 RESTING from his work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealéd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

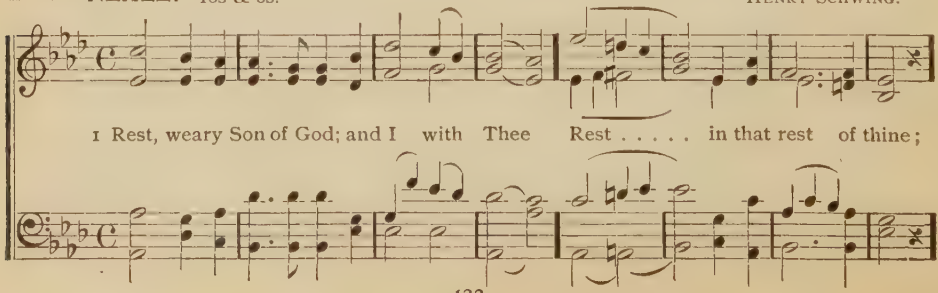
3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

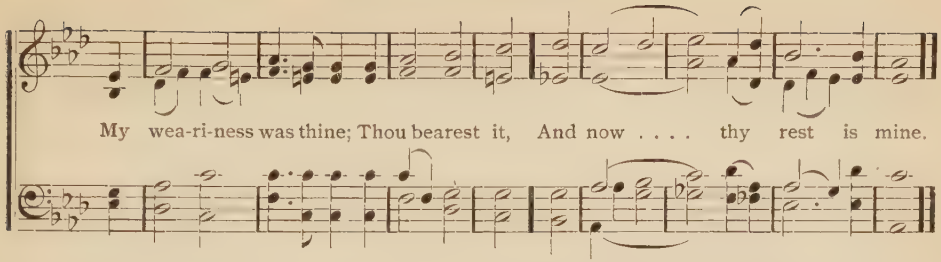
4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering,
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around,
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Thomas Whytehead, 1842.

249 NEALE. 10s & 6s.

HENRY SCHWING.





2 Thy life on earth was one sad weariness,
Nowhere to lay thy head;
Thy days were toil and heat, thy lonely nights
Sought some cold mountain bed.

3 How calmly in that tomb Thou liest now,
Thy rest how still and deep! [gives
O'er Thee in love the Father rests; He
To his beloved sleep.

4 On Bethel pillow now thy head is laid,
In Joseph's rock-hewn cell;
Thy watchers are the angels of thy God,
They guard thy slumbers well.

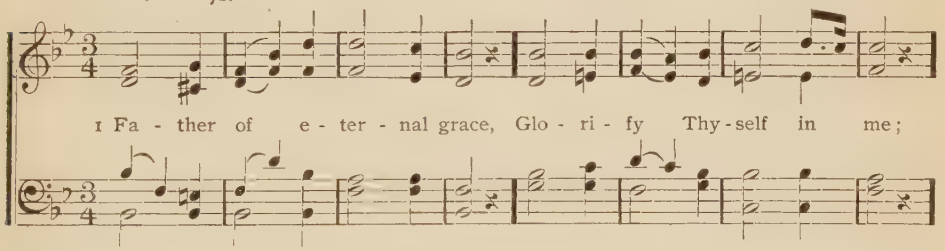
5 Rest, weary Son of God; thy work is done,
And all thy burdens borne; [brought
Rest on that stone, till the third sun has
Thine everlasting morn.

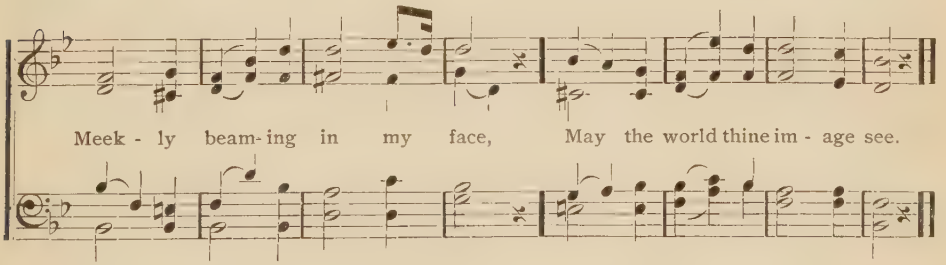
6 Then to a higher, brighter, truer rest,
Upon the throne above,
Rise, weary Son of Man, to carry out
Thy glorious work of love.

Horatius Bonar, 1868.

250 MERCY. 7s.

GOTTSCHALK. Arr. by E. P. PARKER.





Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended or unknown
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

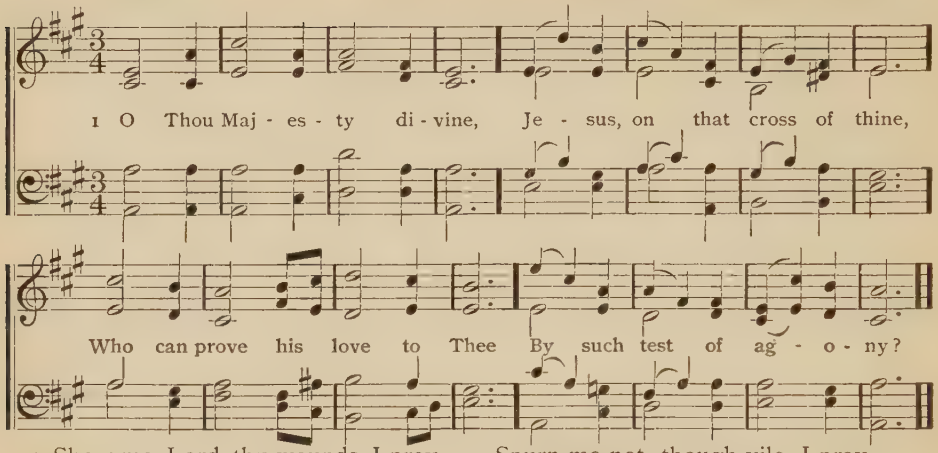
3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
To thy will, thy will be done;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

James Montgomery, 1808

251 HORTON. 7s.

Xavier Schnyder V. Wartensee, 1786—1868.



2 Show me, Lord, thy wounds, I pray,
Let me love for love repay;
Let thy blood, thus shed for me,
Now my life and healing be.

3 What in me is wounded yet,
What doth still disease beget,
Dearest Saviour, make it whole,
Lord, restore this sin-sick soul.

4 Lord, my heart would feel and know
All thine agony and woe,
Each deep wound, that I may be
Wholly crucified with Thee.

5 Gracious Jesus, Saviour dear,
Guilty though I be, give ear;
Spurn me not, though vile, I pray,
From thy blessed cross away.

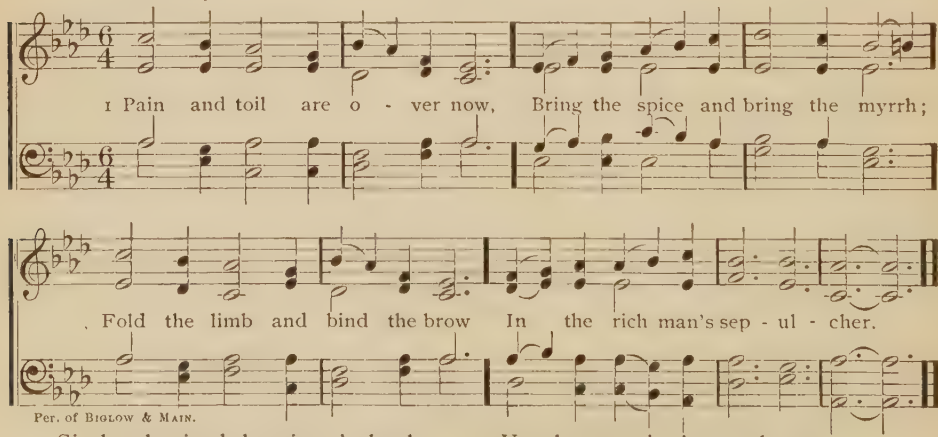
6 Lying at thy mercy-seat,
Lo, with tears I wash thy feet;
Pity on my misery take,
Jesus, for thy mercy's sake.

7 From thy cross, uplifted high,
O beloved, cast thine eye;
Turn me to Thee, heart and soul,
By thy sorrows make me whole.

8 Here I'll mourn with my last breath
O'er my sins and o'er thy death;
Jesus, Lamb of God, thy cross
Saves me from eternal loss.

252 HAYES. 7s.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



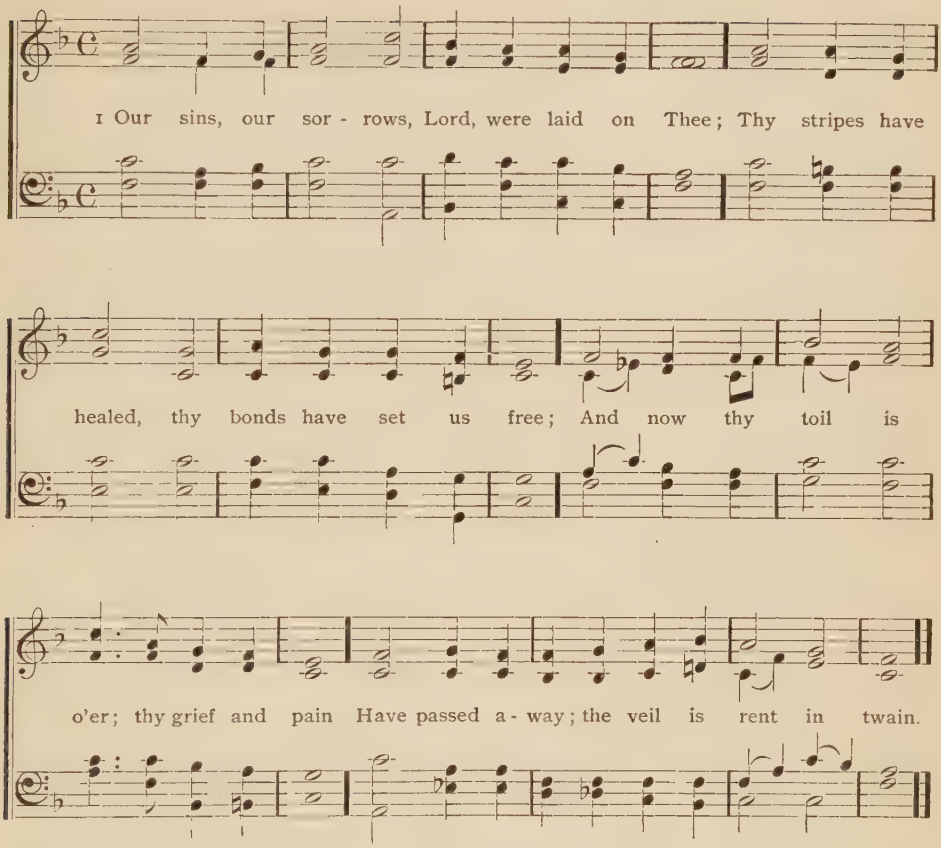
Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 Sin has bruised the victor's heel;
Roll the stone and guard it well,
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,
Bring his boldest sentinel;

3 Yet the morning's purple ray
Shall present a glorious sight,
Stone by earthquake rolled away,
Angel guards all robed in white.

C. F. Alexander.

253 **LANGRAN.** 10s. JAS. LANGRAN.



2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect peace
Where all the wicked from their troubling cease,
Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep;
Thy Father giveth his beloved sleep.

3 Yet in thy glory, on the throne above,
Thou wast abiding ever, love of love,
Eternal, filling all created things
With thine own presence, Jesus, King of kings.

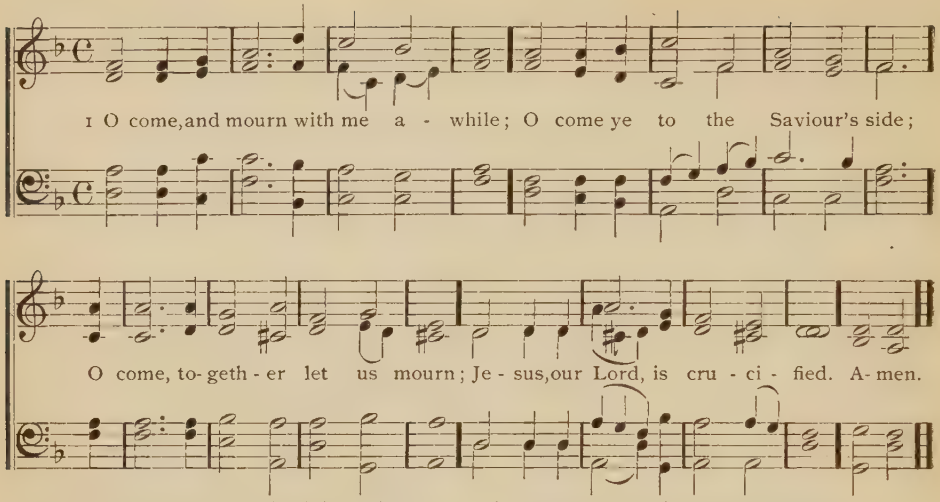
4 E'en now our place is with Thee on the throne,
For Thou abidest ever with thine own,
Yet in the tomb with Thee we watch for day;
O let thine angel roll the stone away.

5 O by thy life within us set us free,
Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee;
Glory to God the Father, God the Son
And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

E. W. Eddis.

254 ST. CROSS. L. M.

J. B. Dykes.



2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

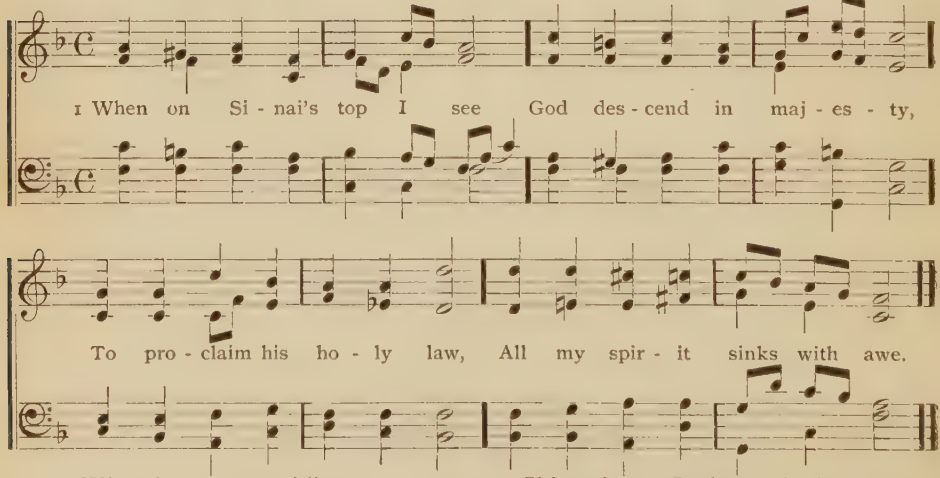
3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love,
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

F. W. Faber.

255 HAVEN. 7s. 4 lines.

Mrs. Helen Schmucker.



2 When in ecstasy sublime
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

256 DRESDEN. 8s, 7s & 7s.

1 All is o'er, the pain, the sor - row, Hu - man taunts and

Sa - tan's spite; Death shall be de - spoiled to - mor - row

Of the prey he grasps to - night; Yet once more, his

own to save, Christ must sleep with - in the grave. A - men.

2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
On the bitter cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil so fierce and dread
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

3 Close and still the tomb that holds Him,
While in brief repose he lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes,
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

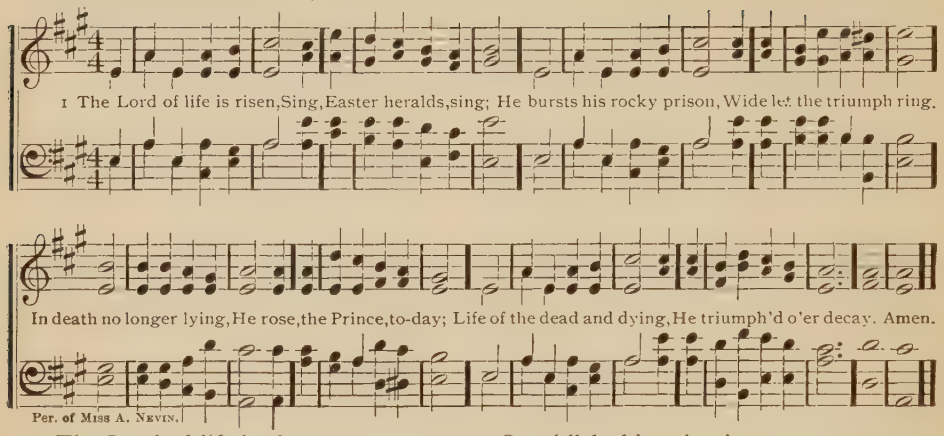
4 All night long with plaintive voicing
Chant his requiem soft and low;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow;
Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign.

John Moultrie.

Easter.

257 RESURRECTION. 7s & 6s. D.

A. Nevin.



2 The Lord of life is risen,
And love no longer grieves;
In ruin lies death's prison,
Sing, heralds, Jesus lives.
We hear thy blessed greeting,
Salvation's work is done,
We worship Thee, repeating,
"Life for the dead is won."

3 Around thy tomb, O Jesus,
How sweet the Easter breath!
Hear we not in the breezes,
"Where is thy sting, O death?"
Dark hell flies in commotion,
The heavens their anthems sing,
While far o'er earth and ocean
Glad hallelujahs ring.

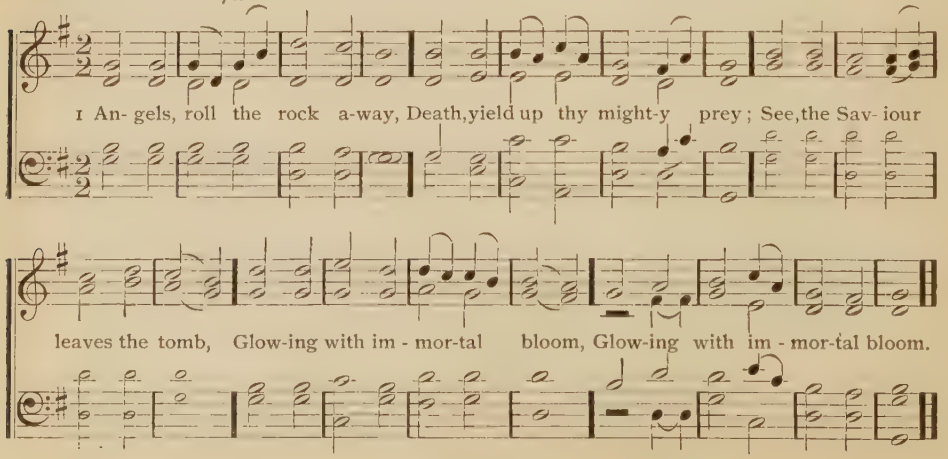
4 O publish this salvation,
Ye heralds, through the earth,
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth;
Till, rising from their slumbers
In long and ancient night,
The countless heathen numbers
Shall hail the Easter light.

5 Hail, hail, our Jesus risen!
Sing, ransomed brethren, sing;
Through death's dark, gloomy prison
Let Easter chorals ring.
Haste, haste, ye captive legions,
Accept your glad reprieve;
Come forth from sin's dark regions,
In Jesus' kingdom live.

J. P. Lange, 1851. Tr. by H. Harbaugh.

258 HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. Malan.



2 Hark, the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see Him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
Mighty conqueror, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

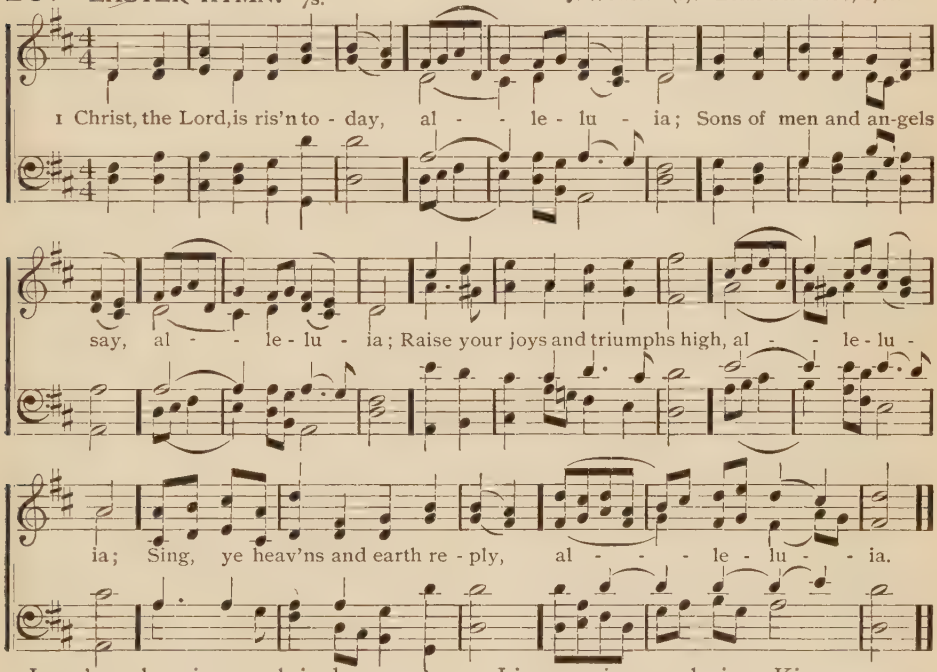
5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strain
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captive hell;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

Thos. Scott, 1775.

259 EASTER HYMN. 7s.

J. Worgan (?). Lyra Davidice, 1708.



2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo, He sets in blood no more.
Alleluia.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
Alleluia.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
Alleluia.

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Alleluia.

Charles Wesley.

260

1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia.

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia.

Old Latin Air. Tr. 1750

261 PASCHAL. 7s. D.

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our vic - to - rious King, Who has wash'd us in the tide, Flowing from his piercéd side; Praise we Him whose love divine Gives his sacred blood for wine, Gives his bod - y for the feast, Christ the victim, Christ the Priest.

2 When the paschal blood is poured
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe;
Praise we Christ whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee thy saints shall rise.

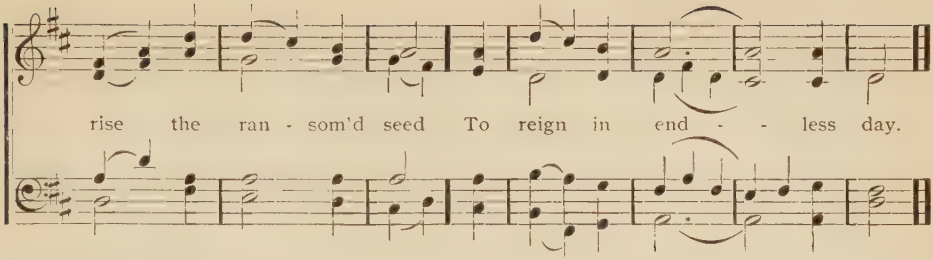
4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee;
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by R. Campbell, 1850.

262 REBOUGH. S. M.

HENRY SCHWING.

1 The Lord is ris'n in - deed, The grave has lost its prey; With Him shall



2 The Lord is ris'n indeed,
He lives to die no more;
He lives his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

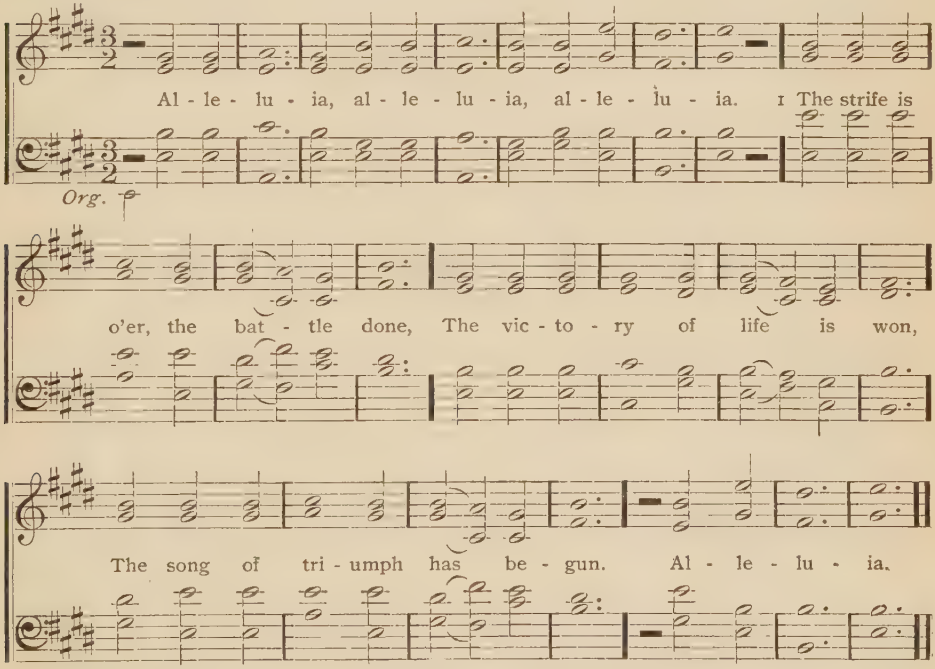
3 The Lord is ris'n indeed;
Attending angels, hear,
Up to the courts of heav'n with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright, celestial choirs
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

263 VICTORY. 8s & 4s.

From PALESTRINA.



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed,
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia.

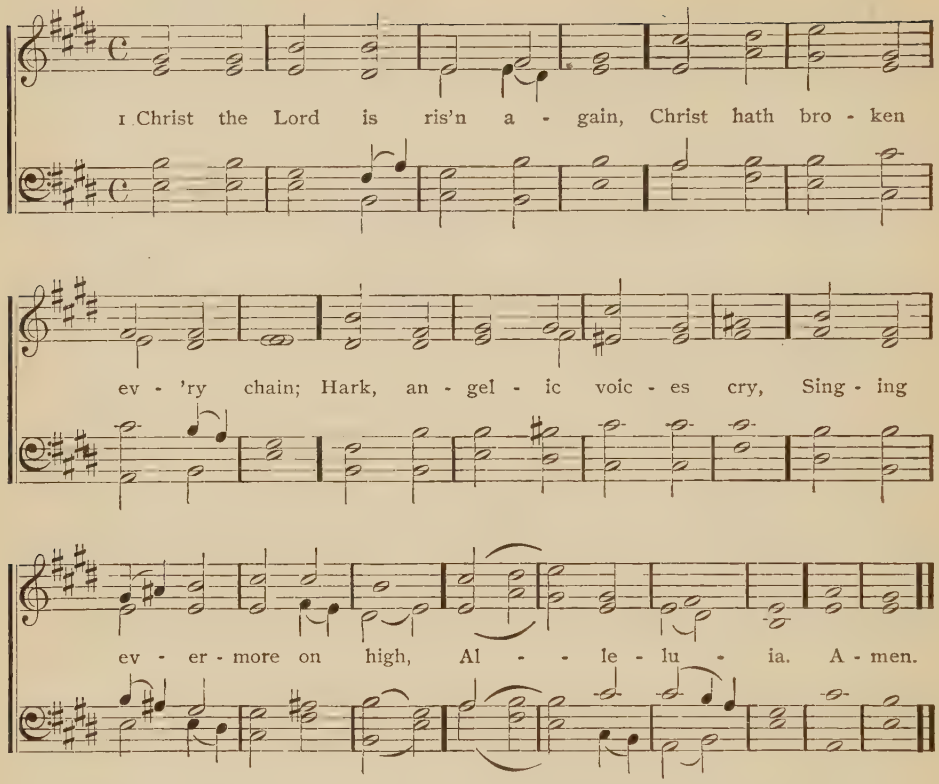
3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead,
All glory to our risen Head.
Alleluia.

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell,
Let hymns of praise his triumphs tell.
Alleluia.

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia.

Francis Pott.

264 WIRTEMBURG. 7s.



2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry,
Alleluia.

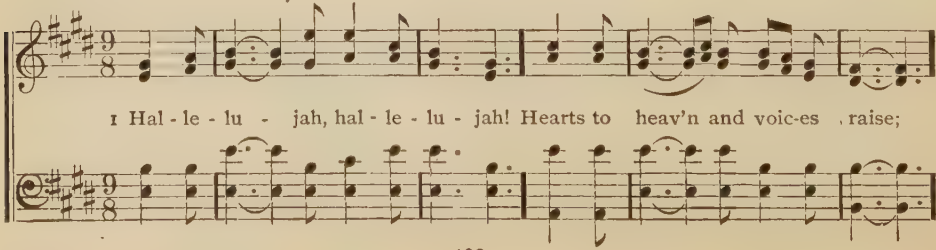
3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia.

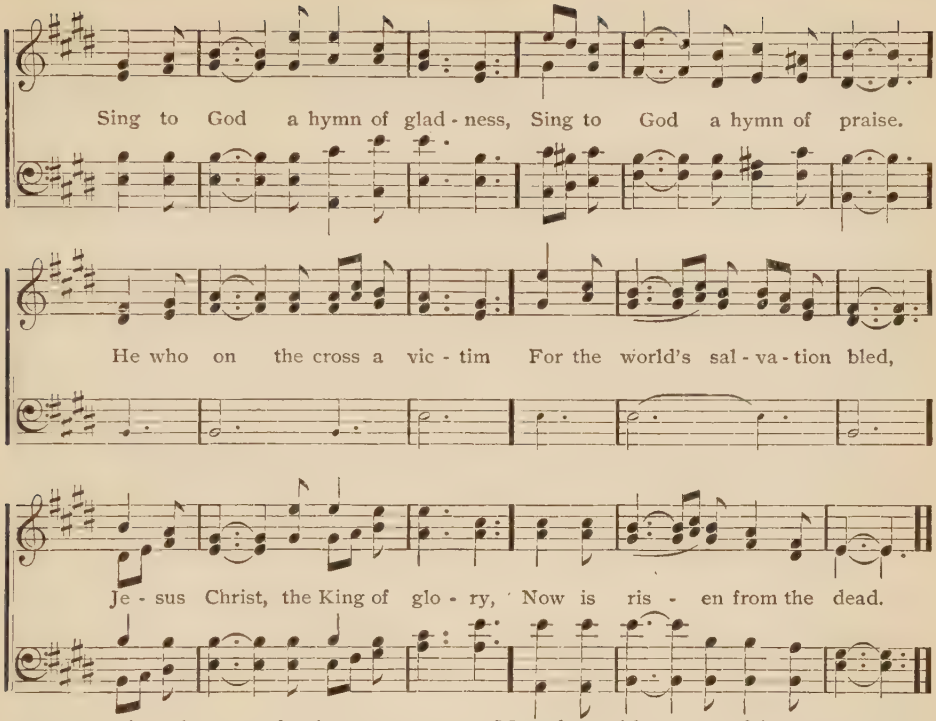
4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia.

5 Thou, our paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Alleluia.

Michael Weisse, 1531. Tr. by Cath. Winkworth.

265 ECCLESIA. 8s & 7s. D.





2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn;
Christ has triumphed and we conquer
By his vict'ry o'er the grave;
Quickened with Him by the Spirit
We the life eternal have.

3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which with all its full abundance
At his second coming yield;
Men the golden ears of harvest
With their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by his glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and streams of glory
From the brightness of thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Christopher Wordsworth.

266

1 Alleluia, sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, his the throne,
Alleluia, his the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark, the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

2 Alleluia, bread of angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay,
Alleluia, here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

3 Alleluia, King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own,
Alleluia, born of Mary,
Earth thy footstool, heav'n thy throne;
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest,
Thou on earth both Priest and victim
In the eucharistic feast.

W. C. Dix.

267 DULCE CARMEN. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

HAYDN.

1 Al - le - lu - ia, song of sweetness, Voice of joy that can-not die, Al - le - lu - ia is the an-them

Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the house of God a - bid- ing, Thus they sing e - ter - nal-ly.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for awhile forego,
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray thee
Grant us, blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky,
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

Adam St. Victor. Tr. J. M. Neale.

268 SALVATORI. 7s & 6s.

HAYDN.

FINE.

1 { The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad, }
{ The Pass - ov - er of glad - ness, The Pass - ov - er of God; }

D.C.—Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.

D.C.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky, A - men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light,
And listening to his accents
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let all the world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

St. John Damascene. Tr. by Dr. Doddridge, 1780.

269 LISCHER. H. M.

F. SCHNEIDER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1841.

1 Yes, the Re-deem-er rose, The Saviour left the dead, And o'er our hell-ish foes
High rais'd his conq'ring head; In wild dis-may the guards around Fall to the ground and
sink a-way, Fall to . . . the ground and sink a-way.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands
And worship at his feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark, as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead; He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God;
With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign,
And empires gain beyond the skies.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

270

1 GREAT Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

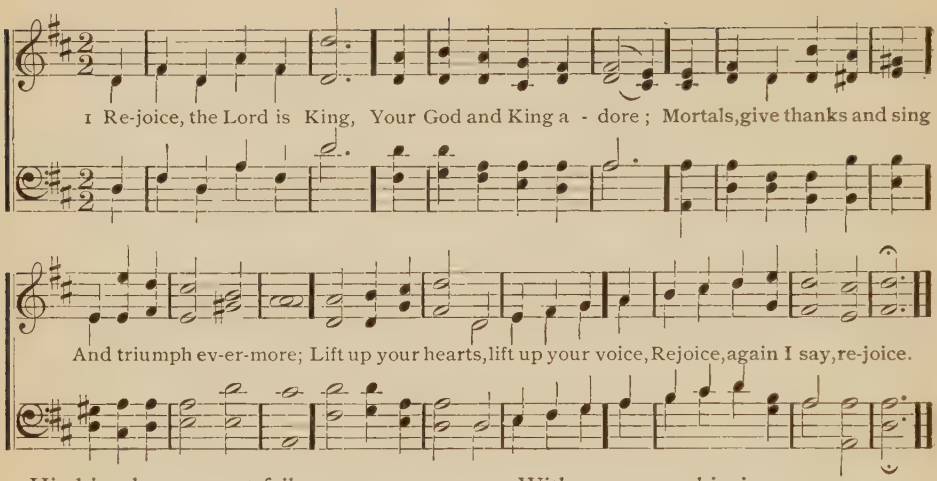
2 Be Thou my counsellor,
My pattern and my guide,
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side;
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

3 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep;
He feeds his flock, He calls their names
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

271 DARWALL. H. M.

JOHN DARWALL, 1770.



2 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

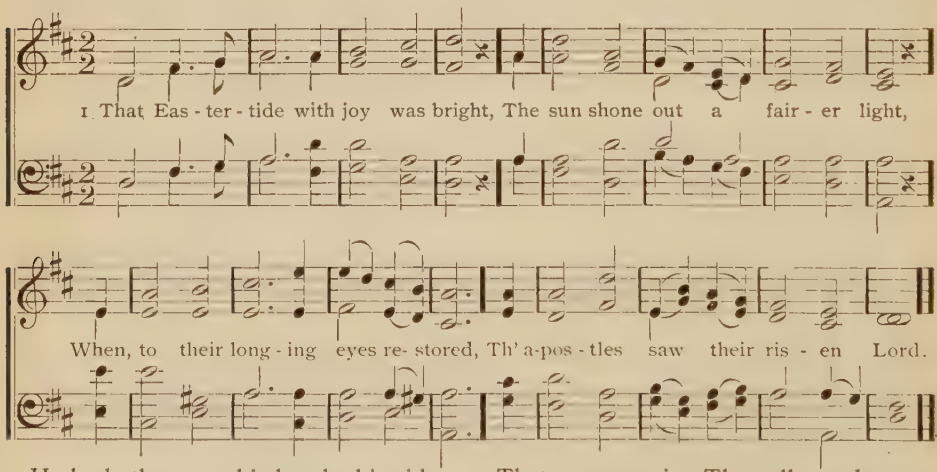
3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear th'archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

Charles Wesley, 1746.

272 TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY.



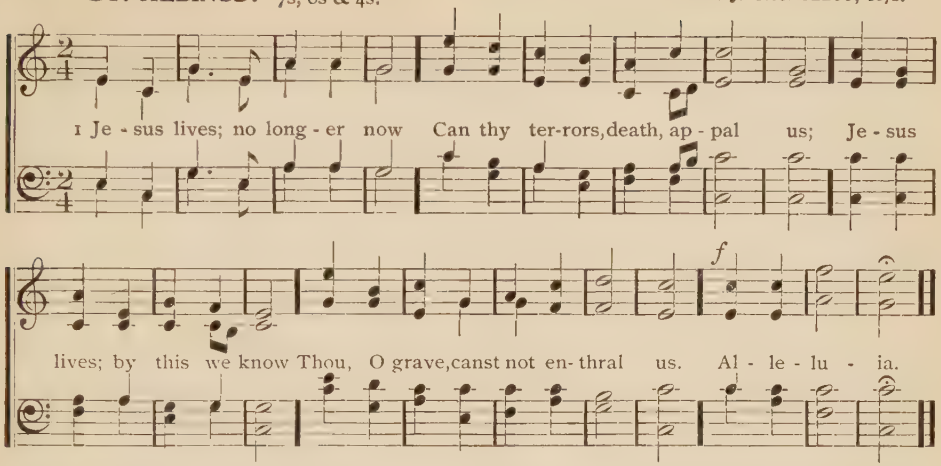
2 He bade them see his hands, his side,
Where yet the glorious wounds abide;
O tokens true, which made it plain
Their Lord indeed was risen again.

3 Jesus, the King of righteousness,
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,
That we may give Thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.

4 O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Eastertide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed forever shield.

273 ST. ALBINUS. 7s, 8s & 4s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.



2 Jesus lives; henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia.

3 Jesus lives; for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia.

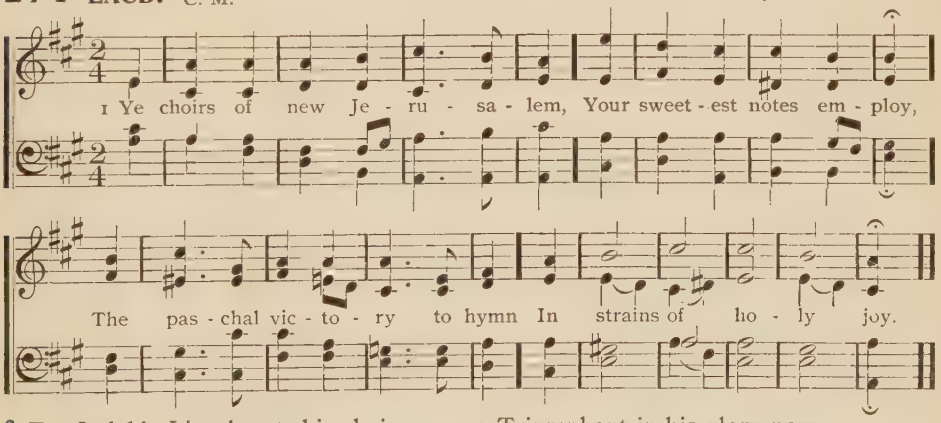
4 Jesus lives; our hearts know well
Naught from us his love shall sever;
Life nor death nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia.

5 Jesus lives; to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia.

C. F. Gellert, 1757. Tr. by Frances E. Cox, 1841.

274 LAUD. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 For Judah's Lion bursts his chains,
Crushing the serpent's head,
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake th' imprisoned dead.

3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At his command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

4 Triumphant in his glory now,
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

5 While we, his soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore
Within his palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

275 RESURRECTION JOY. 11s & 12s.

Arr. from JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

FINE.

1 Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die;

D.C.—Loud was the cho-rus of an - gels on high, "The Saviour hath ris - en and man shall not die.

Vain were the ter - rors that gathered around Him, And short the do - min- ion of death and the grave;

D.C.

He burst from the fet-ters of darkness that bonnd Him, Resplendent in glo - ry, to live and to save.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being He gave us death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us immortal to heaven ascend;
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen and man shall not die.

Henry Ware, Jr.

276 KENAN. 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1 When two friends on Eas-ter day To Em - ma - us bent their way, On that pas -chal e -ven -tide, Christ was walk-ing at their side.

Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 Then their hearts within them glowed
When Himself to them He showed
In the Scripture, as a King
Glorified by suffering.

3 Thou art ever with us, Lord,
Walking in thy holy word;
And thy voice, O Saviour dear,
In that word we ever hear.

4 What the holy prophets meant
In the ancient testament,
Thou art opening to our view,
Lord, forever in the new.

5 And thy presence, Lord, we feel
When we at thy table kneel;
When we feed upon Thee there,
We too at Emmaus are.

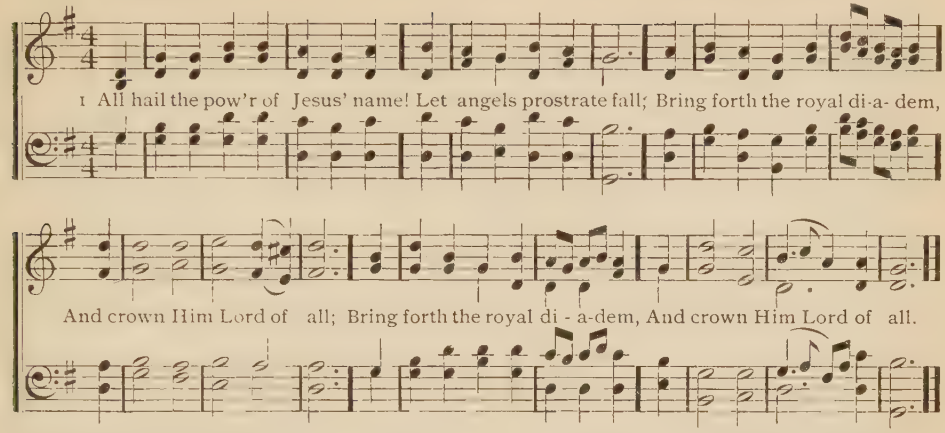
6 Though not kenn'd by carnal eye,
Yet we know Thee ever nigh;
Though Thou art much further gone
Even to thy heavenly throne,

7 Yet we, Lord, behold thy face
Ever in the means of grace;
There Thou walkest by our side,
There Thou with us dost abide.

Christopher Wordsworth.

277 CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765—1844.



2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

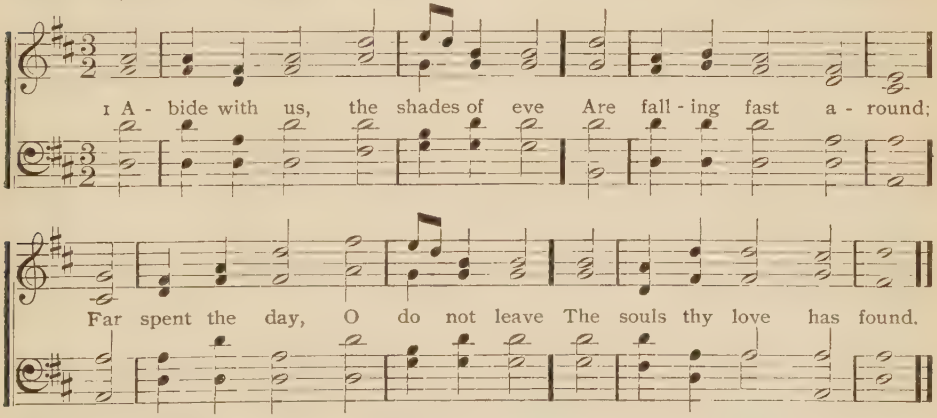
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780.

278 CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



Per. of J. H. KURZENKNABE.

2 O leave us not, though slow of heart
To trust thy plighted word;
Abide, nor evermore depart,
Abide with us, O Lord.

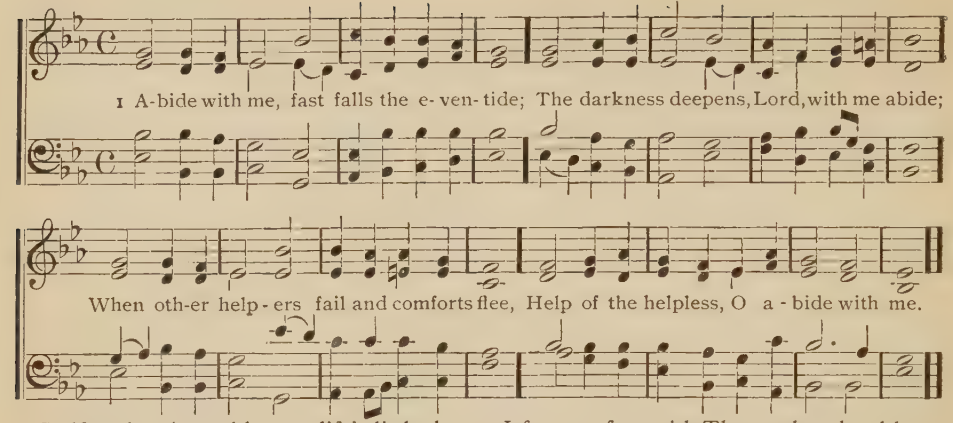
3 The solemn joy, the awful fear,
The hallowed hush of peace,
The consciousness that Thou art near,
We would not these should cease.

4 They came to us with glad accord
This blessed Eastertide;
They will abide with us, O Lord,
If Thou with us abide.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1857.

279 EVENTIDE. 10s.

W. H. Monk.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

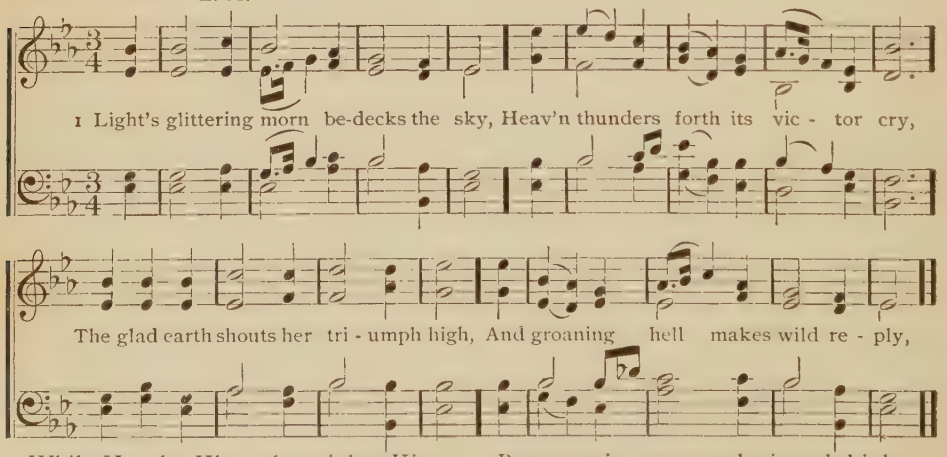
3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

280 LUTON. L. M.

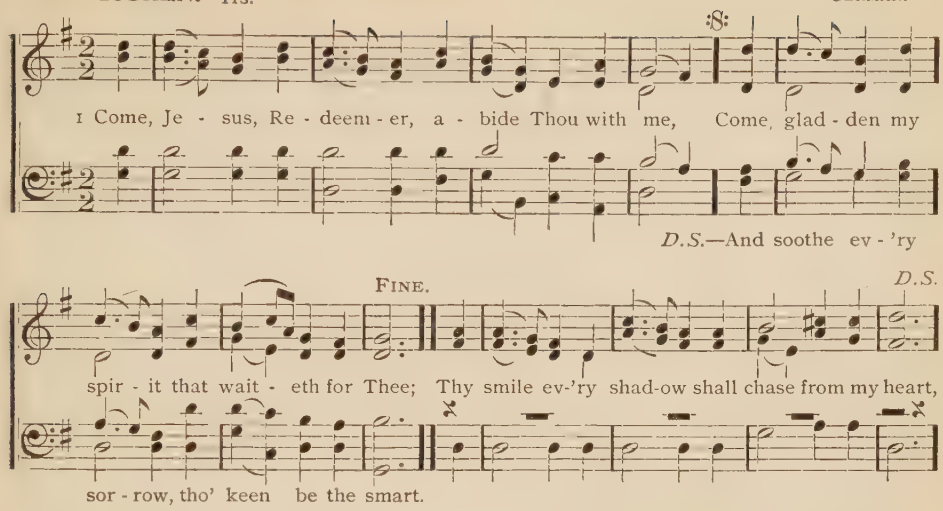


2 While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting
And trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth his ransomed saints to light.

3 His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred;
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.

4 The pains of hell are loosed at last,
The days of mourning now are past;
An angel robed in light hath said,
"The Lord is risen from the dead."

281 GOSHEN. 11s. GERMAN.



2 Without Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong;
By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since Thou, the most mighty, my helper, art near.

3 Thy love, O how faithful, so tender, so pure,
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-fast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace;
From restless, vain wishes bid Thou my heart cease;
In Thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till glad to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5 O then, blessed Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise Thee with raptures forever untold.

Ray Palmer.

282

1 O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to thy presence above,
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast!

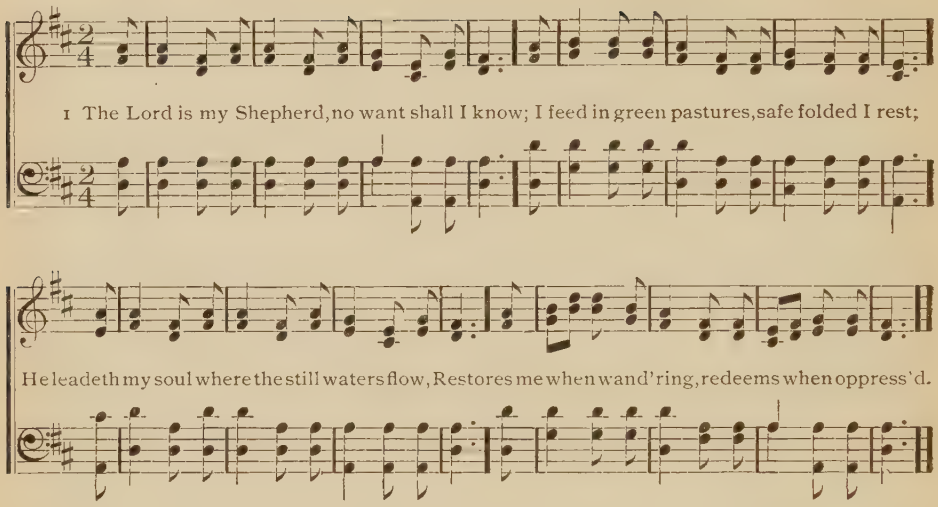
2 I flutter, I struggle and long to be free,
I feel me a captive while banished from Thee;
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven and fain would be home.

3 Ah! there the wild tempest forever shall cease,
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye and all sin from the heart.

4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright sun of glory, no more to decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
O what will it be when the fulness appears?

283 LONGWOOD. 11s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1847.



2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall with my comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er,
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head,
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

J. Montgomery, 1822.

284

1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way,
The Lord is our leader, his word is our stay;
Though suffering and sorrow and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? Our help is in God.

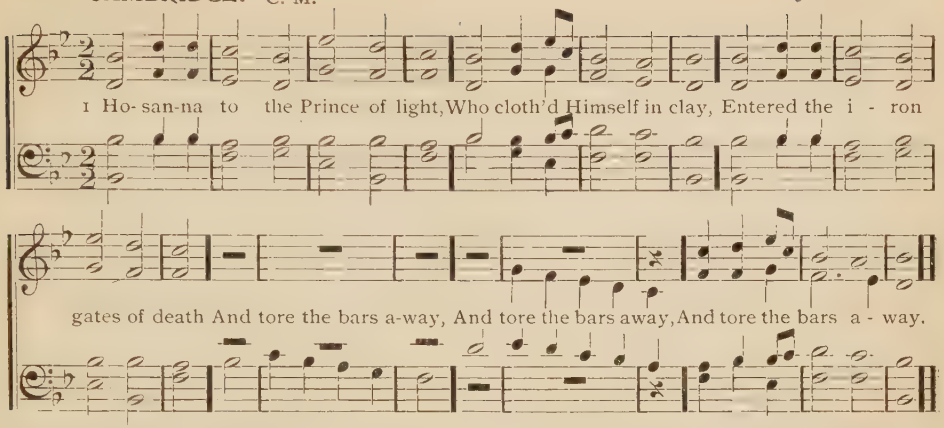
3 Into his green pastures our footsteps He leads,
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in his bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come,
The Lord is our leader, his kingdom our home.

John N. Darby, 1861.

285 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

J. Randale.



2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away
And vanquished all our foes.

3 See how the conq'ror mounts aloft
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh
And triumph in his eyes.

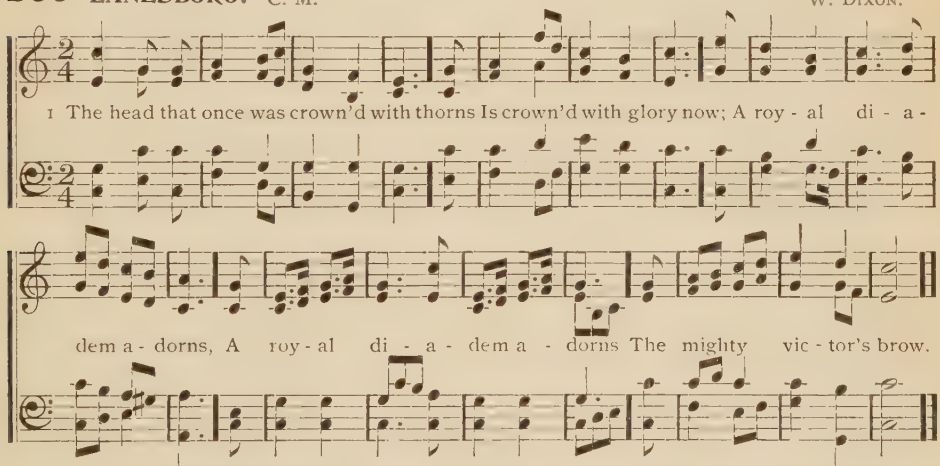
4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blessed abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Isaac Watts. 1707.

286 LANESBORO. C. M.

W. Dixon.



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light,

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests his love
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

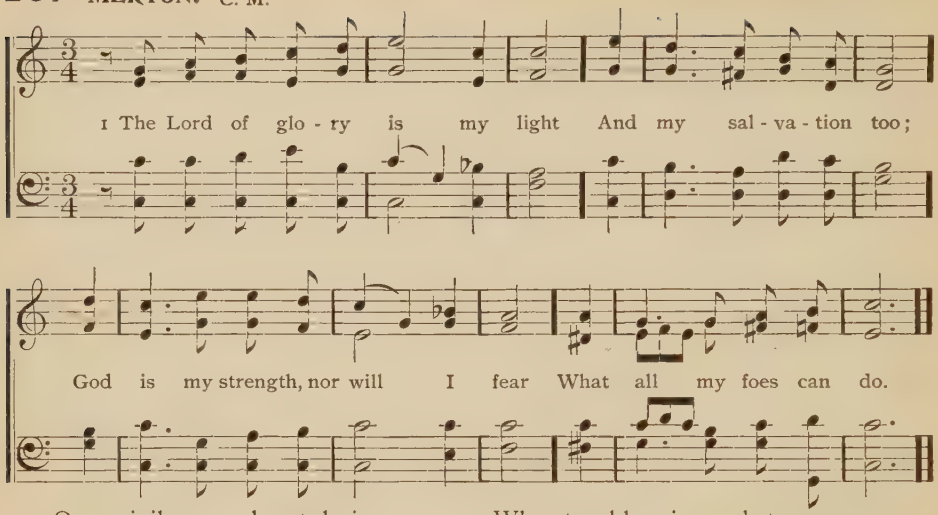
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The myst'ry of his love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thos. Kelly, 1820.

287 MERTON. C. M.

H. K. Oliver.



2 One privilege my heart desires,
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

288

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace,
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum,
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here helow,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face,

4 In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

289

1 IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know,
Both present things and things to come
And grace and glory too.

2 If Christ is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the full source of every good,
Is more than all to me.

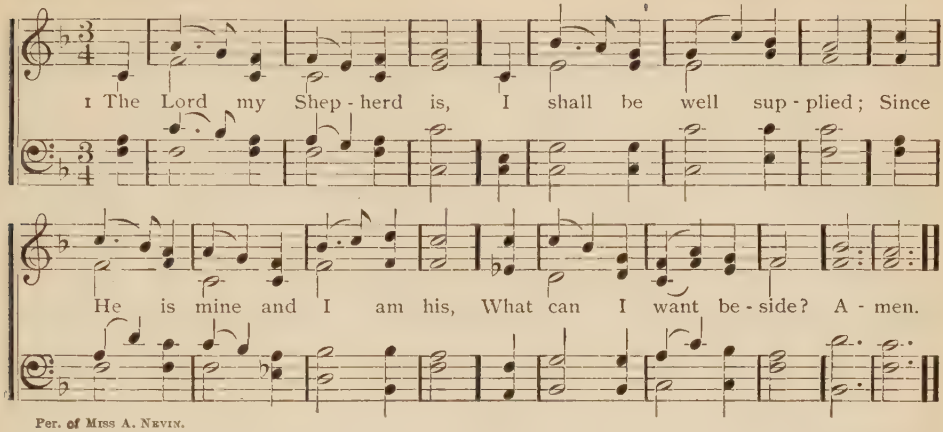
3 If Christ is mine, unharmed I pass
Through death's dark dismal vale;
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

4 O Christ, assure me Thou art mine,
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Benj. Beddome, 1776.

290 WILLIAMSON. S. M.

Arr. by A. Nevin. German.



Per. of Miss A. Nevin.

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While He affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

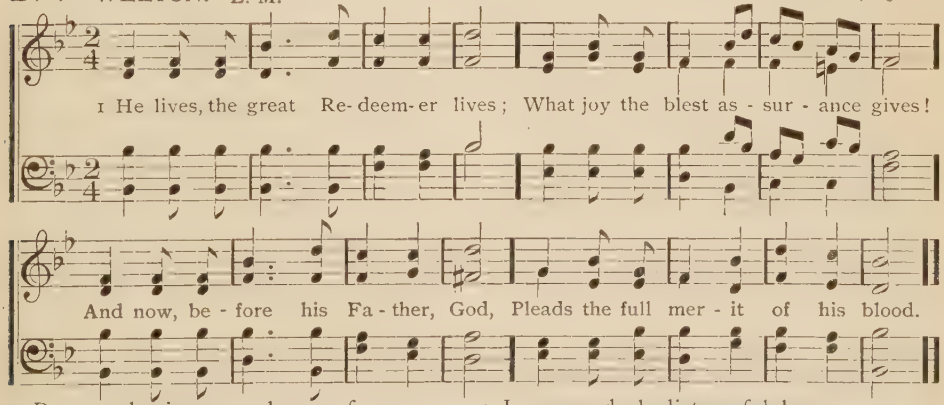
5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days,
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

291 WELTON. L. M.

Cæsar H. A. Malan, 1830.



2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes and terror dies.

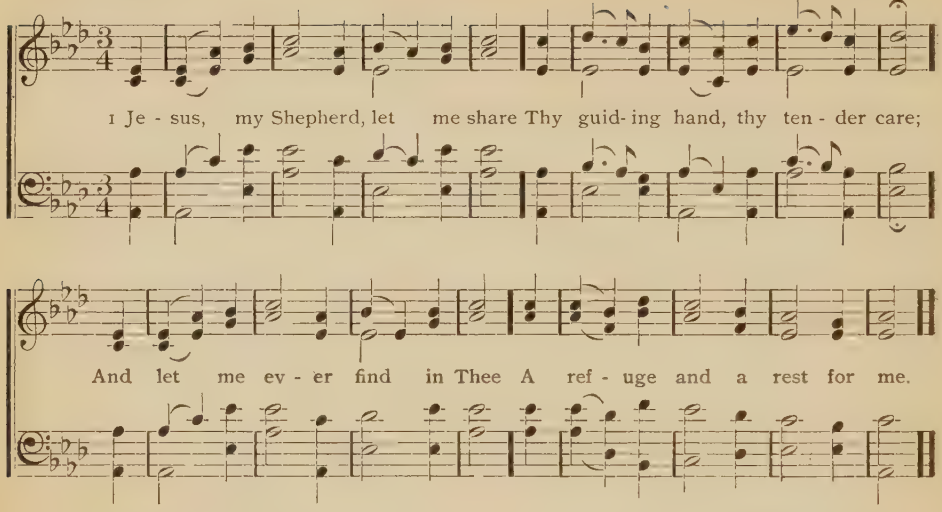
4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty friend,
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

Anne Steele, 1760.

292 LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. Taylor.



2 O lead me ever by thy side,
Where fields are green and waters glide;
And be Thou still, where'er I be,
A refuge and a rest for me.

3 While I this barren desert tread,
Feed Thou my soul on heavenly bread;
'Mid foes and fears Thee may I see,
A refuge and a rest for me.

4 Anoint me with thy gladdening grace,
To cheer me in the heavenly race;
Cause all my gloomy doubts to flee
And make my spirit rest in Thee.

5 When death shall end this mortal strife,
Bring me through death to endless life;
Then, face to face, beholding Thee,
My refuge and my rest shall be.

Henry Harbaugh, 1859.

293

1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep,
The flock for which Thou cam'st from [heav'n,
The flock for which thy life was giv'n.

2 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And guide them that they never stray;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in thy fold.

3 Secure them from the scorching beam
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

4 O may thy sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee.

5 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet
And let the number be complete;
Then let thy flock from earth remove
And occupy the fold above.

Thomas Kelly.

294

1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treach'rous, faithless, cold.

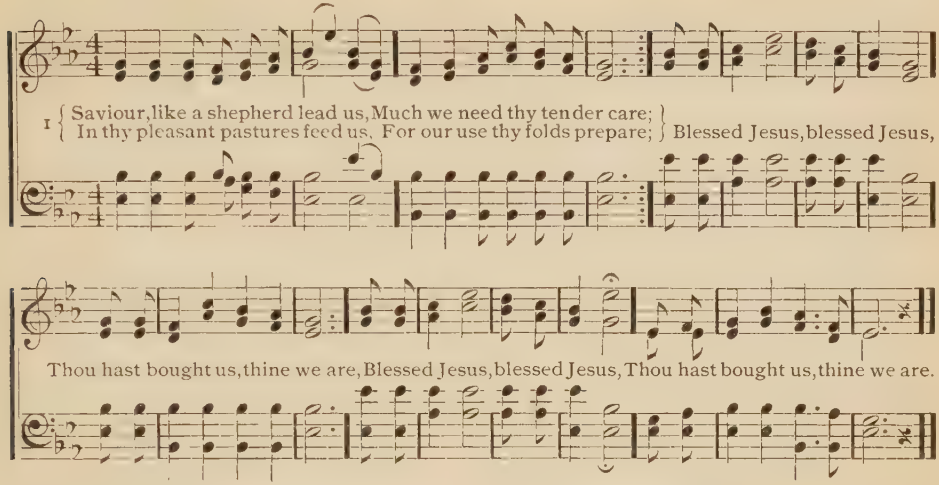
3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
Then neither death nor life will part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

295 SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. B. Bradbury, 1816—1868.



Per. of Biglow & Main.

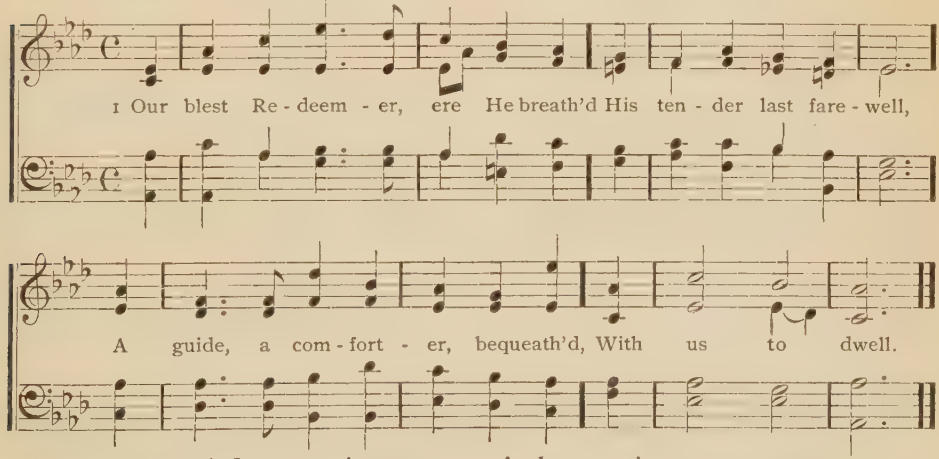
2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1838.

296 CLEVER. 8s, 6s, 8s, 4s.

Sir John Goss.



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [each fear,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heaven.

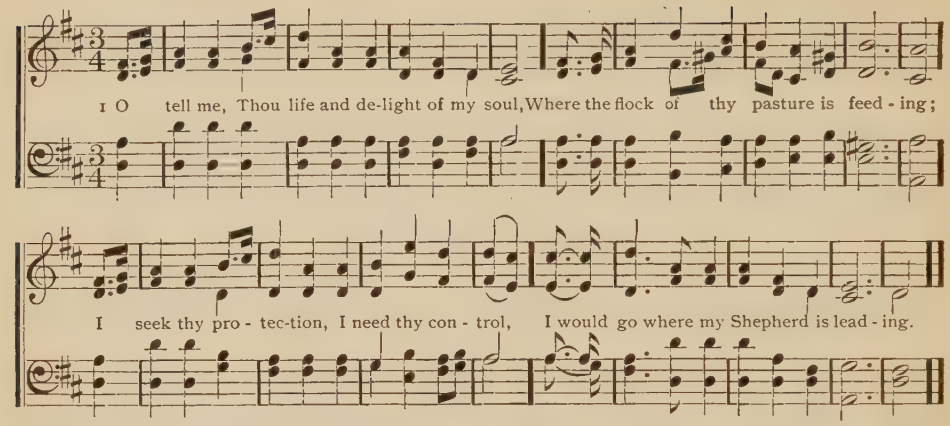
4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

297 STILL WATER. 10s & 11s.

THOS. HASTINGS.



2 O tell me the place where thy flock is at rest,
Where the noontide will find it re- [posing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

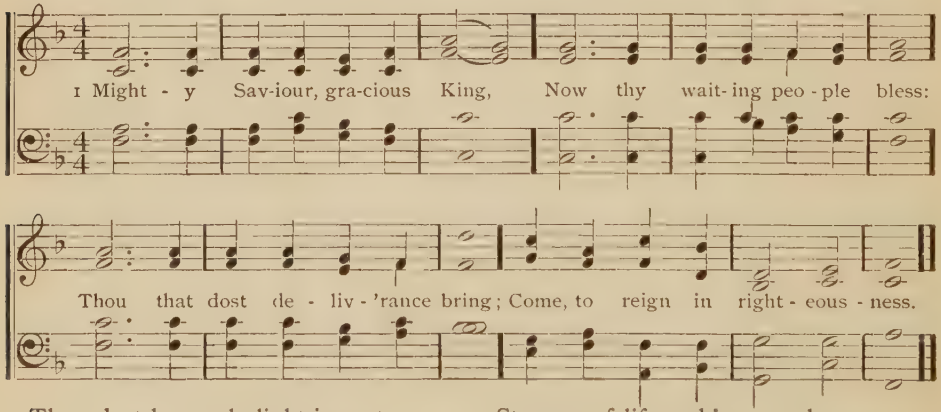
3 And why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
In the desert where now they are [roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where affliction and woes
And temptations their ruin are prov- [ing?

4 Ah! when shall my woes and my wanderings cease,
And the follies that fill me with [weeping?
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock Thou art [keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids me return
By the way where the footprints are [lying,
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn,
And homeward my spirit is flying.

298 DIJON. 7s.

GERMAN.



2 Thou dost heavenly light impart,
Tune the ear to Zion's song,
Teach and guide the wayward heart,
Loose and prompt the stamm'ring tongue.

3 Pour thy spirit from on high,
Come, thy mourning Church to bless;
Streams of life and joy supply,
Fill the world with righteousness.

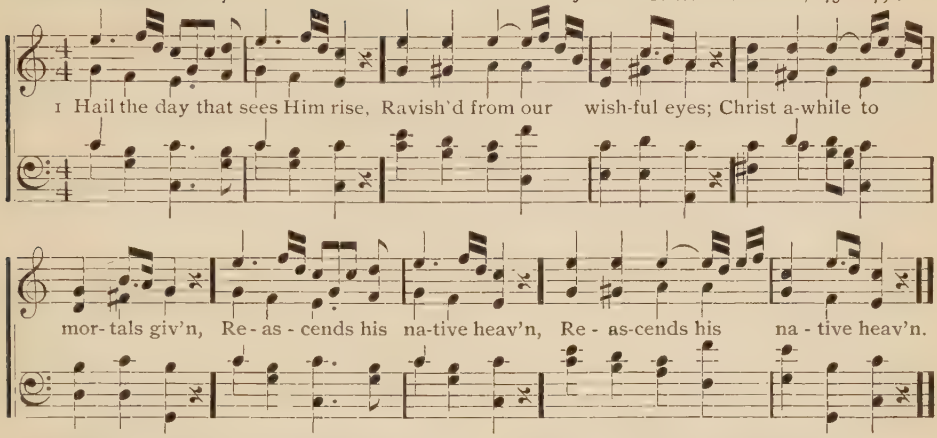
4 Light shall then possess thine own,
Holy quiet, perfect peace;
And where heav'nly seed is sown
Thou wilt give the blest increase.

Edward Osler.

Ascension.

299 MOZART. 7s.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART, 1756—1791.



2 There the pompous triumphs waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still He calls mankind his own.

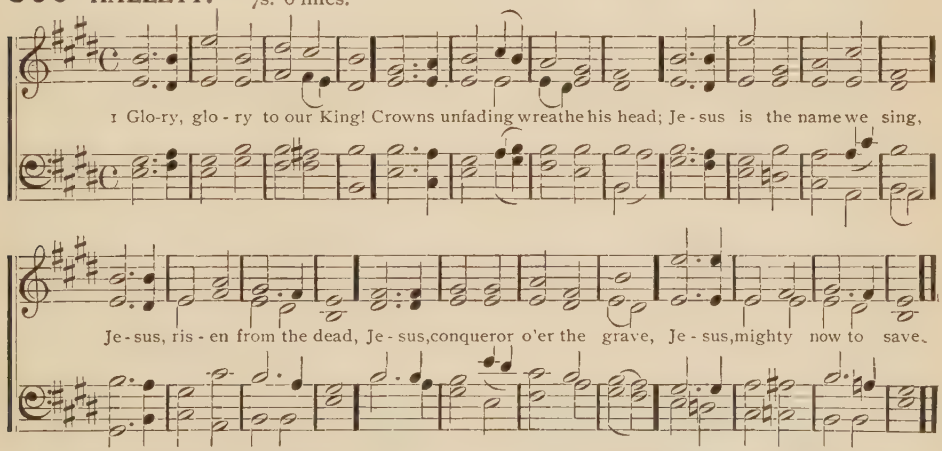
4 See, He lifts his hands above,
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below.

5 Still for us his death He pleads,
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face, unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

300 HALLETT. 7s. 6 lines.

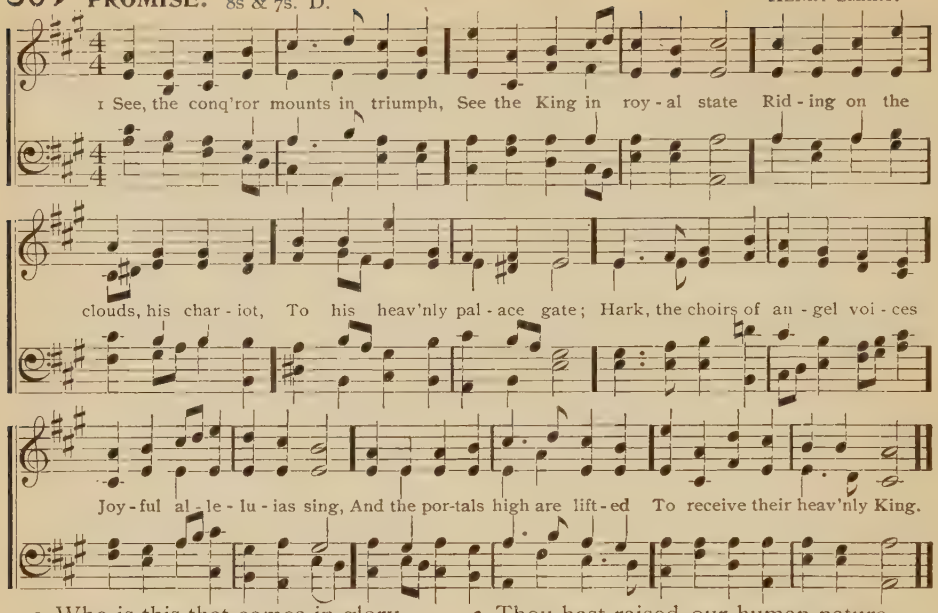


2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates,
'Tis the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace;
"O for hearts and tongues to sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

301 PROMISE. 8s & 7s. D.

HENRY SMART.



2 Who is this that comes in glory
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels,
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

302

1 CHRIST, above all glory seated,
King triumphant, strong to save,
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.
Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On th'eternal throne of heaven
In thy Father's power to reign.

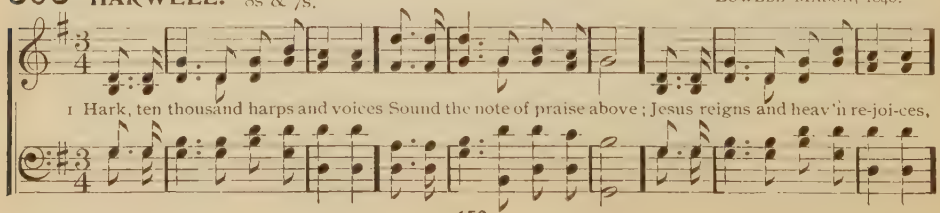
2 There thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and amazed bow.
We, O Lord, with hearts adoring
Follow Thee beyond the sky;
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high.

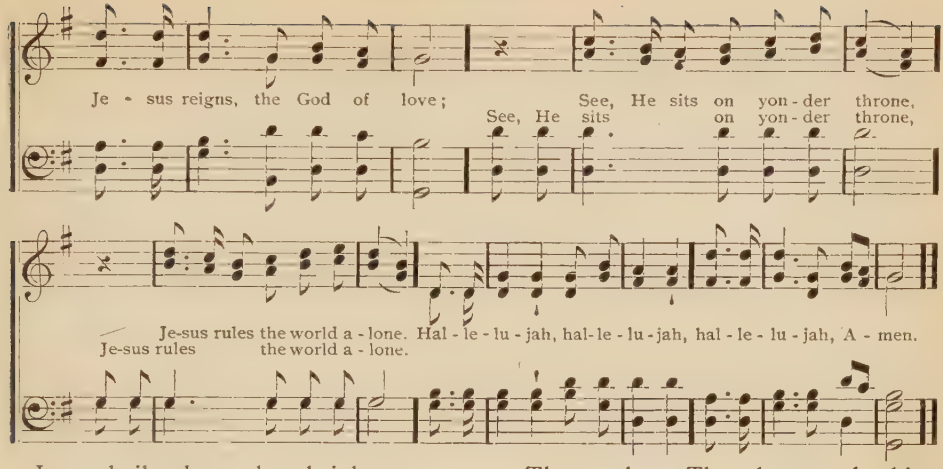
3 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned forevermore as thine.
Hail, all hail, in Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
In thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore.

Latin Hymn, 5th century.

303 HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

LOWELL MASON, 1840.





2 Jesus, hail, whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

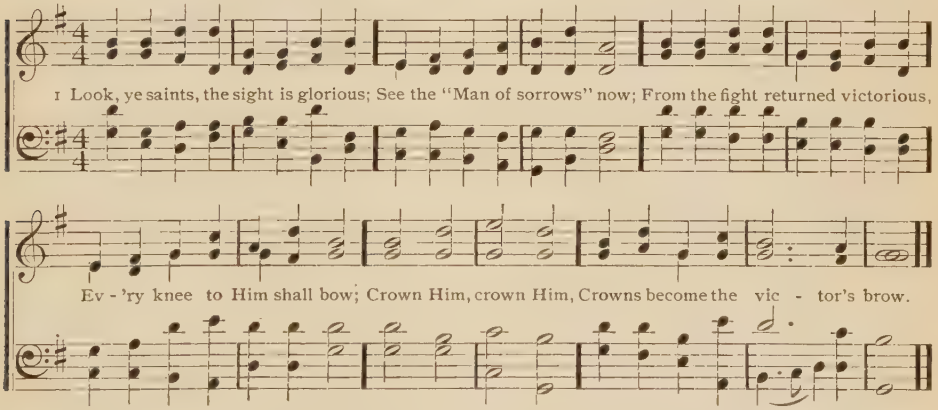
3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made thine own,
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

304 CORONAE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. H. Monk, 1823—.



2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown Him, crown Him,
Crown the Saviour, King of kings.

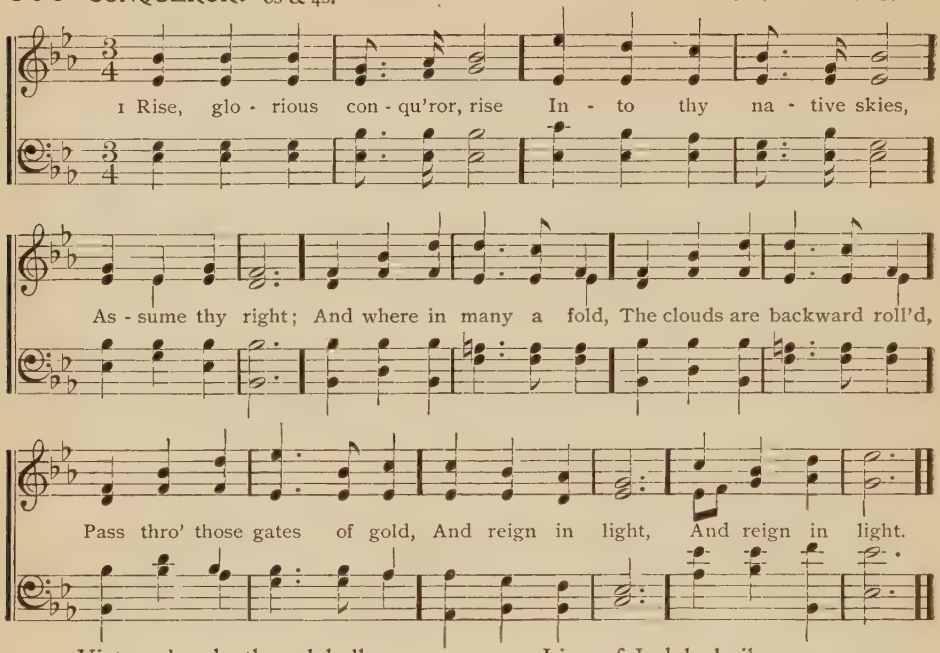
3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own his title, praise his name;
Crown Him, crown Him,
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation,
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords;
Jesus takes the highest station,
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

305 CONQUEROR. 6s & 4s.

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1854.



2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train;
Praises all heaven inspire,
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain.

3 Enter, incarnate God;
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down;
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour triumphant, go,
And take thy crown.

4 Lion of Judah, hail,
And let thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

5 And then was heard afar
Star answering to star:
"Lo, these have come,
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save,
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home."

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

306

1 LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing;
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame,
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Vict'ry is won."

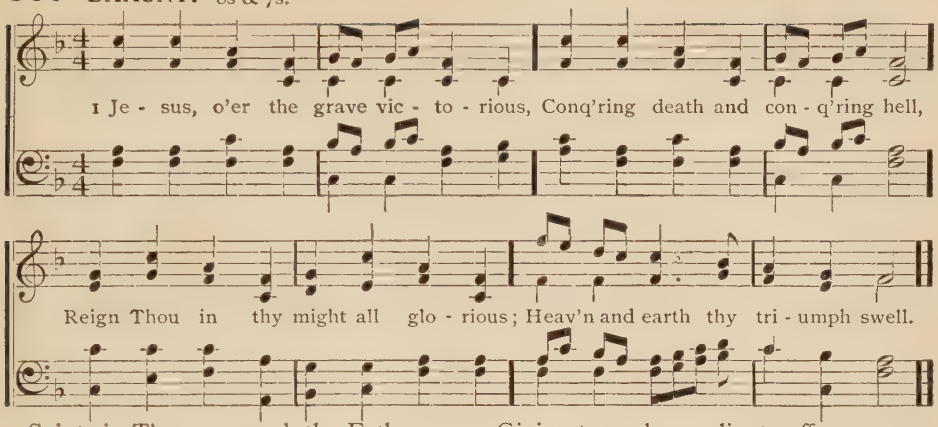
3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice,
His dying love adore;
Praise Him, now raised in power,
Praise Him forevermore
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, He shall come;
While they who pierced Him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail;
Great Saviour, come.

C. E. Kingsbury, 1806.

307 SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

H. K. Oliver.


1 Je - sus, o'er the grave vic - to - rious, Conq'ring death and con - q'ring hell,
Reign Thou in thy might all glo - rious; Heav'n and earth thy tri - umph swell.

2 Saints in Thee approach the Father,
Asking in thy name alone;
He in Thee, with love increasing,
Gives and glorifies the Son.

3 Down to earth in all its darkness
From the Father Thou didst come,
Seeking sinners in their blindness,
Calling earth's poor exiles home,

4 By a life of love and labor
Doing all the Father's will,
Giving to each suppliant sufferer
Precious balm for every ill,

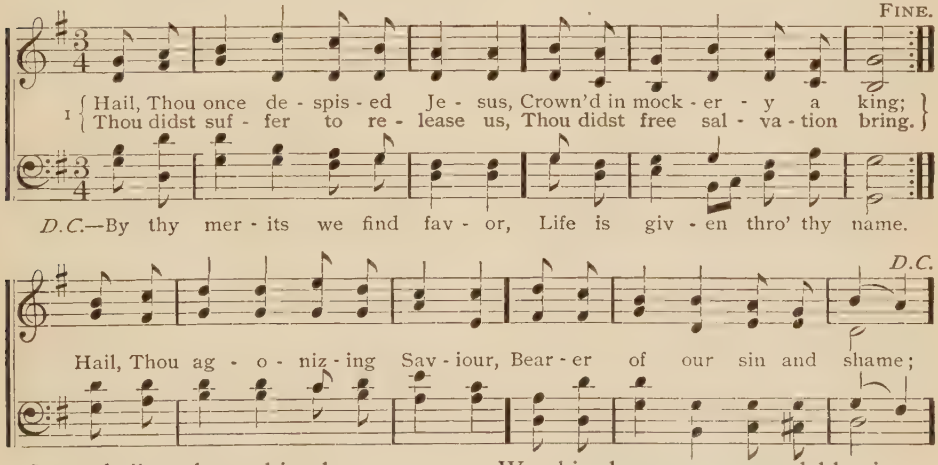
5 Patient ever in well-doing,
Moving on in steps of blood
Through the grave to heights of glory,
Reconciling us with God.

6 Here in Thee is peace forever;
We can tribulation bear,
Kiss thy cross, with rapture knowing
Thou hast conqered suff'ring there.

E. E. Higbee, 1873.

308 BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.

German Melody.


FINE.
1 Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Crown'd in mock - er - y a king;
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
D.C.—By thy mer - its we find fav - or, Life is giv - en thro' thy name.
D.C.
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame;

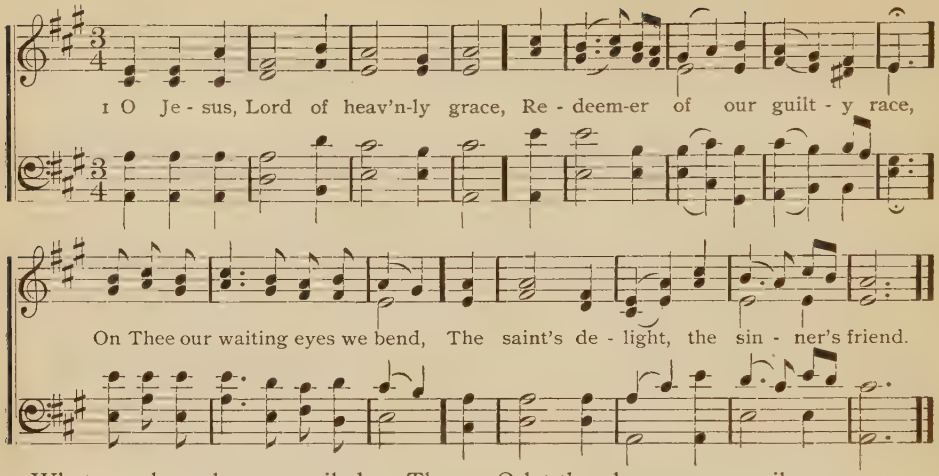
2 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Thos. Bakewell, 1760.

309 MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 What wondrous love prevailed on Thee
The bearer of our sins to be,
Thyself in sacrifice to give,
That sinners might not die, but live!

3 Now crushed is Satan's doleful reign
And broken is the tyrant's chain;
And Thou art, in thy meet abode,
A conq'ror on the throne of God.

4 O let thy clemency prevail
To heal the losses we bewail;
O cheer us with thy beaming face,
Enrich us with thy gifts of grace.

5 Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul,
In life our pathway to the skies,
In death our everlasting prize.

Ambrose, 390. Tr. by J. Chandler.

310

1 O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own [all.
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy and triumph spread
Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the foll'wers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil
And we behold thy lovely face.

Anne Steel, 1760.

311

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conq'ror's name."

5 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 "Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest."

Charles Wesley, 1741.

312 BETHUNE. 7s & 6s.

E. C. Zartman, 1890.

1 Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend;

Come, let us sing of Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly friend.

Chorus.

All glo - ry, praise and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

2 His holy soul rejoices
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.—Cho.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave.—Cho.

4 And in our hour of danger
We'll trust his love alone
Who once slept in a manger
And now sits on the throne.—Cho.

Geo. W. Bethune, 1850.

313 RAVEN. S. M. D.

U. C. Burnap, 1868.

1 Thou art gone up on high To realms be - yond the skies,

And round thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise;

But we are ling - 'ring here, With sin and care op - pressed;

Lord, send thy prom - ised Com - fort - er And lead us to our rest.

Per. of U. C. Burnap.

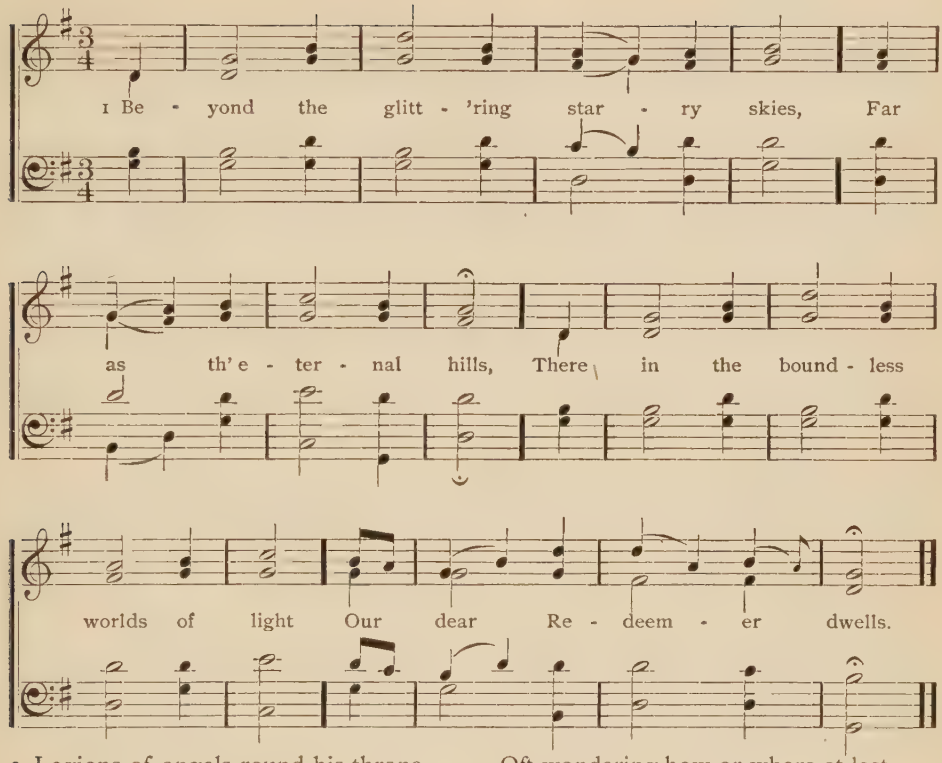
2 Thou art gone up on high,
But Thou didst first come down
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with grief and fears
Our onward course must be,
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high,
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Lord, by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high.

Emma Toke, 1851.

314 GIVE. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1845.



2 Legions of angels round his throne
In countless armies shine;
At his right hand with golden harps
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, glorious Prince of Peace," they cry,
"Whose unexampled love
Moved Thee to quit those blissful realms
And royalties above."

4 Through all his travels here below
They did his steps attend,
Oft wondering how or where at last
This mystic scene would end.

5 They saw his heart transfixed with wounds,
And viewed the crimson gore;
They saw Him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

6 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear Him to his throne, [cried,
Clapped their triumphant wings and
"The glorious work is done."

Dan'l Turner and James Fanch, 1776.

315

1 THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone in
Unto his Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

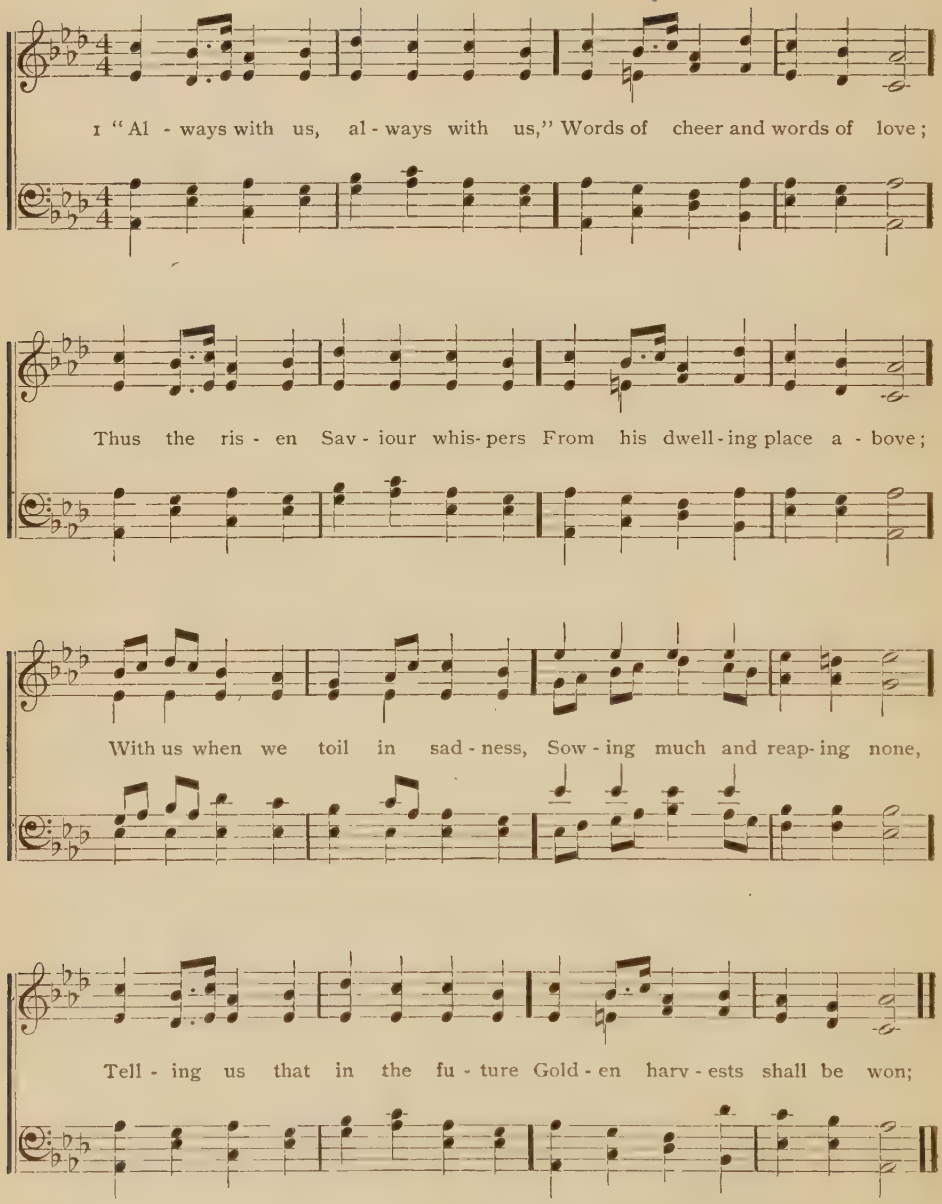
4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below
Our treasure be in heaven,

5 That where Thou art at God's right hand
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
Forevermore in Thee.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858.

316 CORONET. 8s & 7s.

GEORGE HEWS.



2 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear,
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear;

With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevin, 1858.

Whitsuntide.

317 WASSERQUELLE. 8s & 7s. D.

GERMAN MELODY.

1 When the faith - ful were as - sem - bled On the day of Pen - te - cost,
Rush'd the wind, the place it trem - bled, Came from heav'n the Ho - ly Ghost;
Gold - en show'rs of con - se - cra - tion, Tongues of fire were on them shed;
And that ho - ly ded - i - ca - tion Made an al - tar of each head.

2 Now the festive pentecostal
Harvest-home of souls they keep;
With his sickle each apostle
Whitening fields goes forth to reap;
God with holy flame from heaven
Writes on hearts the law of love;
Jubilee of sins forgiven
Sounds its trumpet from above.

3 Holy Ghost, divine Creator,
Who didst on the waters move,
Holy Ghost, regenerator,
Author of all life and love,
Holy Ghost, illuminator,
Who didst then with fire baptize,
Holy Ghost, great renovator,
Come, the world evangelize.

4 With the kneeling congregation,
Thou art in the house of prayer;
Laver of regeneration
Is o'ershadowed by Thee there.
Thou dost shed at confirmation
From thy wing a gift of grace;
Eucharistic celebration
Has revealings of thy face.

5 Strengthen, warm and purify us,
From the bands of sin release,
Comfort, counsel, sanctify us,
Give us love and joy and peace;
Patience, faith and resignation
Breathe upon us with thy breath,
Give us heavenly consolaton
In the solemn hour of death.

6 So when earth with fruit aboundeth,
And shall angel reapers see,
And the great archangel soundeth
God's eternal jubilee,
We may join their gratulation;
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit adoration
Ever be, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth.

318 WHITEFIELD. S. M.

EDWARD MILLER.

1 Blest Com - fort - er di - vine, Let rays of heav'n - ly love
A - mid our gloom and dark - ness shine, And guide our souls a - bove.

2 Draw us with still small voice
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O fill Thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1824.

319 SEELYE. 8s. & 7s. D.

1 { Ho-ly Ghost, dispel our sadness, Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness, Breathe thy life and spread thy light. } Come, Thou best of all donations
God doth give when men im-plore; Having thy sweet con-so-la-tions, We need wish for nothing more.

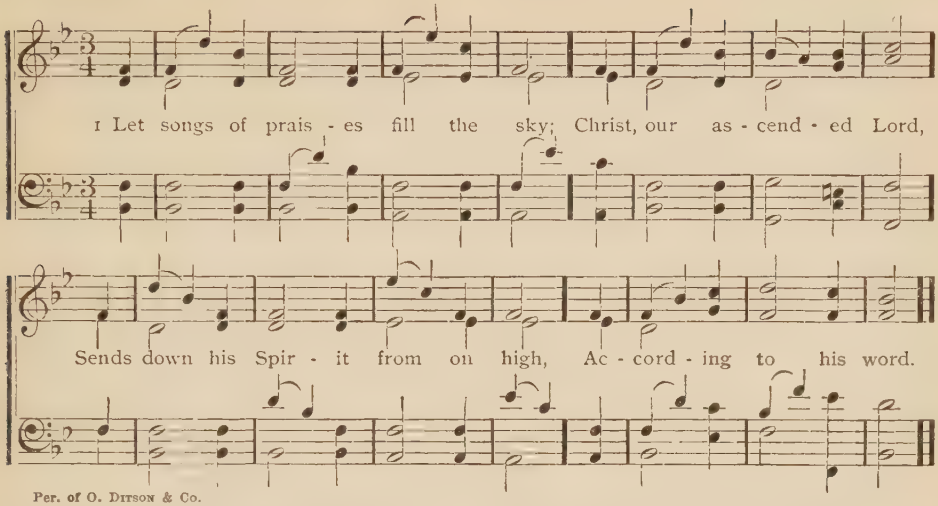
2 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace;
Rest upon this congregation
With the fulness of thy grace.

3 Author of the new creation,
Let us now thine influence prove;
Make our hearts thy habitation,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love.
From that height that knows no measure
As a gracious rain descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
We can ask or God can send.

Paul Gerhardt, 1663. Tr. by A. M. Toplady, 1776.

320 GEER. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

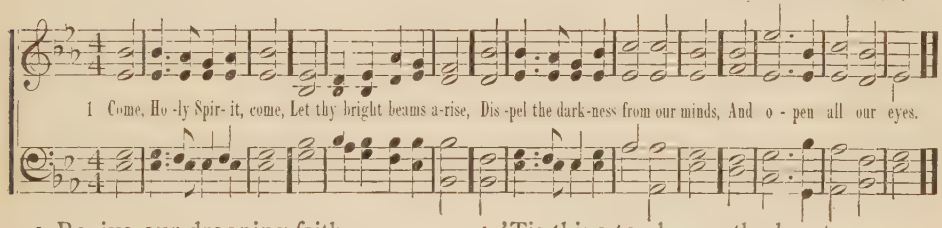
2 The Spirit by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within,
He quickens sinners from their death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies He his temple makes
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire,
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

321 OLNEY. S. M.

ARR. by LOWELL MASON.



2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son and Thee.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

322

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy qickening influence.

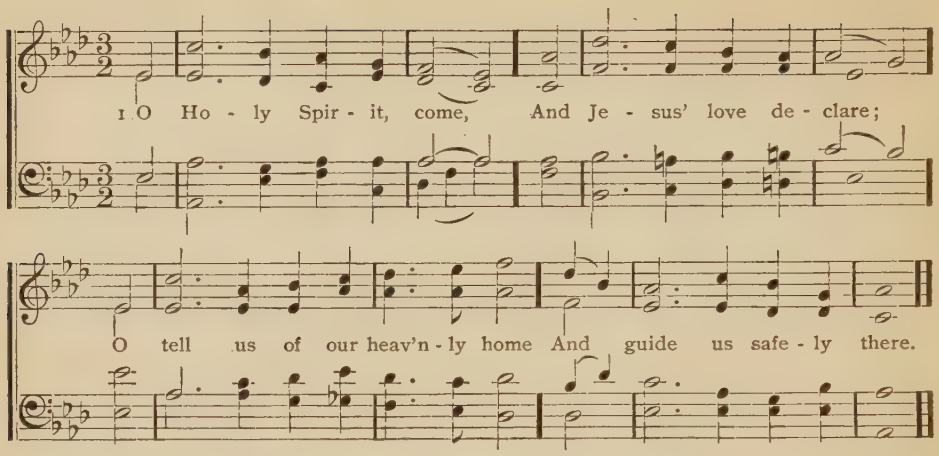
3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome
And form me all anew.

4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Benj. Beddome, 1770.

323 ST. OLAF. S. M.

HAYDN.



2 Our unbelief remove
By thine almighty breath;
O work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

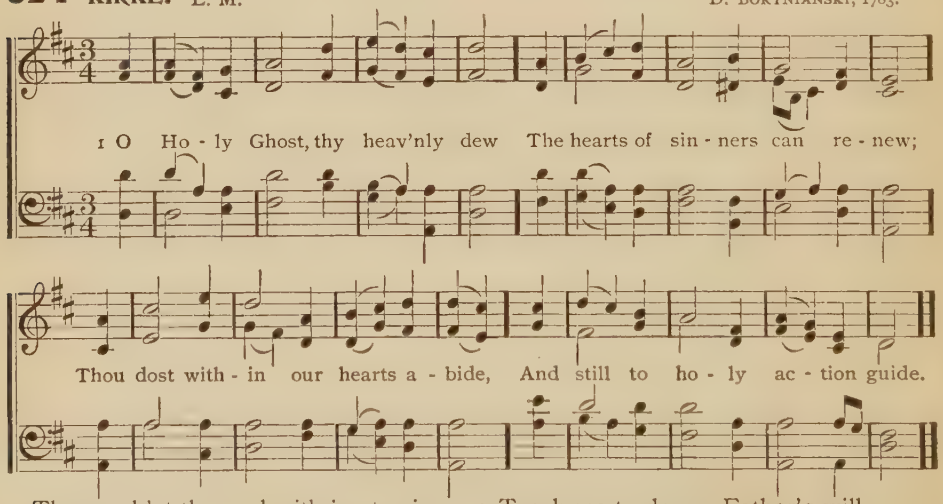
3 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
Pity our deep distress;
Thou art the contrite sinner's friend,
Thy waiting servants bless.

4 We bless Thee for thy grace
And thine almighty power;
We bless Thee for thy holy place
And this accepted hour.

Oswald Allen, 1862.

324 KIRKE. L. M.

D. BORTNIANSKI, 1783.



2 Thou mak'st the soul with joy to sing,
When sorrow's clouds are deepening;
With Jesus Christ Thou mak'st us one,
Earnest of heav'n from God's high throne.

3 Best gift of God, and man's true friend,
Into my inmost soul descend;
The mind of Jesus Christ impart
And consecrate to Thee my heart.

4 Teach me to do my Father's will,
To lie beneath his guidance still;
Lighten my mind, and O incline
My heart to make his pleasure mine.

5 From spot and blemish make me pure,
My future bliss in heaven secure;
When lost in darkness give me light,
And cheer me through death's dreary night.

Lavater, 1770. Tr. Frances E. Cox.

325 ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all thy plen - i - tude of grace, Wher - e'er the foot of man hath trod, De - - scend on our a - pos - tate race, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations far and nigh,
The triumphs of thy cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1825.

326

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou my guardian, Thou my guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to me display,
And make me know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from Thee may ne'er depart.

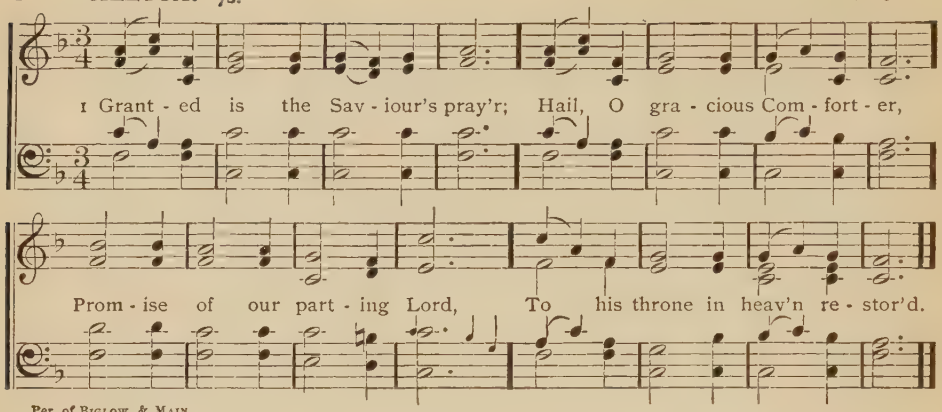
3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest.

4 Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from his pastures stray;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Simon Browne.

327 ALETTA. 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1858.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals his abode;
He whom heaven cannot contain
Dwelleth in the heart of man.

3 There He helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans,
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs th' unutterable prayer.

4 Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Lighten there thy heav'nly fire;
Day by day our life renew,
Thou the gift and giver too.

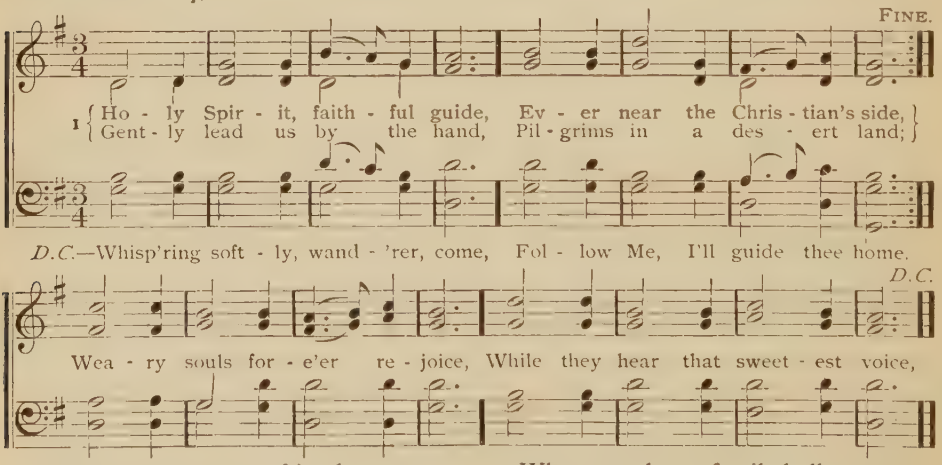
5 Brood Thou o'er our nature's night;
Kindle darkness into light,
Spread thy overshadowing wings,
Order from confusion springs.

6 Pain and sin and sorrow cease,
Thee we taste, and all is peace;
Joy divine in Thee we prove,
Light of truth and fire of love.

John Wesley.

328 GUIDE. 7s. D.

M. M. WELLS.



2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer, come,
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heav'n and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer, come,
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

329 FABER. 7s. D.

Arr. by SCHWING.

1 By the first bright Eas-ter day, When the stone was roll'd a - way,

By the glo - ry round Thee shed At thy ris - ing from the dead,

King of glo - ry hear our cry, Make us soon thy joys to see,

Where enthroned in maj - es - ty Count - less an - gels sing to Thee.

2 By thy parting blessing given,
As Thou didst ascend to heaven,
By the cloud of living light
That received Thee out of sight,
King of glory, hear our cry, etc.

3 By that rushing sound of might,
Coming down from heaven's height,
By the cloven tongues of flame
That on thy apostles came,
King of glory, hear our cry, etc.

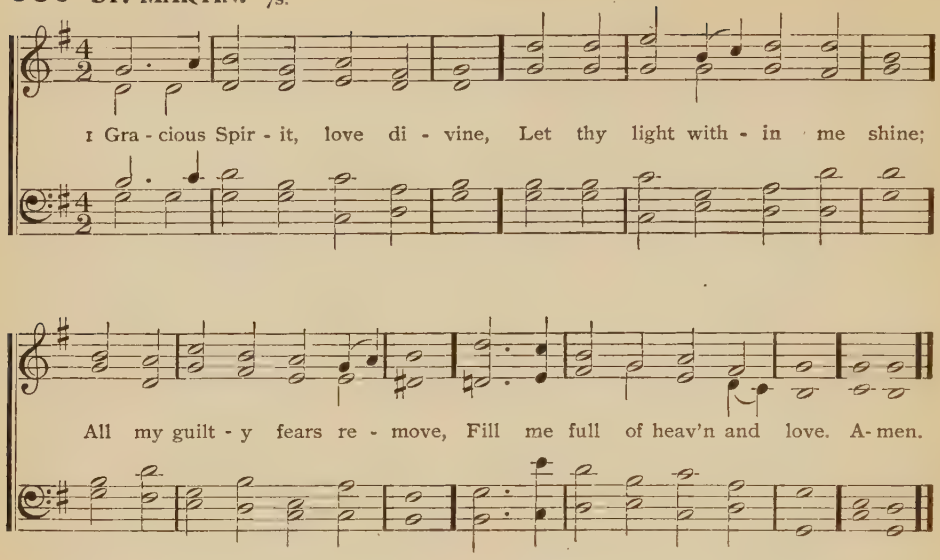
4 Only victim we can plead,
Great High Priest to intercede,
Showing that which can alone
For the sin of man atone;
Lamb of God, O hear our cry, etc.

5 In the dreadful judgment-day,
When the world shall pass away,
Be the merciful decree
That our friend the Judge shall be;
King of glory, hear our cry, etc.

Frederick W. Faber.

330 ST. MARTIN. 7s.

OLD FRENCH MELODY.



2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

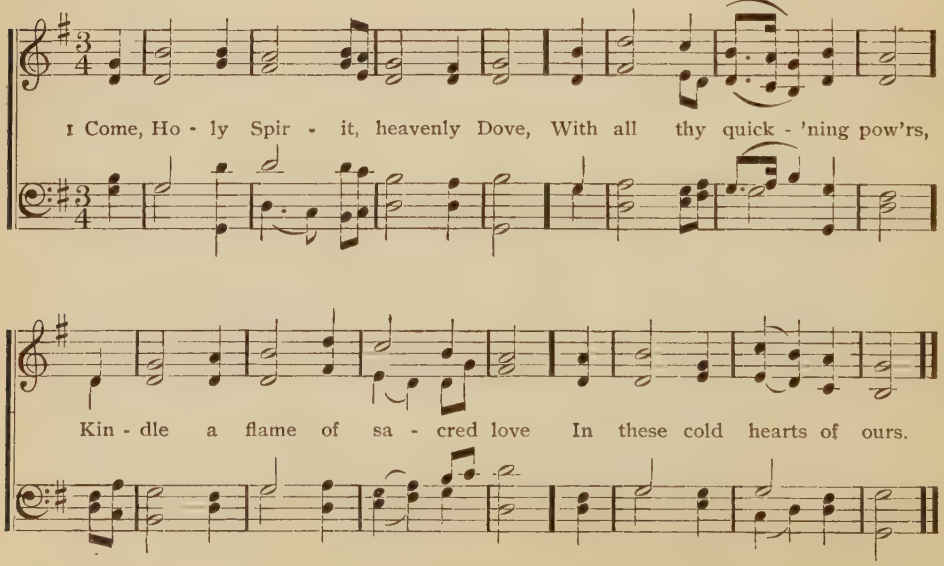
3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

John Stocker, 1776.

331 BARBY. C. M.

W. TANSUR.



2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

332

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power,
Come, Holy Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light, to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

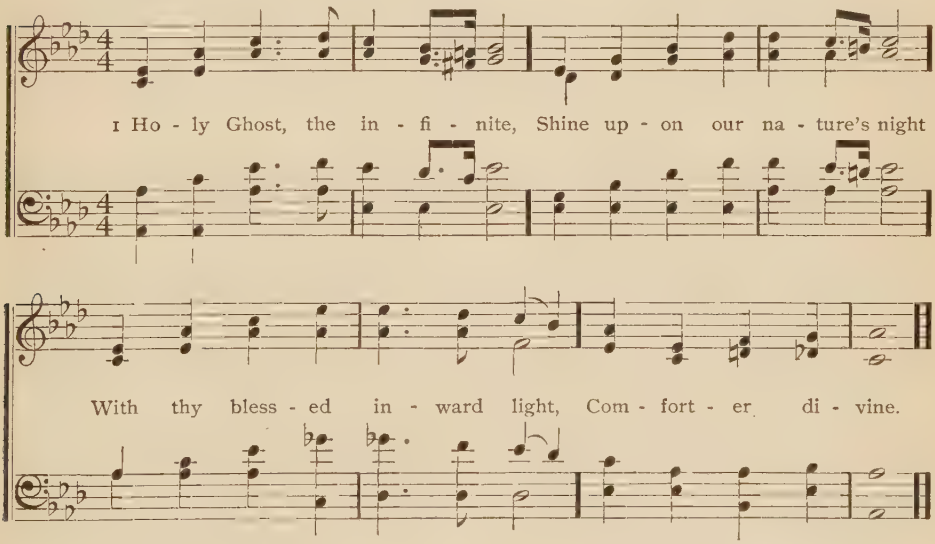
3 Come as the fire and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With pentecostal grace,
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

A. Reed, 1841.

333 PARACLETE. 7s & 5s.

OLD MELODY.



2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord,
We are faint, thy strength afford,
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Like the dew, thy peace distil,
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

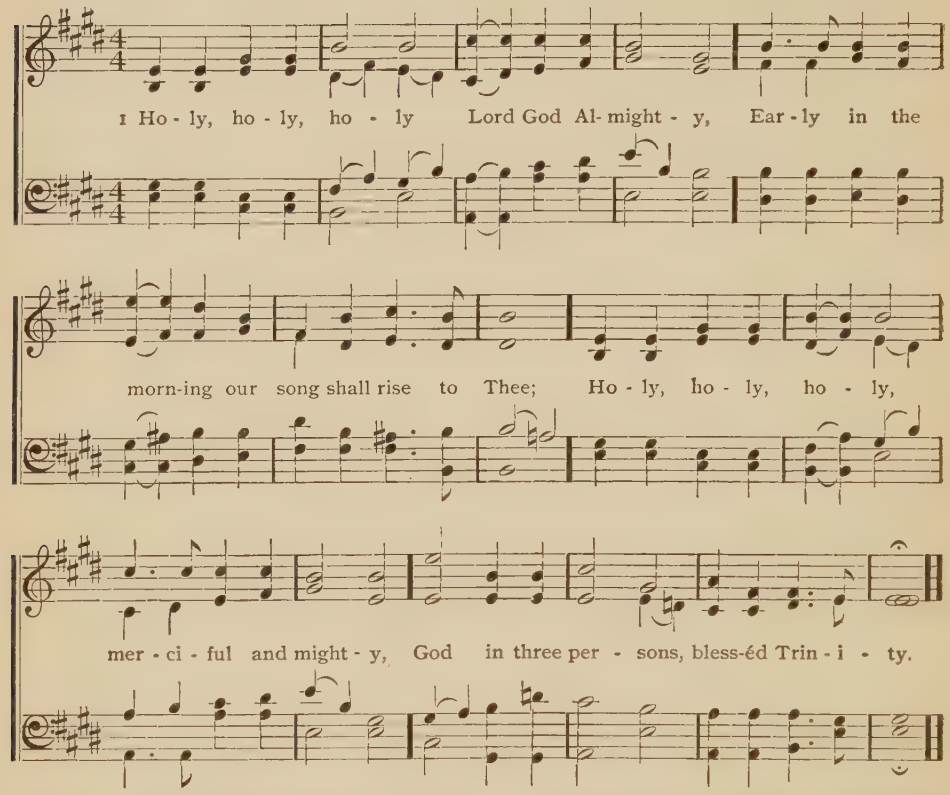
4 In us "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

5 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter divine.

Trinity Sunday.

334 NICÆA. P. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee, [be.
Which wert and art and evermore shalt

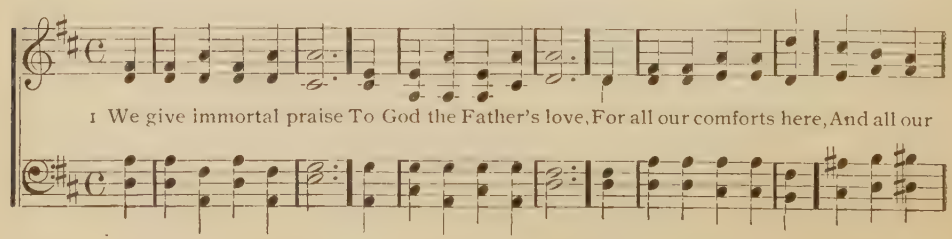
3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide Thee, [may not see,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

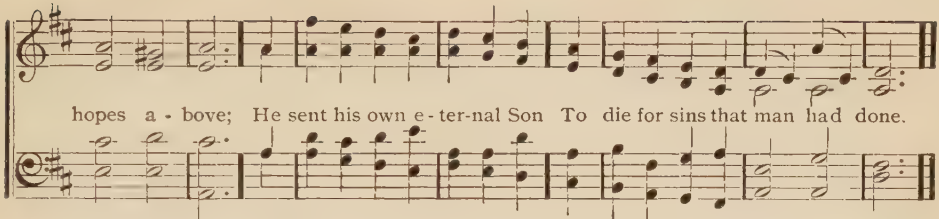
4 Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty,
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Reginald Heber, 1827.

335 HALL. H. M.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.





2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives and now he reigns
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

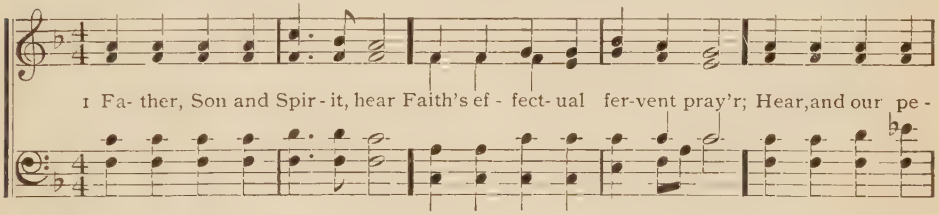
3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design
And fills the soul with joy divine.

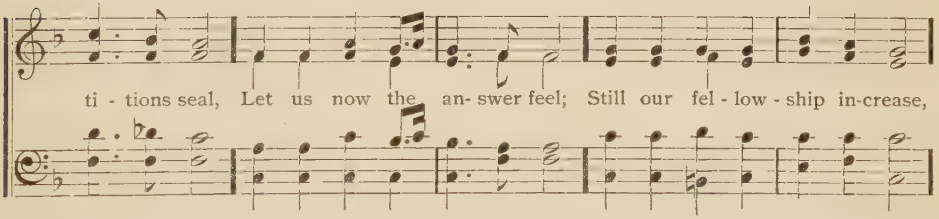
4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One;
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

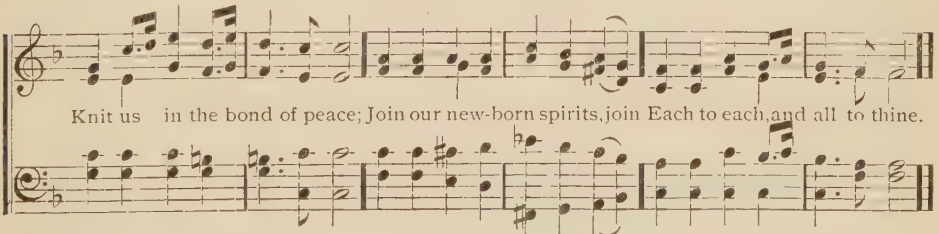
Isaac Watts.

336 BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D.

J. Blumenthal, 1824—. Arr. by H. P. Main.







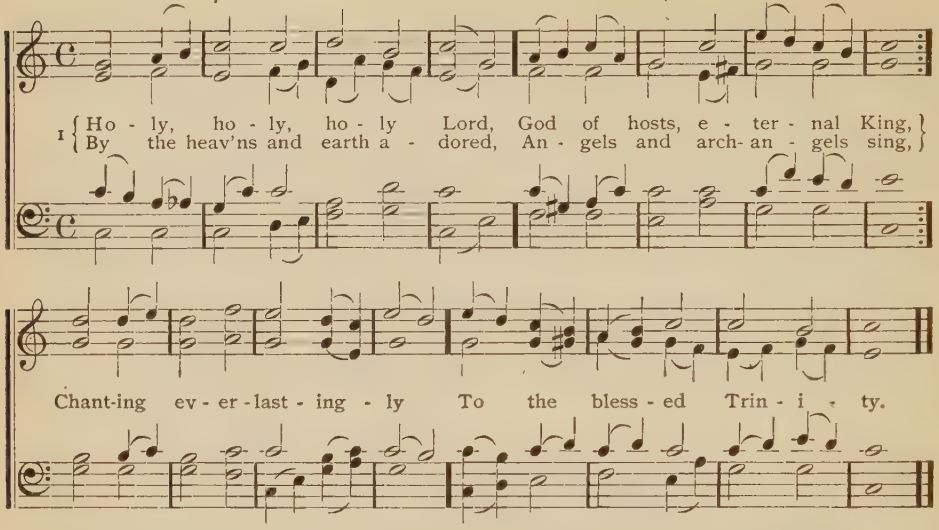
2 Build us in one body up,
Called in one high calling's hope,
One the Spirit, whom we claim,
One the pure baptismal flame,
One the faith and common Lord,
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through and in us all,
God incomprehensible.

3 One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this;
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow;
Rise eternal in our heart,
Thou our long-sought Eden art,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

Charles Wesley.

337 PENTZ. 7s. 6 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING.



2 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest, before thy throne,
Speeding thence at thy command,
And when thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

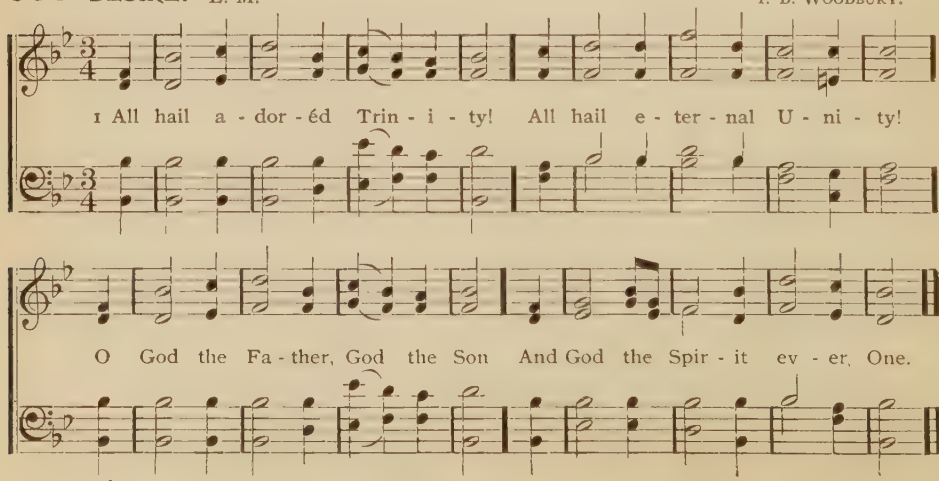
4 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee
Thee the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

5 In thy name baptized are we,
With thy blessing are dismiss'd;
And thrice holy chant to Thee
In the holy eucharist;
Life is one doxology
To the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth.

338 DESIRE. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Behold to Thee, this festal day,
We meekly pour our thankful lay;
O let our work accepted be,
That sweetest work of praising Thee.

3 Three persons praise we evermore,
One only God our hearts adore;
In thy sure mercy ever kind
May we our true protection find.

4 O Trinity! O Unity!
Be present as we worship Thee;
And with the songs that angels sing
Unite the hymns of praise we bring.

339

1 FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

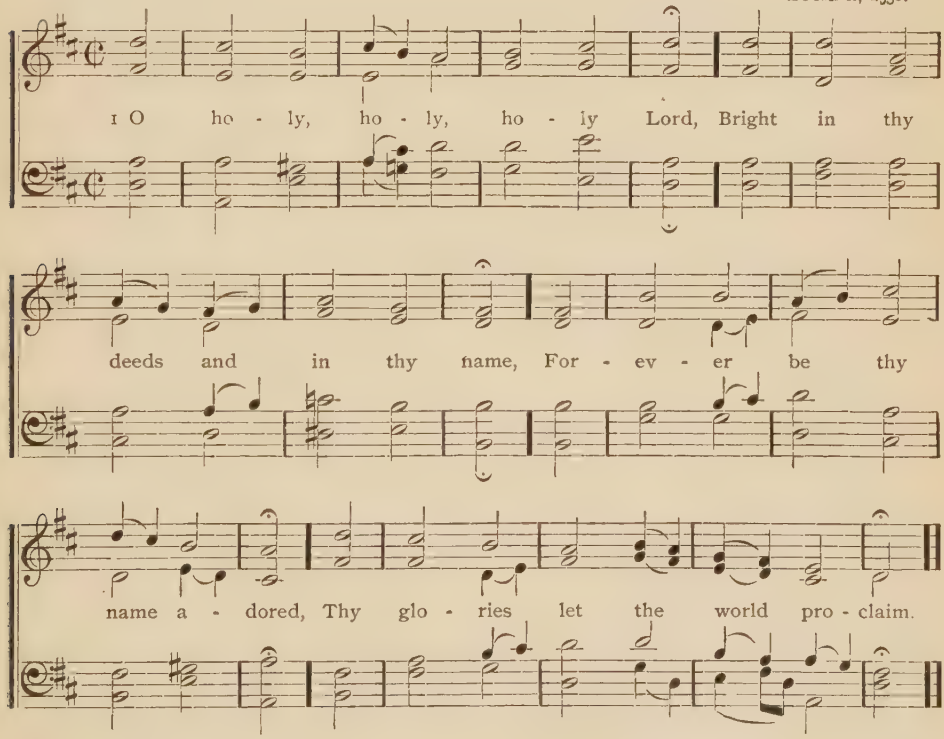
2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy quick'ning power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

340 TRINITY. L. M.

LUTHER, 1530.



2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

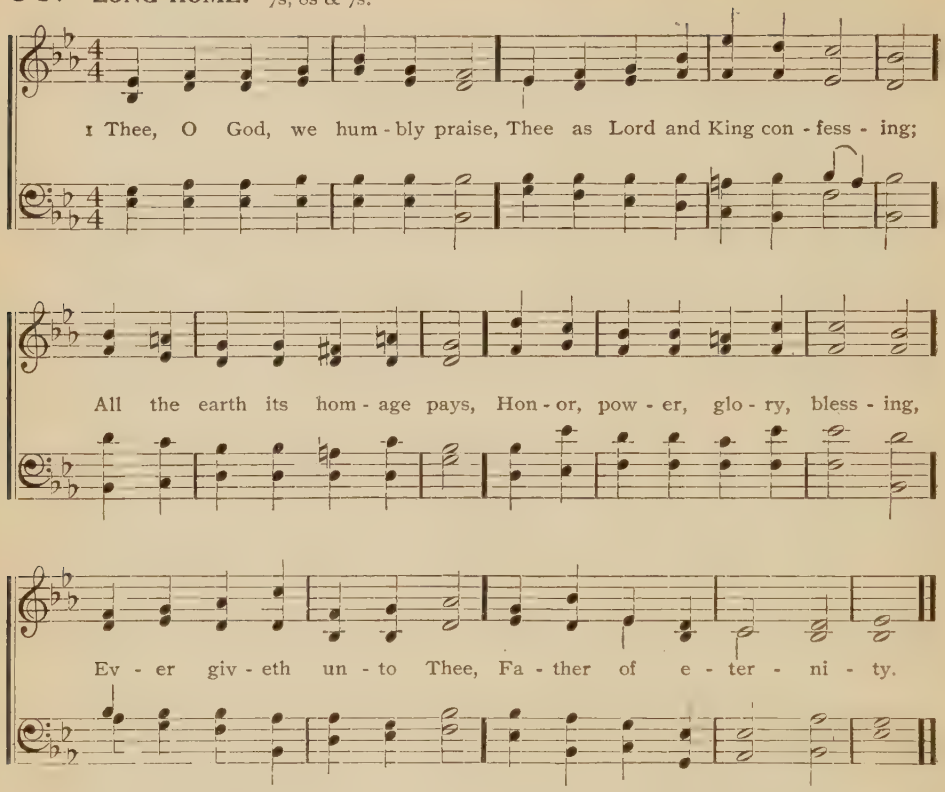
3 O Holy Spirit, from above
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstacy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and [heav'n.

4 O God triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning [tongue.

James Wallis Eastburne, 1819.

341 LONG HOME. 7s, 8s & 7s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



2 All the angels join the hymn,
All the powers of heav'n replying,
Cherubim to seraphim,
With unwearied voices crying,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts, be Thou adored.

3 Thee, th' apostles' glorious choir,
Prophets ranked in goodly number,
Martyrs robed in white attire,
Praise, and never sleep nor slumber;
Loud their hallelujahs rise,
Rolling through the vaulted skies.

4 Father, Thee the Church doth own,
Wide through every land and nation,
With thy true and only Son,
Worthy of all adoration,
And the Holy Spirit, her
Everlasting Comforter.

5 King, O Christ, ere time began
In the Father's glory reigning,
Thou, to rescue fallen man,
Neither birth nor death disdaining,
Hast to all believers giv'n
Entrance through the gate of heaven.

6 Seated now at God's right hand,
Thou shalt come as Judge; before Thee
When the quick and dead shall stand
Help thy servants, we implore Thee;
Make them with thy saints to shine;
In eternal glory thine.

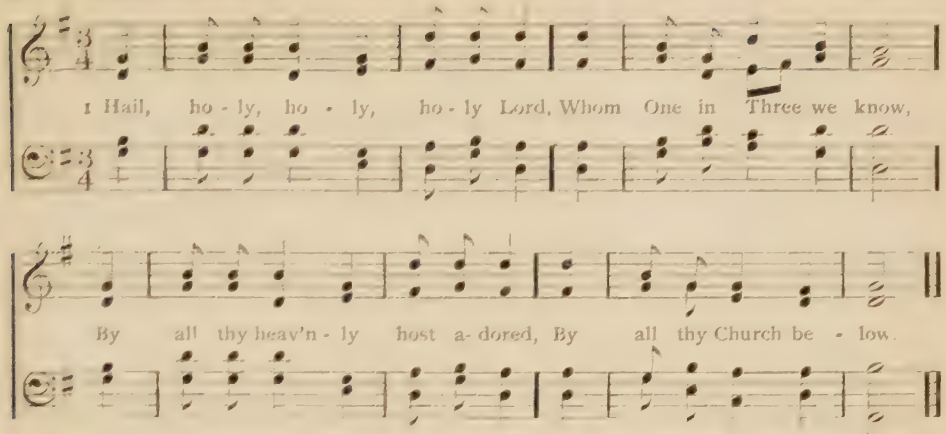
7 Save thy people, Lord, we pray,
Bless thy heritage forever,
Rule and lift them up alway;
Thee we magnify and never
Cease to praise thy holy name,
Through all ages still the same.

8 Lord, this day from every ill
Guard us till the evening closes;
Lord, have mercy on us still,
As in Thee our hope reposes;
All my trust is stayed on Thee,
Let me ne'er confounded be.

Ambrose. Tr. by Thomas C. Porter, 1859.

342 MARLOW. C. M.

JOHN CHETHAM.



2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

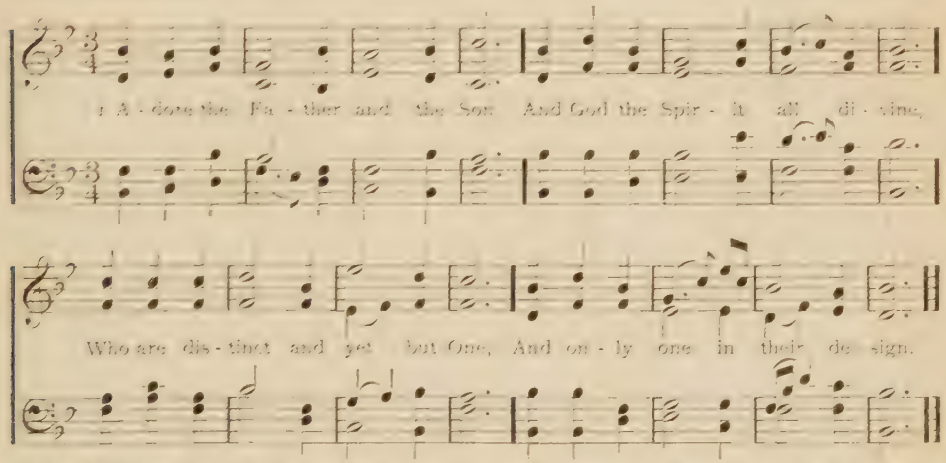
3 Thee, holy Father, we confess,
Thee, holy Son, adore,
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 Three persons equally divine
We magnify and love,
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing thy praise above.

5 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be,
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three.

343 MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN, 1822.



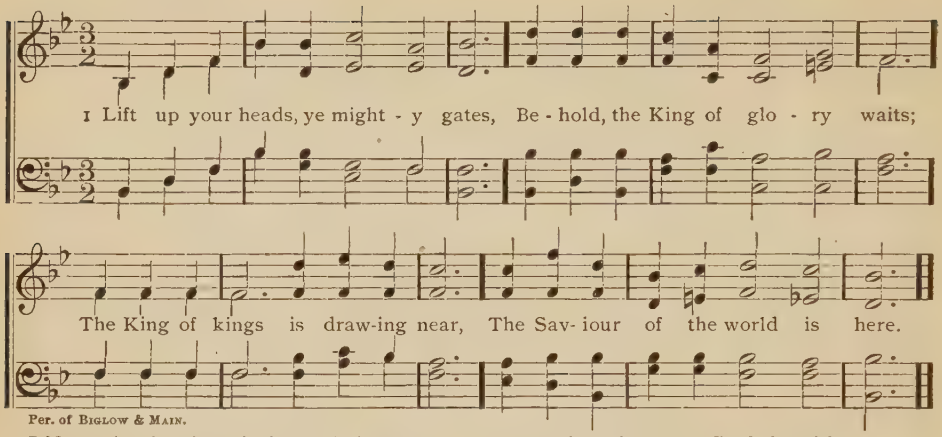
2 In his own Son the Father shone
In rays of majesty and light;
In Him the Deity came down,
Man with the Godhead to unite.

3 Almighty Spirit, glorious God,
To Thee our humble notes we raise;
Thy quick'ning grace we'll sound abroad,
While we have breath thy name to praise.

4 Thus we'll adore the sacred Three,
From whence our whole salvation came,
And still through vast eternity
Thy endless grandeur loud proclaim.

344 WELLERD. L. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1869.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing
Eternal praise, my God, to Thee,
Creator, wise is thy decree.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

4 So shall your sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin;
Eternal praise, my God, be thine,
For word and deed and grace divine.

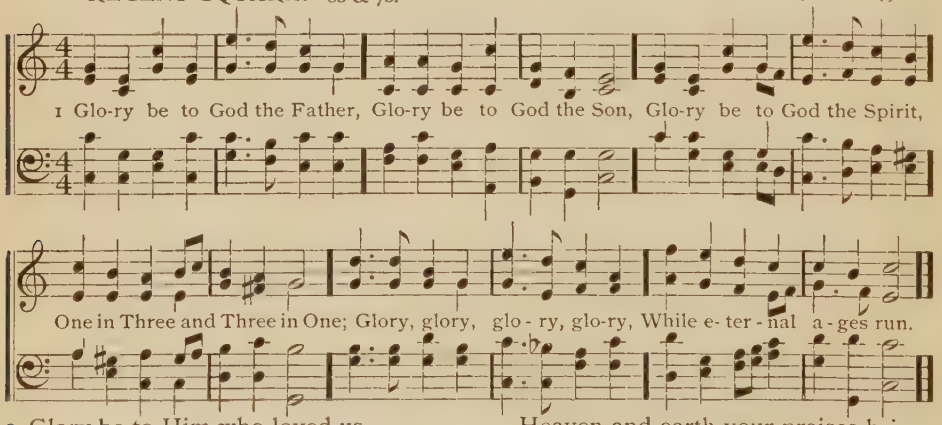
5 Redeemer, come; I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide;
Let me thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal be won;
Eternal praise, eternal fame,
Be offered, Saviour, to thy name.

George Weisel, 1635. Tr. by Cath. Winkworth, 1855.

345 REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s.

H. SMART, 1812—1879.



2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign;
Glory, glory, glory, glory
To the Lamb that once was slain.

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring;
Glory, glory, glory, glory
To the King of glory bring.

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal,
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion,
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings.

346 MOULTRIE. 8s & 7s. D.

GERARD COBB.

1 Lord of glo - ry, Thou has bought us With thy life-blood as the price,

Nev - er grudg - ing for the lost ones That tre-men-dous sac - ri - fice;

And with that hast free - ly giv - en Bless - ings count-less as the sand,

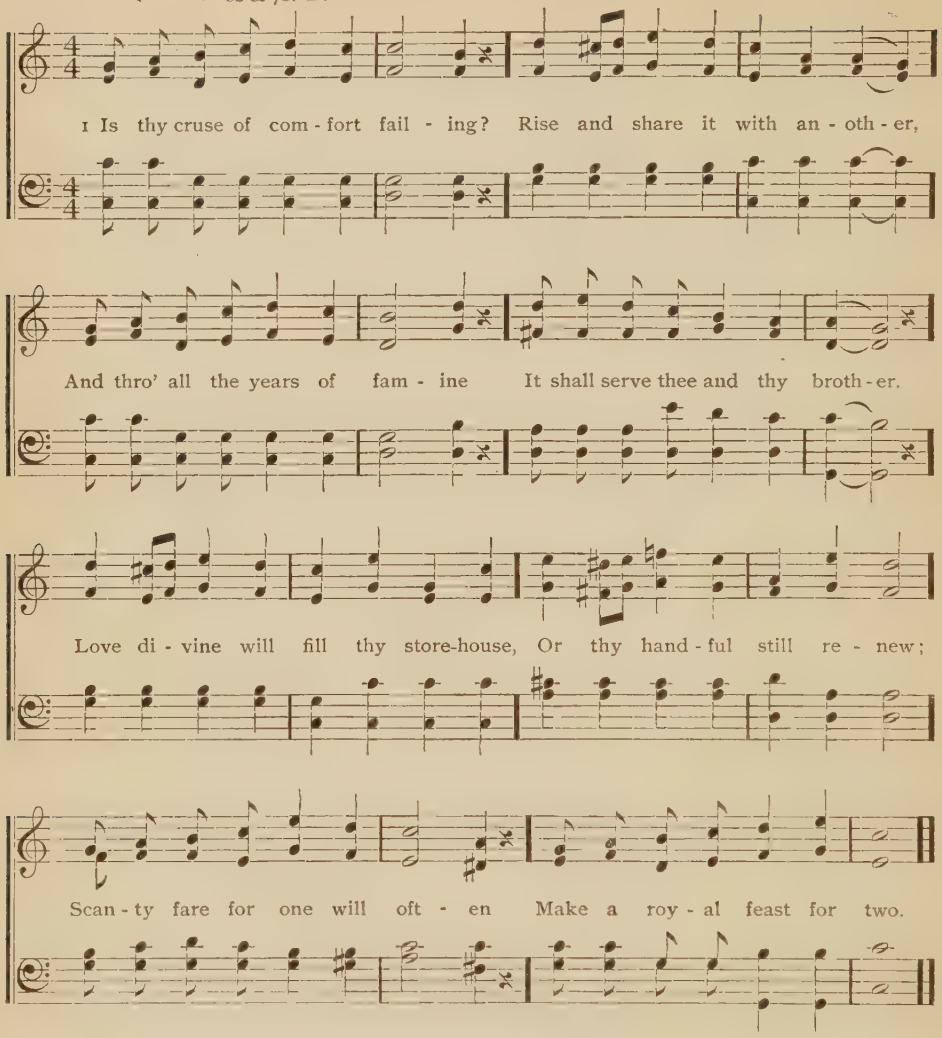
To th' unthank-ful and the e - vil With thine own un - spar - ing hand.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee
Gladly, freely, of thine own;
With the sunshine of thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blesséd
'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto me;"
Give us faith to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
But, O best of all thy graces,
Give us thine own charity.

Eliza Sibbald Alderson, 1868.

347 CARITAS. 8s & 7s. D.



2 For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.

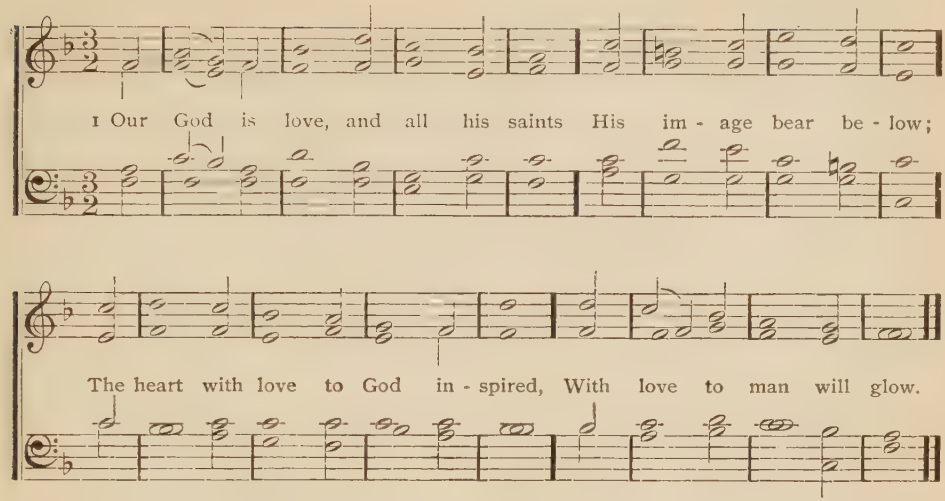
3 Numb and weary on the mountains,
Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

4 Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

Elizabeth Charles.

348 LOVE. C. M.

J. RICHARDSON.



2 O may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved of Thee;
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.

4 So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
"See how the Christians love."

Thomas Cotterill.

349

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breast
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
Enthroned above the skies,
And when He saw their lost estate
Felt his compassion rise.

5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,
Should love each other too.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

350

1 DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast Thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

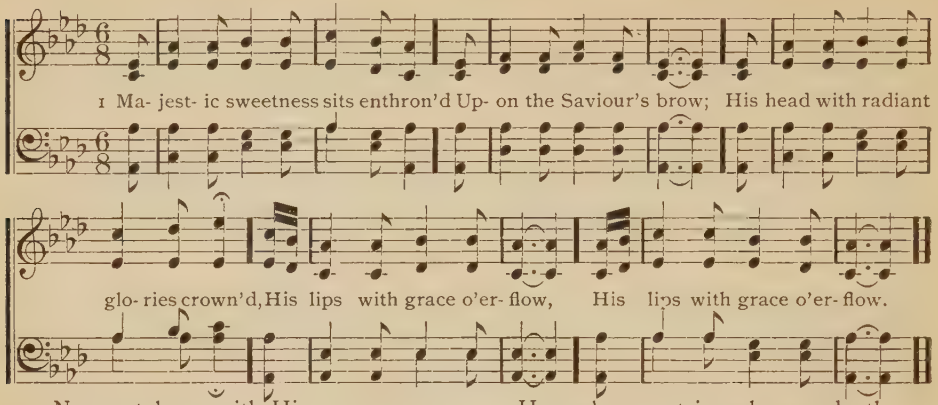
4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

5 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But O I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

351 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.



2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heav'nly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death
And saves me from the grave.

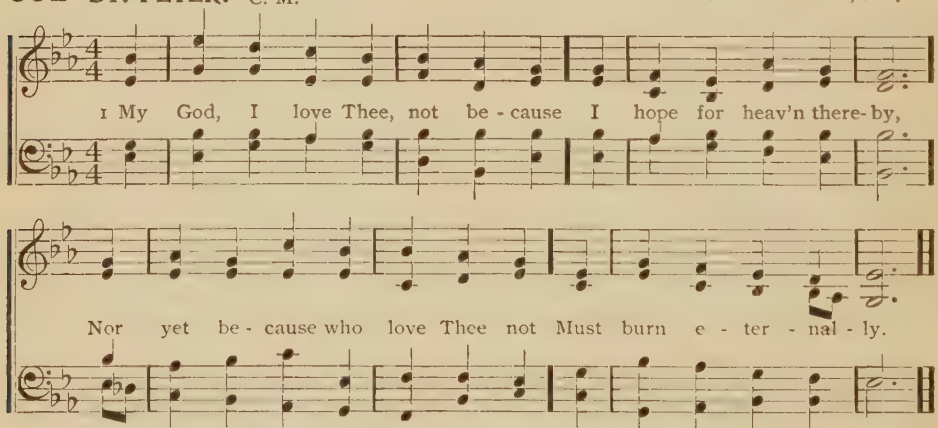
5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

352 ST. PETER. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826.



2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace,
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself, and all for me
Who was thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven
Nor of escaping hell,

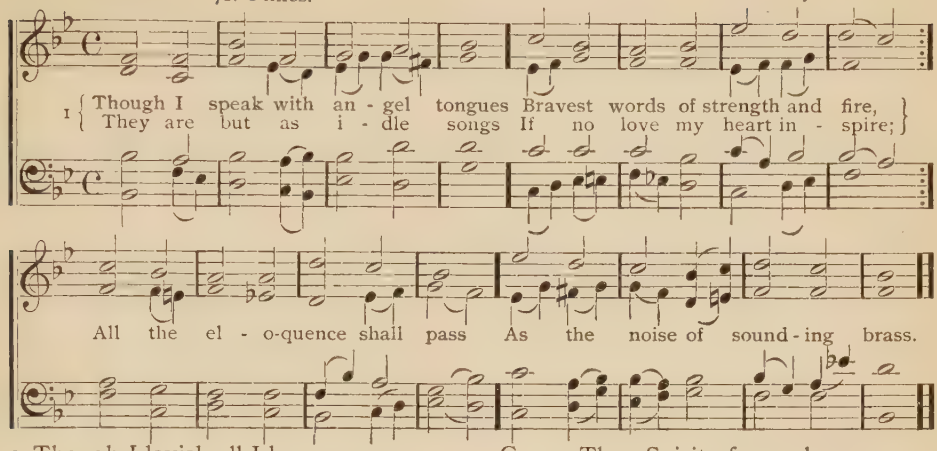
5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward,
But as Thyself hast lovéd me,
O ever-loving Lord,

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King.

Xavier, 1516. Tr. by E. Caswall, 1848.

353 FELTON. 7s. 6 lines.

Arr. by SCHWING.



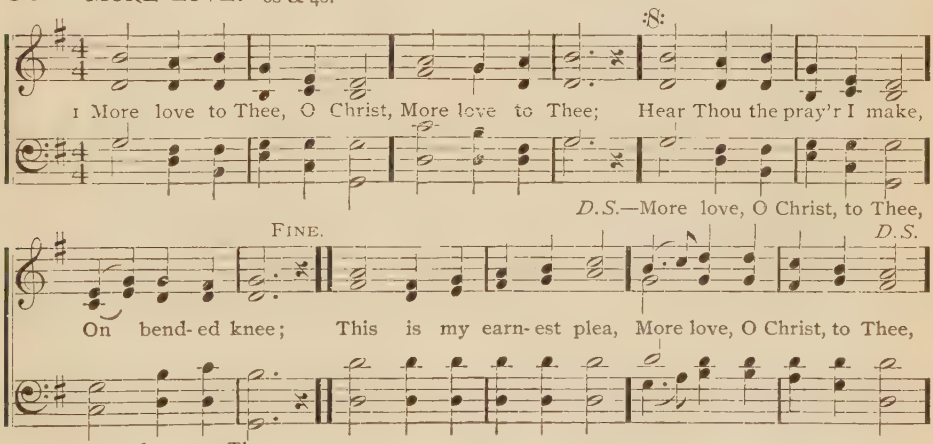
2 Though I lavish all I have
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see,
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, Thou Spirit of pure love,
Who didst forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove;
Let me all thine impulse heed,
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired by Thee.

Tr. by C. Winkworth.

354 MORE LOVE. 6s & 4s.

T. E. PERKINS.



Per. of T. E. PERKINS. Copyright.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

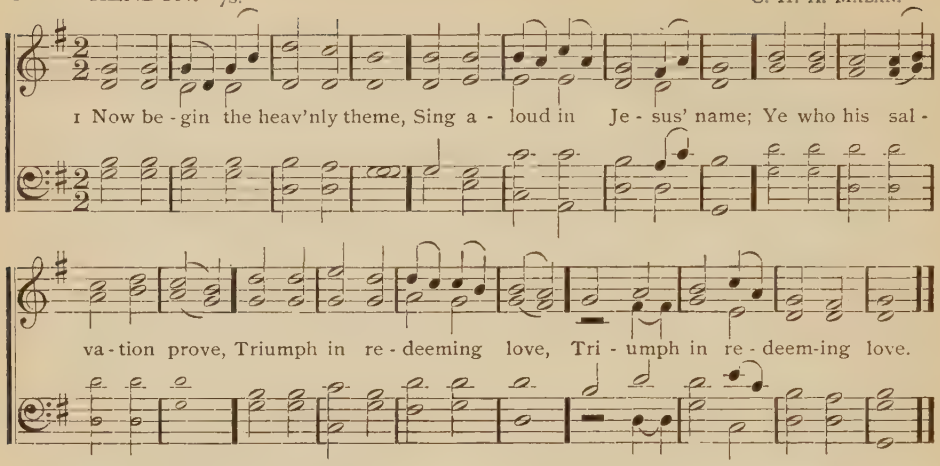
3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, 1869.

355 HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. Malan.



2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdued th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

M. Madan.

356

1 EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left his throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright,

2 He who on th' accursed tree
Gave his precious life for me,
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 He who now, enthroned above,
Still retains his heart of love,
Marking still each falling tear
Of his burdened pilgrims here,

4 He who wields creation's rod,
He, my brother, yet my God,
Faithful He, whate'er betide,
Is my everlasting guide.

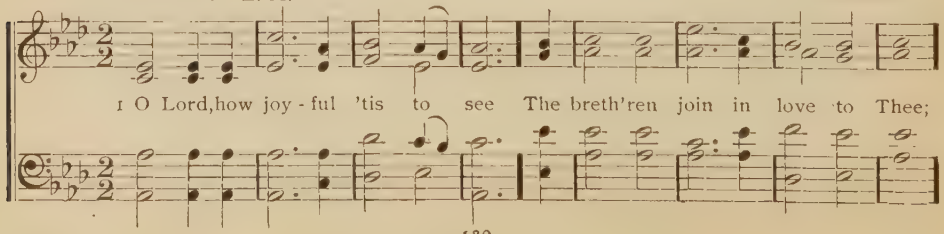
5 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and seas will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run;

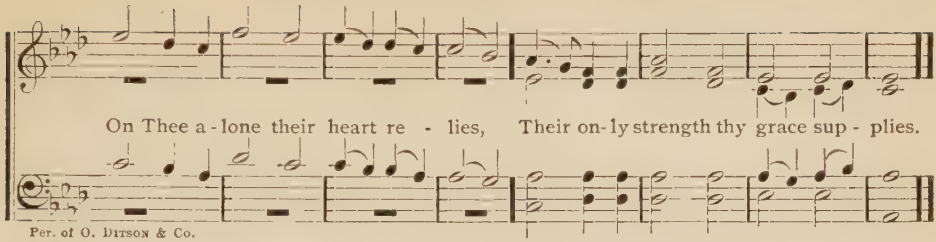
6 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the changeless cannot change;
Gladly will I journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

T. R. Macduff.

357 WEBSTER. L. M.

I. B. Woodbury.





Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 How sweet within thy holy place,
With one accord to sing thy grace,
Besieging thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly giv'n,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by J. Chandler.

358

1 JESUS, most merciful and kind,
Beloved and loving, both combined,
Jesus, Thou good and gracious one,
Of Mary and of God the Son,

2 Who can conceive or who record
What bliss it is to love Thee, Lord?
To dwell in humble faith with Thee
Is boundless, full felicity.

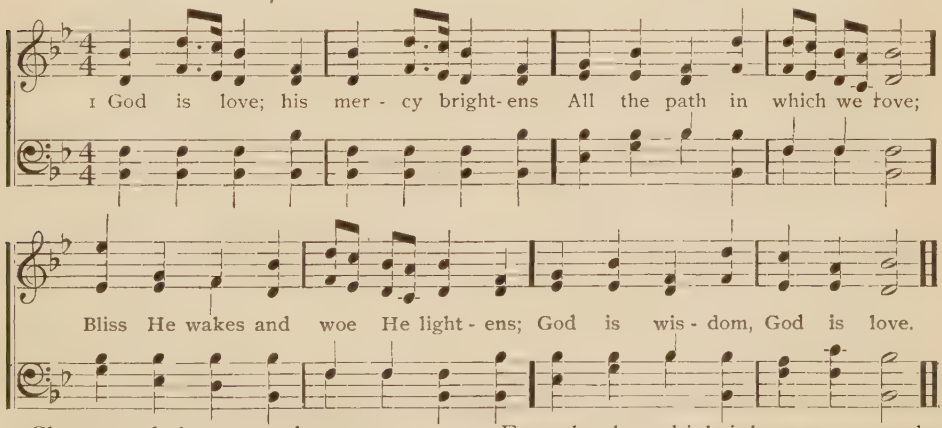
3 Let saints below and saints above
Show forth thy faithful, endless love,
And know the joy thy people see
Who suffer and who weep with Thee.

4 Infinite Majesty above,
Our hope, our life, our joy and love,
Thy fulness, Jesus, let us see,
And evermore abide in Thee.

5 Thus, seeing and enjoying Thee,
In earth and heav'n our joy shall be;
And grateful praise to Thee be giv'n,
Through all the blissful life of heav'n.

359 WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

Carl Maria von Weber.



2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move,
But his mercy waneth never,
God is wisdom, God is love.

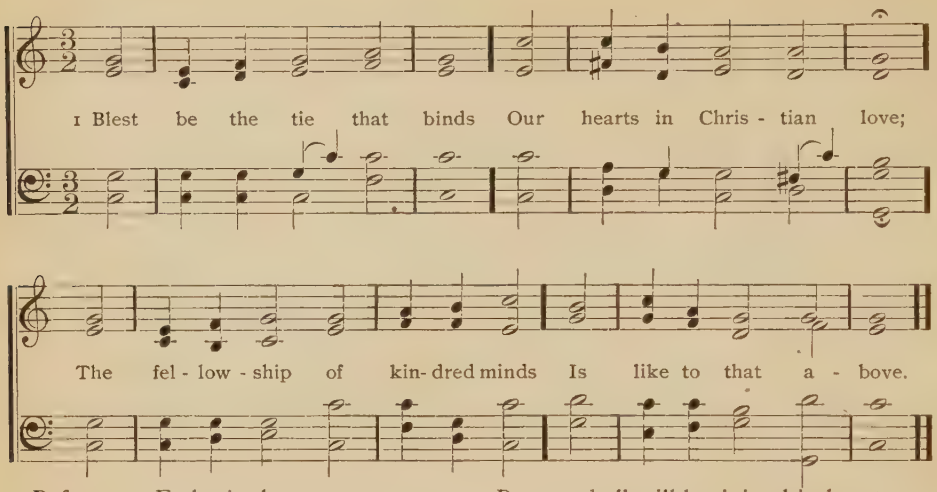
3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. Bowring.

360 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

361

1 WE give Thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus,
As stewards true, receive,
And gladly as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

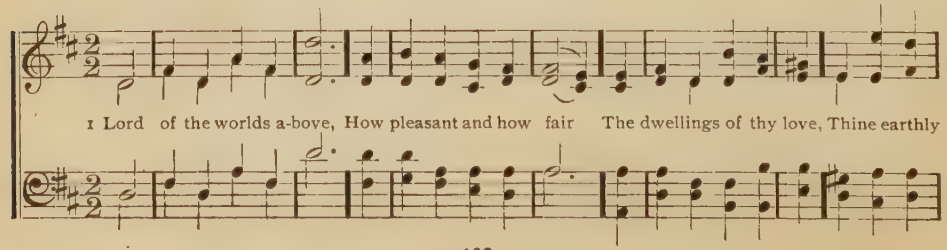
4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christlike thing.

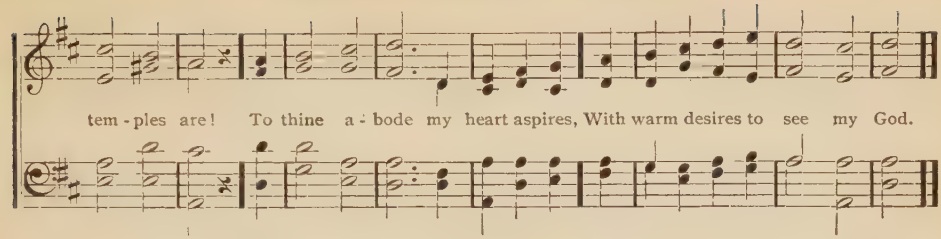
5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1854.

362 DARWALL. H. M.

J. DARWALL, 1731—1789.





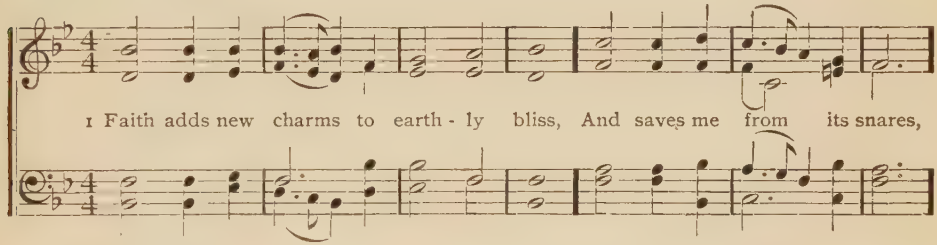
2 O happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

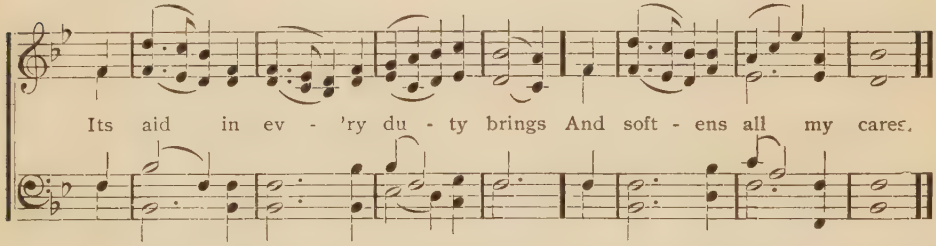
3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears;
O glorious seat, when God our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

363 HENRY. C. M.

S. B. Pond, 1834.





2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood,
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then on faith's triumphant wings
To endless glory rise.

D. Turner.

364

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago
Or thousand years to come.

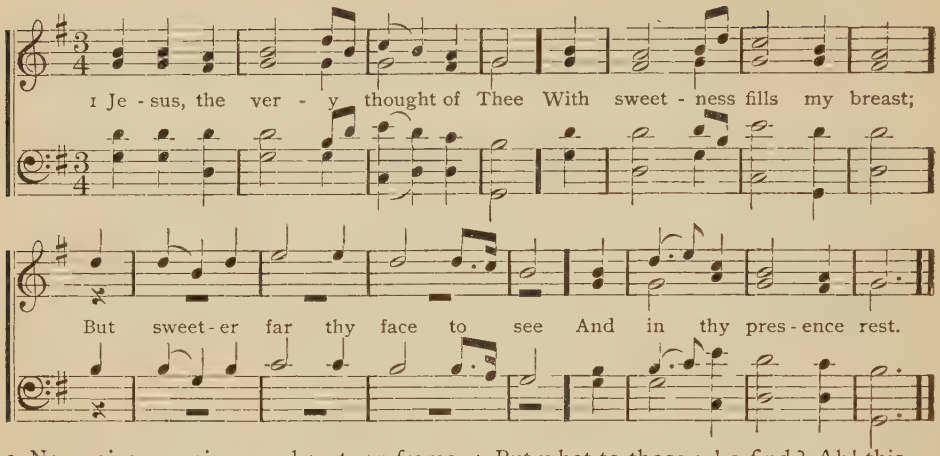
3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abram, to unknown countries led
By faith, obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

365 SOLWAY. C. M.

W. Arnold.



2 Nor voice can sing nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

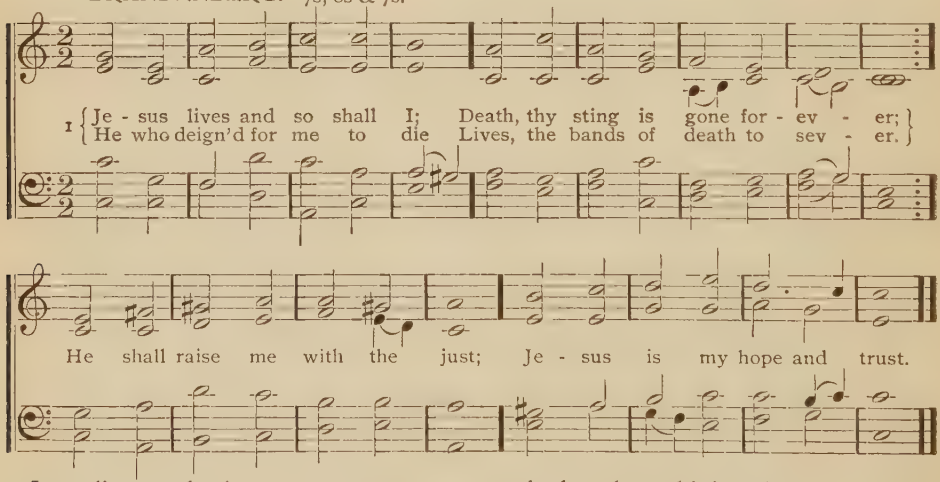
3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

366 BRANDENBERG. 7s, 8s & 7s.

German Choral.



2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme;
And, his kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with Him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised, be it must;
Jesus is my hope and trust.

3 Jesus lives, and God extends
Grace to each returning sinner;
Rebels He receives as friends,
And exalts to highest honor.
God is true as He is just;
Jesus is my hope and trust.

4 Jesus lives, and by his grace
Victory o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to his glory living.
The weak He raises from the dust;
Jesus is my hope and trust.

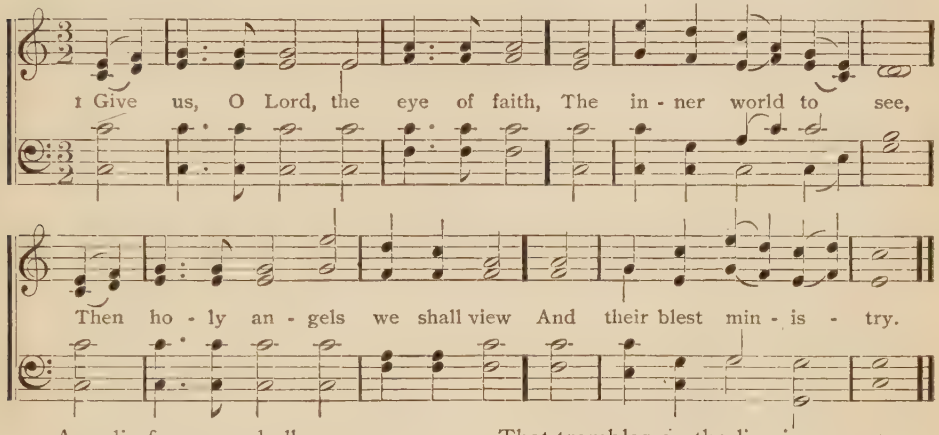
5 Jesus lives, and I am sure
Naught shall e'er from Jesus sever;
Satan's wiles and Satan's power,
Pain or pleasure, ye shall never.
Christian armor cannot rust;
Jesus is my hope and trust.

6 Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory;
Courage then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just,
Jesus is the Christian's trust.

C. F. Gellert.

367 HEBER. C. M.

George Kingsley, 1838.



2 Angelic faces we shall see,
Angelic wings o'erspread
Above thy holy altar, Lord,
And Thee, the living bread.

3 And we shall hear angelic harps
And heav'nly minstrelsy,
When one repenting sinner turns
With contrite heart to Thee.

4 And when we see the deep'ning calm,
And watch the quiv'ring breath
That trembles on the lips in prayer
Of holy saints in death,

5 Then angel ministers will be
Unveiléd to our eyes,
Waiting to waft the faithful soul
In peace to Paradise.

6 O give us grace as angels here
To live in holy love,
That the last trump may summon us
To bliss with them above.

Christopher Wordsworth.

368

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heav'nly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come, [bliss
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst.

369

1 LORD, I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

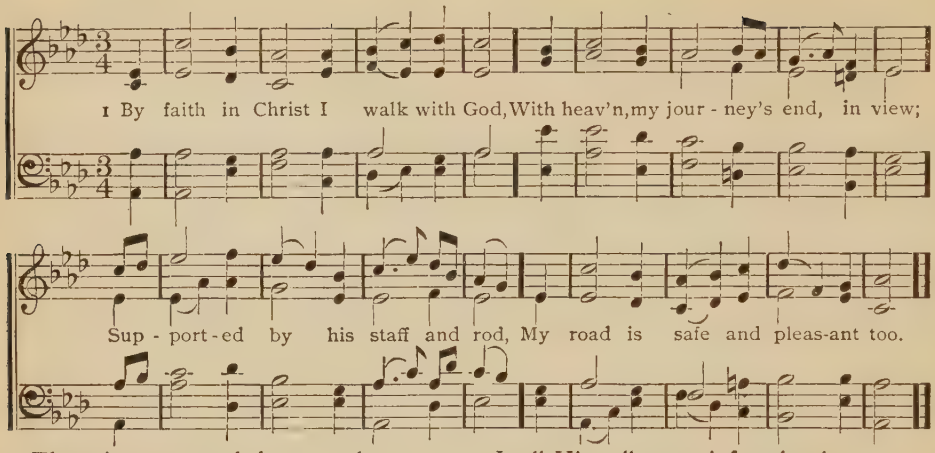
3 Lord, I believe; but oft I know
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow,
"Help Thou mine unbelief."

J. R. Wreford.

370 SEASONS. L. M.

I. PLEYEL.



2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.

3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

4 With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals his love to me.

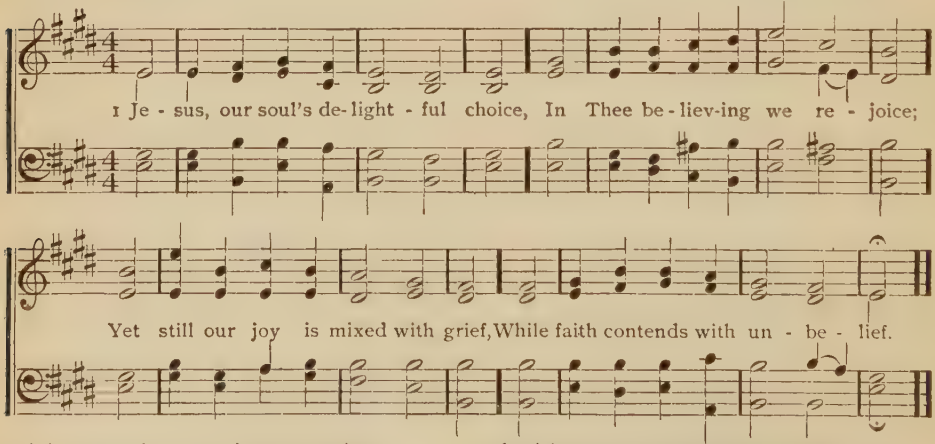
5 Some cordial from his word He brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

6 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee, my guide, my guard, my friend.

John Newton.

371 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Thy promises our hearts revive
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt and fears and sorrows rise
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 Do Thou the languid spark inflame,
That we may conquer in thy name;
And let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mould'ring in the dust.

4 Unequal to the conflict, Lord,
Too weak to wield the shield or sword,
On thine almighty arm we fall,
Be Thou our Jesus and our all.

372 BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

I. PLEYEL.

1 { While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing power, Be my vain wish-es still'd; }
{ And may this con - se - crat - ed hour (*Omit.* . . . . . } With

bet - ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought be-stow'd, To Thee my

thoughts would soar; Thy mer- cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a-dore.

2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see,
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams, 1786.

373

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God,
I'll sing the honors of thy name
And spread thy praise abroad.
Thou boundless source of every good,
My best desires fulfil;
O help me to adore thy grace
And mark thy sovereign will.

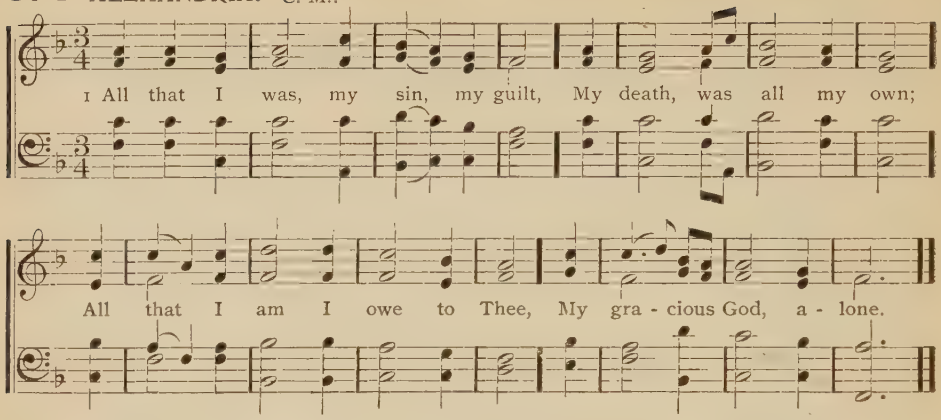
2 In all thy mercies may my soul
Thy bounteous goodness see,
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange my heart from Thee.
In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.

3 Through every period of my life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind.
Still equal and serene.
Then I may close my eyes in death
Free from distracting care,
For death is life and labor rest,
If Thou art with me there.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1744-68.

374 ALEXANDRIA. C. M.

W. Arnold.



2 The evil of my former state
Was mine and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.

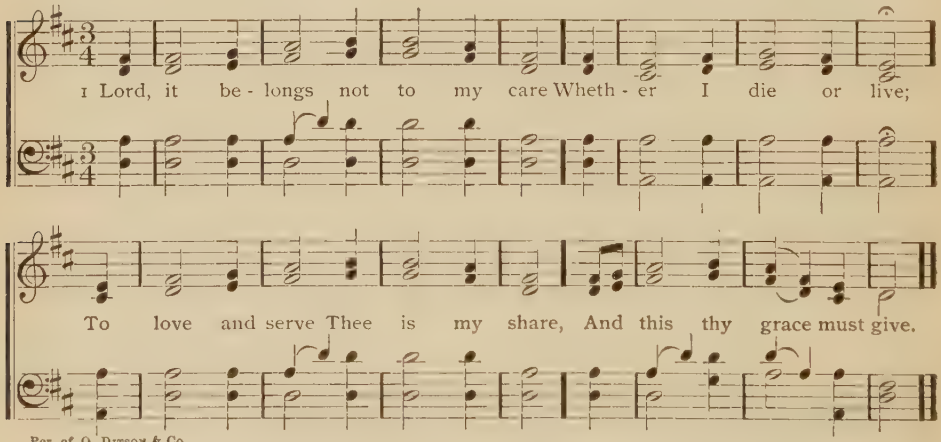
4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1850.

375 PHILLIPS. C. M.

F. Hunter. Arr. by Woodbury.



Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

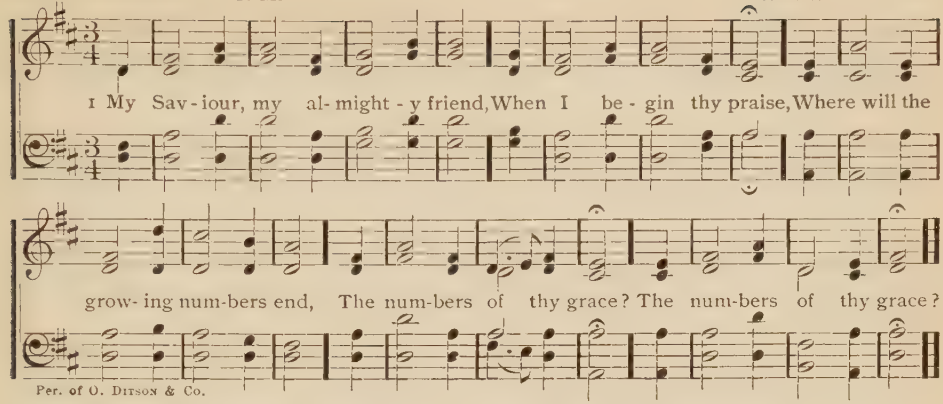
5 Then shall I end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1681.

376 TAMPICO. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

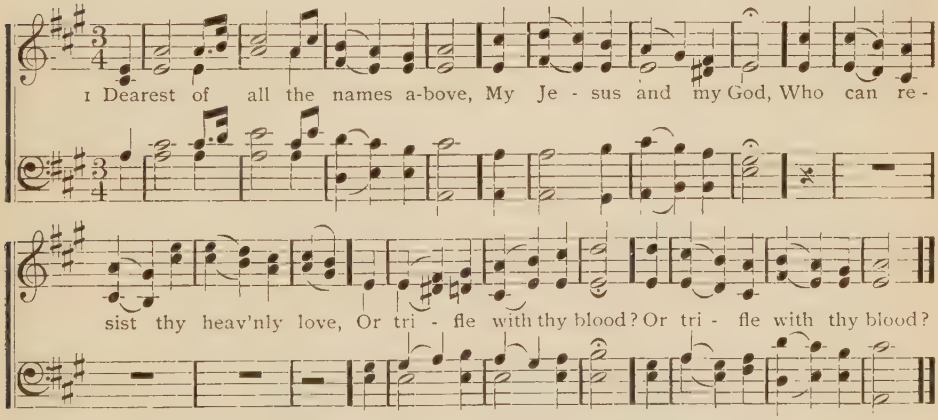
6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death hath brought my foes to [shame,
And saved me by his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

377 SWANWICK. C. M.

J. LUCAS.



2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

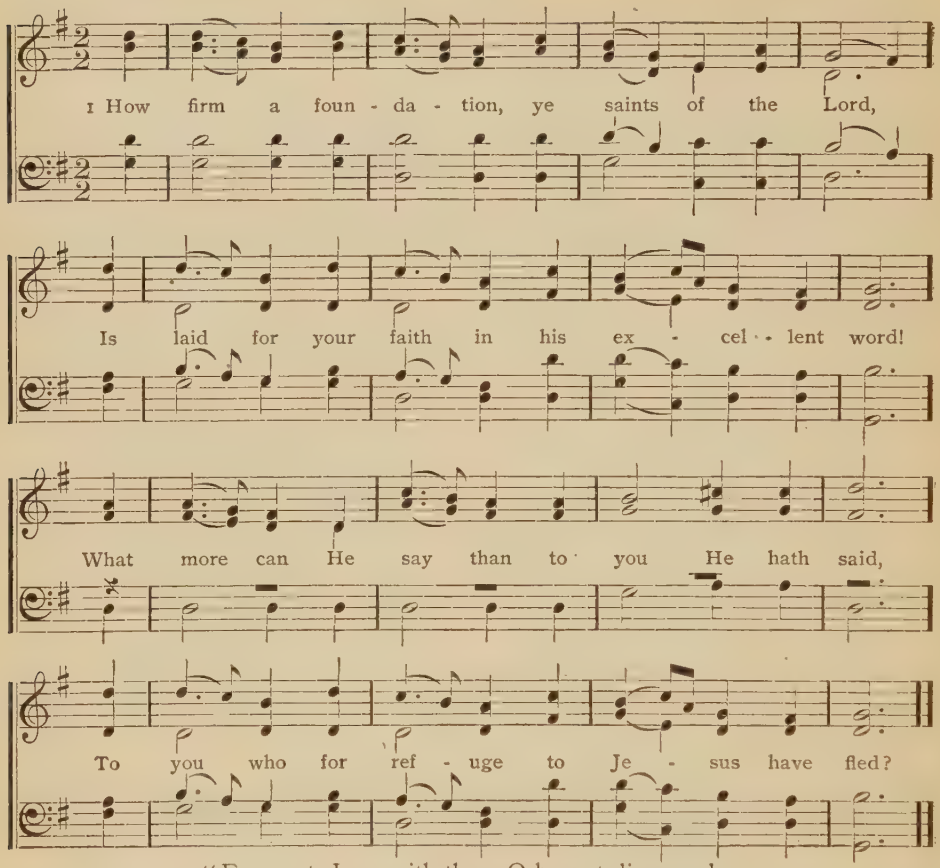
4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Isaac Watts.

378 GOSHEN. 11s.

THOS. HASTINGS. Arr.



2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

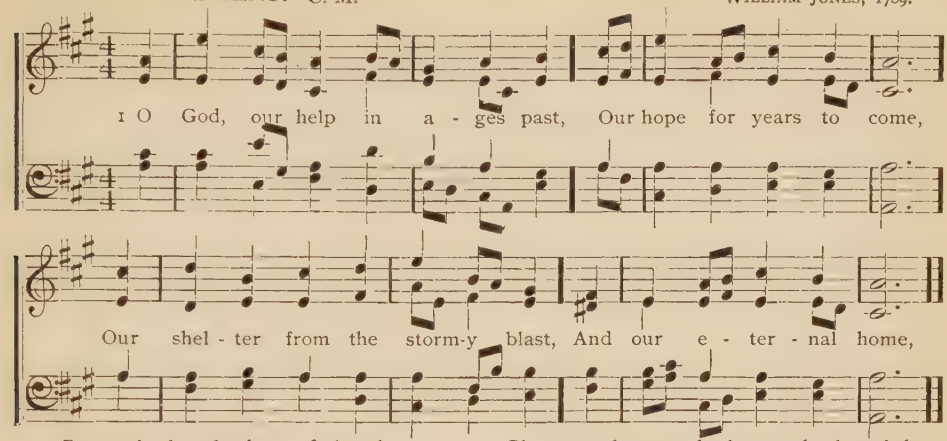
5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

George Keith, 1787.

379 ST. STEPHENS. C. M.

WILLIAM JONES, 1789.



2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

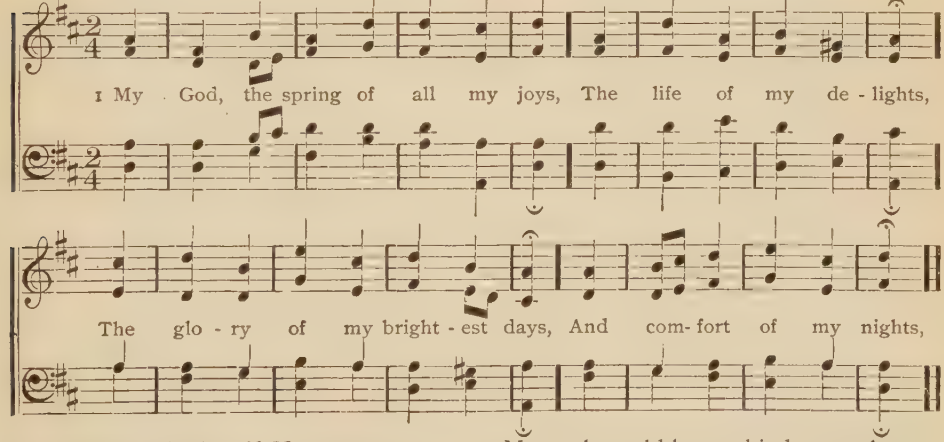
4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last
And our eternal home. Isaac Watts, 1719

380 ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WM. CROFT.



2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine
And whispers I am his.

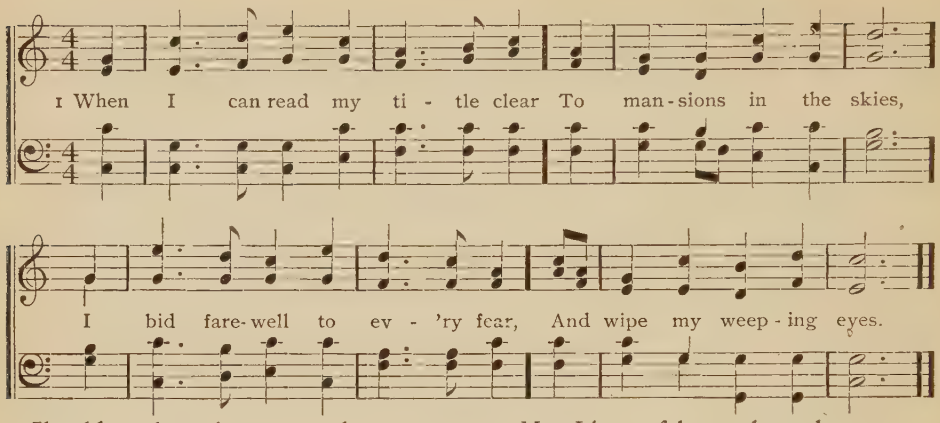
4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

381 BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BADBURY.



2 Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

382

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4 O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they and only they
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

383

1 WHEN waves of trouble round me swell
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well,
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threat'ning clouds appear,
And storms my path invade,
That voice shall calm each rising fear,
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

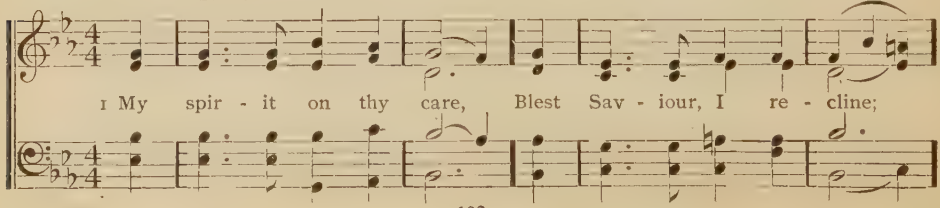
3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Saviour, be near to aid;
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

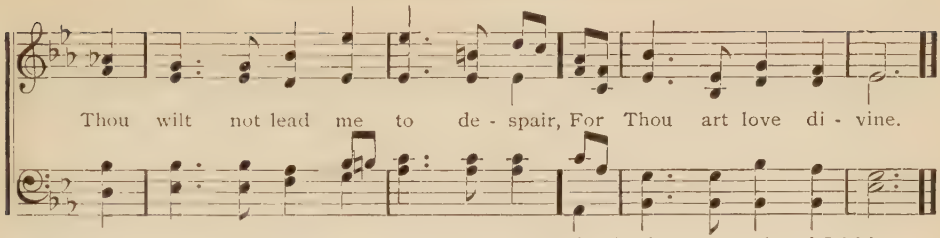
4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

Charlotte Elliott.

384 PEACE. S. M.

ALEX. E. FESCA.





2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

H. F. Lyte.

385

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands,

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe thou shalt go on;
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

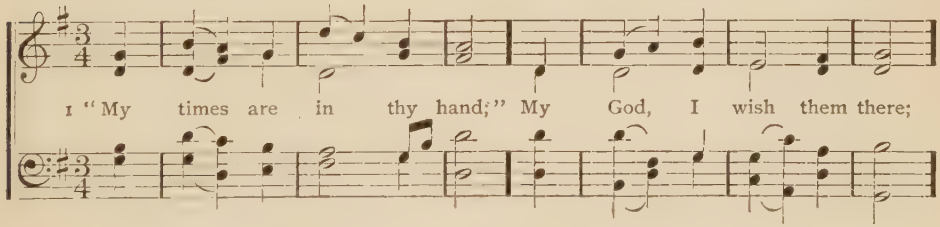
4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

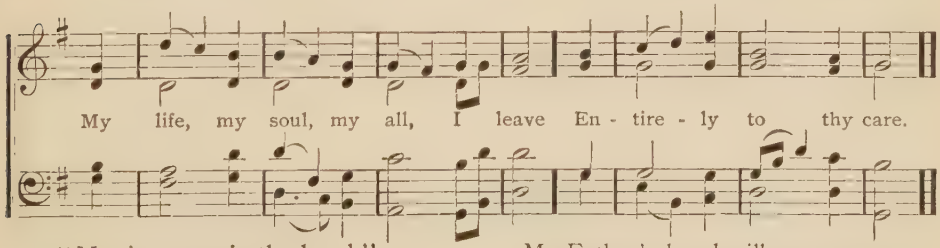
5 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by John Wesley, 1739.

386 THATCHER. S. M.

From G. F. Handel.





2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

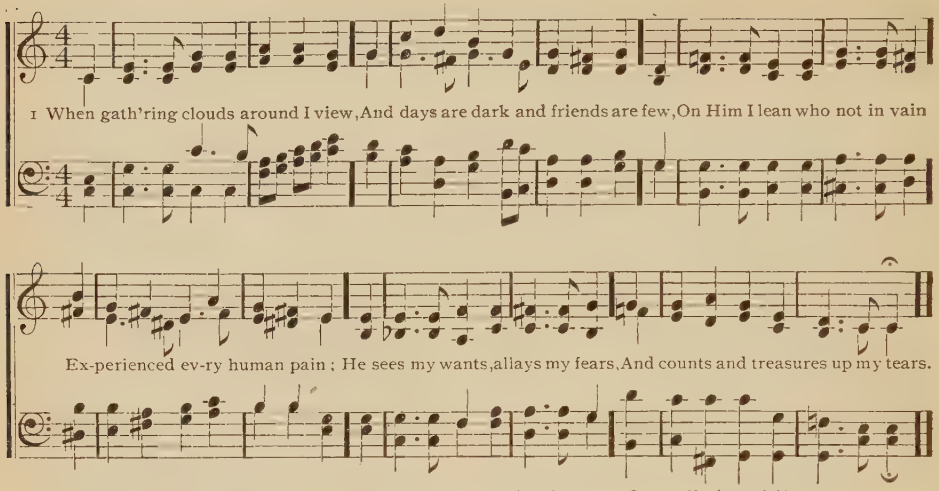
3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in Thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

William F. Lloyd, 1835.

387 MELITA. L. M. 6 lines.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And O when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Robert Grant, 1806.

388

1 AS oft with worn and weary feet
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before;
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 Do sickness, feebleness or pain
Or sorrow in our path appear,
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did He suffer here;
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

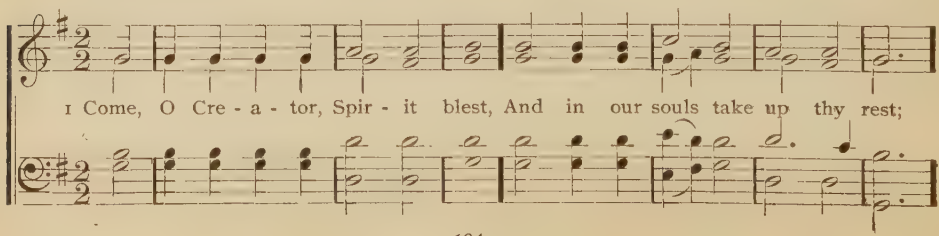
3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When worn and in the feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.

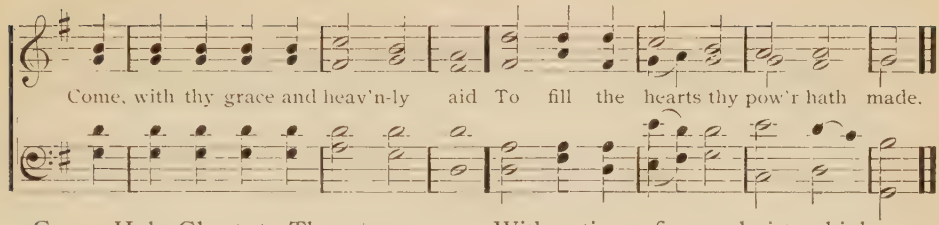
4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the Son of God,
As I am now, so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love and sympathy.

James Edmeston, 1847.

389 STERLING. L. M.

W. HARRISON.





2 Come, Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry,
O highest gift of God most high,
O fount of life, O fire of love,
Anointing Spirit from above.

3 Thou in thy bounteous gifts art known;
Thee, finger of God's hand, we own;
The promise of the Father Thou,
Our tongues with truth and power endow.

4 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love,
With patience firm and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

5 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee to guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

6 O may thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And Thee, through endless time confessed,
Of both th' eternal Spirit blest.

Charlemagne. Tr. by E. Caswall.

390

1 HEALTH of the weak, to make them strong,
Refuge of sinners and their song,
Comfort of each afflicted breast,
Haven of hope in realms of rest,

2 Lord of patriarchs gone before,
Light of the prophet's learned lore,
Deign from thy throne to look on me
And hear my lowly litany.

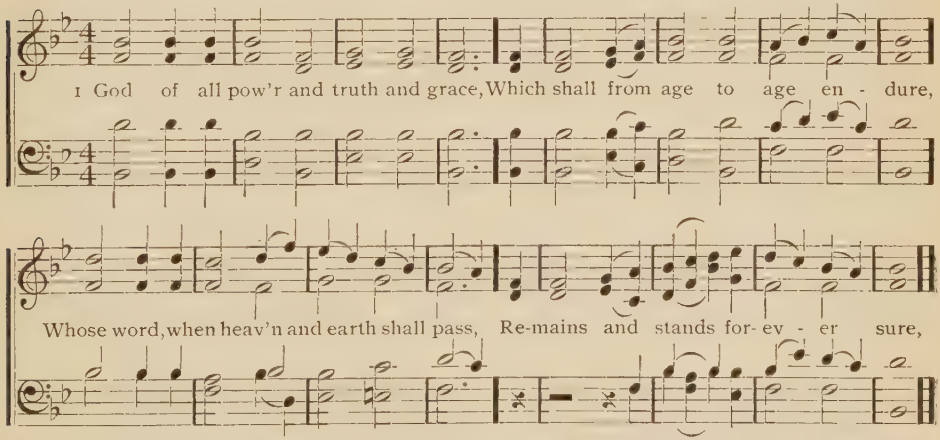
3 Lead me, O Spirit, to the Son,
To taste and feel what He has done,
To lay me low before his cross,
And reckon all besides as dross,

4 To speak and think and will and move,
And love as Thou would'st have me love;
O look upon this bended knee,
And hear my heart's own litany.

Matthew Bridges.

391 ORLAND. L. M.

Wm. Arnold, 1791.



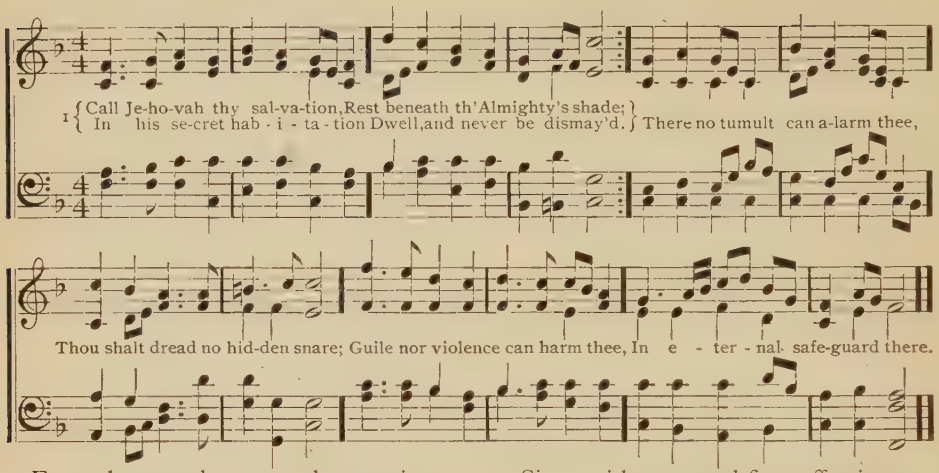
2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Purge me from every sinful blot,
My idols all be cast aside,
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

4 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt and fear and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to Thee.

392 AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. D.

F. J. HAYDN.



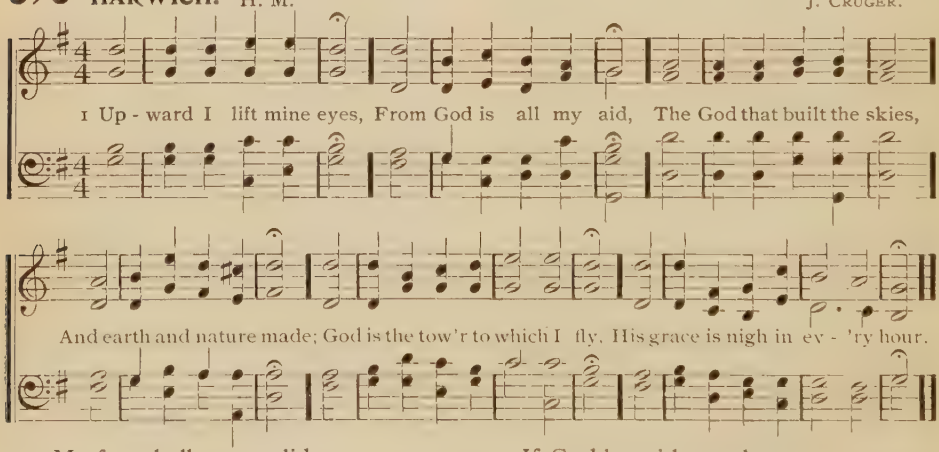
2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense;
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery.

393 HARWICH. H. M.

J. CRUGER.

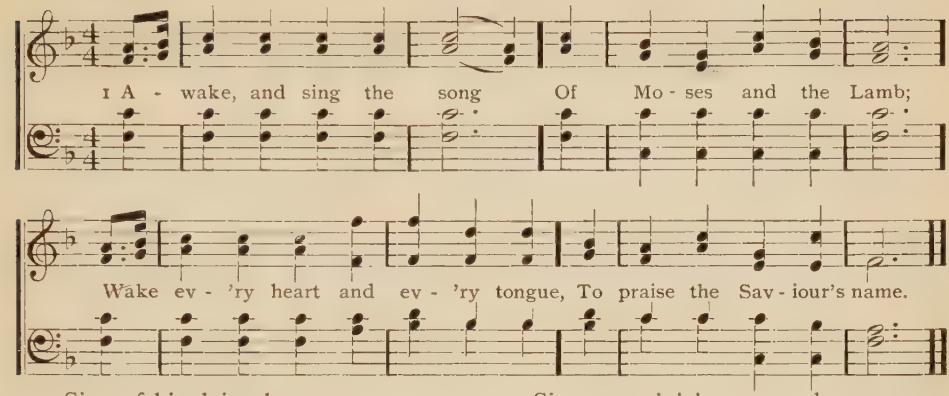


2 My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears;
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day
Nor blasts of ev'ning air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun and Thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

394 ORRINGTON. S. M.



2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of sin departs
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing,
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.

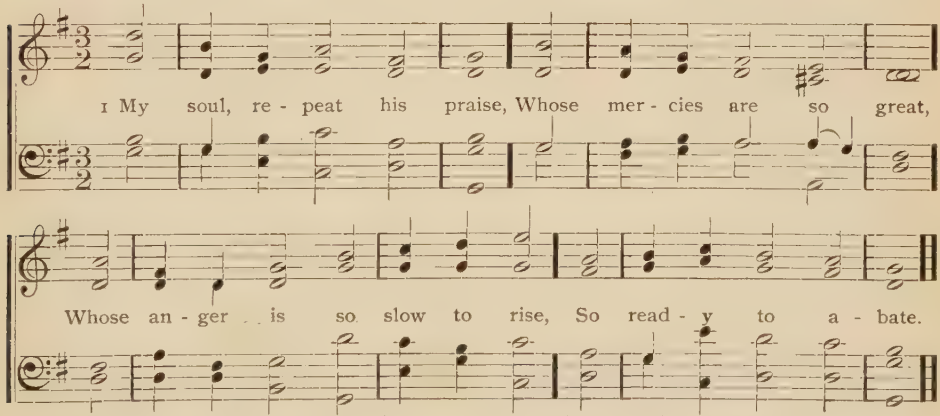
5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away
And take his wand'rers home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Wm. Hammond, 1745.

395 PENTONVILLE. S. M.

G. Linley.



2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

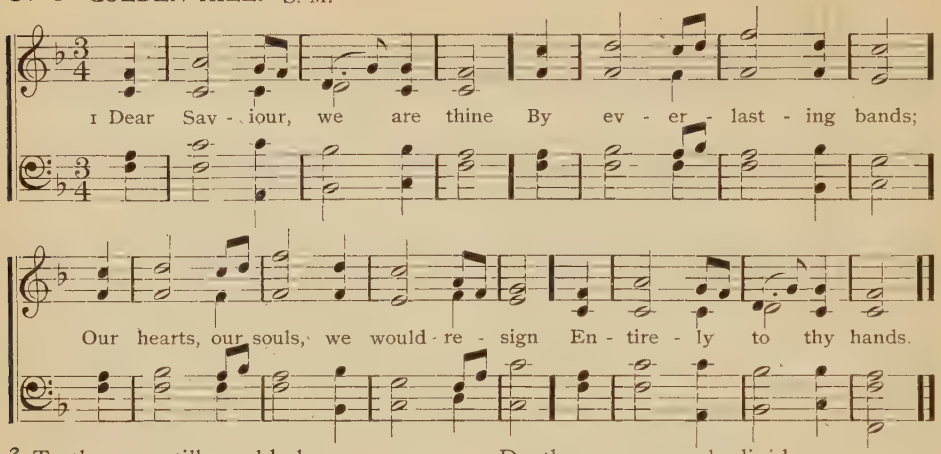
5 Our days are as the grass
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

396 GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. Davisson.



2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head,
Shall form us to thine image bright
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay,
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

P. Doddridge.

397

1 HARK, through the courts of heav'n
Voices of angels sound,
"He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found."

2 God of unfailing grace,
Send down thy Spirit now,
Raise the dejected soul to hope
And make the lofty bow.

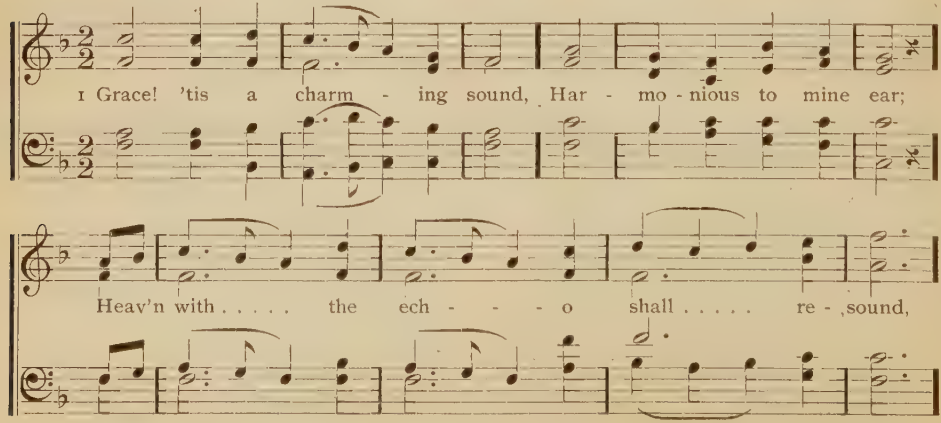
3 In countries far from home
On earthly husks we feed;
Back to our Father's home, O Lord,
Our wand'ring footsteps lead.

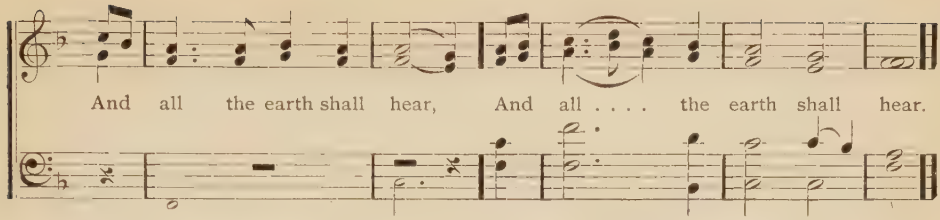
4 Then at each soul's return
The heav'nly harp shall sound,
"He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found."

Henry Alford, 1844.

398 LUTHER. S. M.

Thos. Hastings.





2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

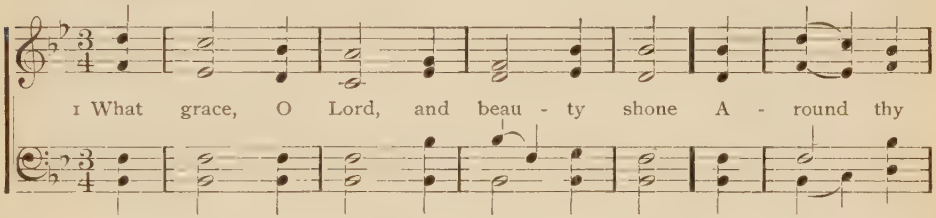
3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

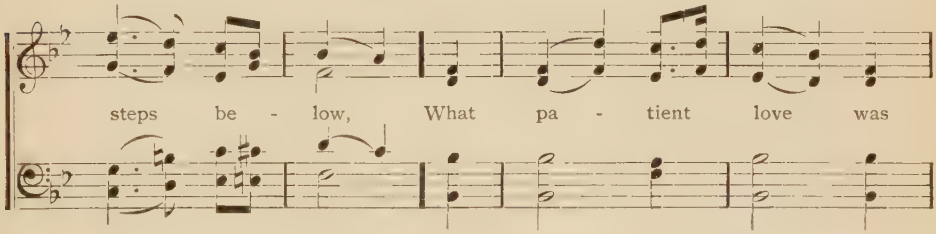
4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

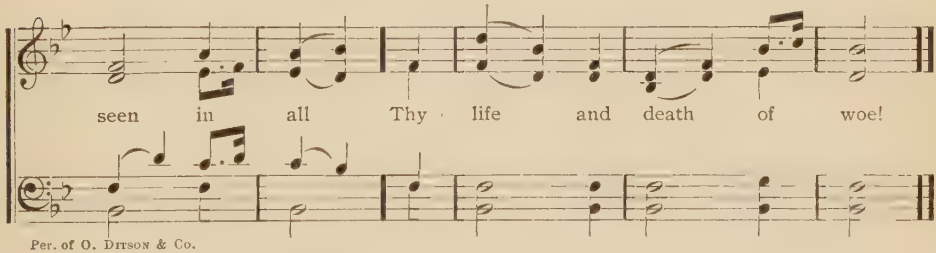
P. Doddridge.

399 BEMERTON. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.







Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 Forever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove,
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

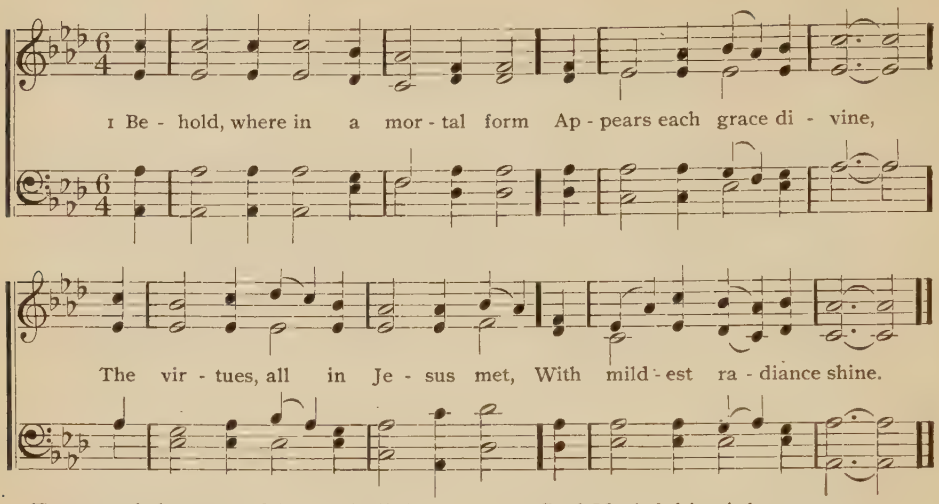
4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

Edward Denny, 1839.

400 HELENA. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends,
A friend and servant found,
He washed their feet, He wiped their [tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
He labored for their good.

5 To God He left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued;
While humble prayer and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.

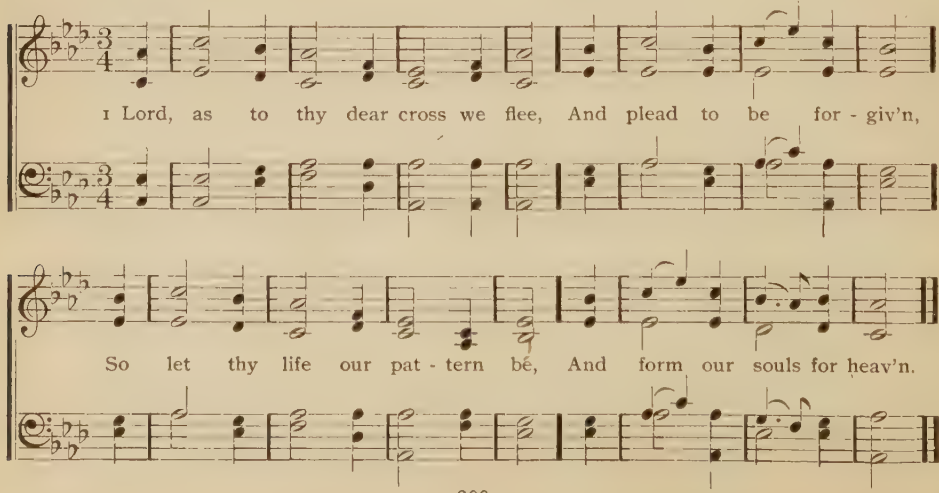
6 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned He bowed and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear;
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

W. Enfield, 1772.

401 BALERMA. C. M.

R. Simpson.



2 Help us through good report and ill
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
Father, thy will be done.

5 Should friends misjudge or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife.
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life
And follow Thee to heaven.

John Hampden Gurney.

402

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heav'n
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine
Unwav'ring, I believe,
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

P. Doddridge.

403

1 LORD, like the publican I stand
And lift my heart to Thee;
Thy pard'ning grace, O God, command,
Be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my anxious breast
O'erwhelmed with agony;
O save my soul by sin oppressed,
Be merciful to me.

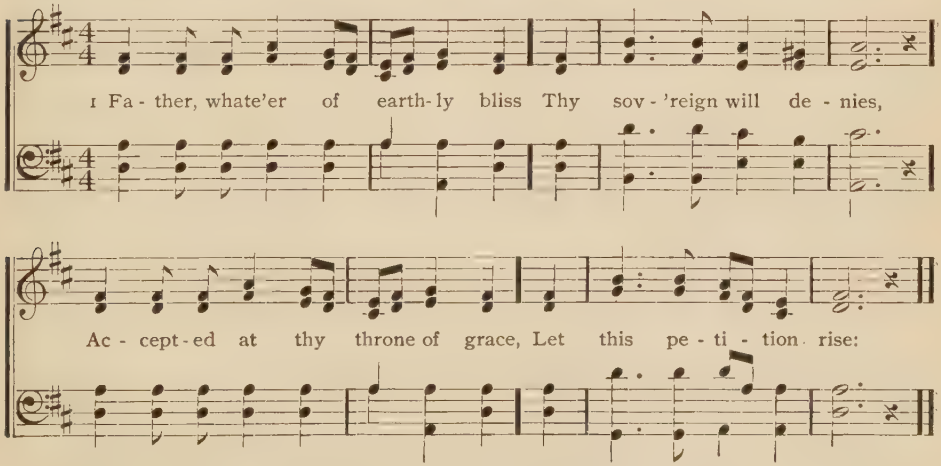
3 My guilt, my shame, I all confess,
I have no hope nor plea
But Jesus' blood and righteousness,
Be merciful to me.

4 Here at thy cross I still would wait,
Nor from its shelter flee,
Till Thou, O God, in mercy great,
Art merciful to me.

T. Raffles, 1831.

404 NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



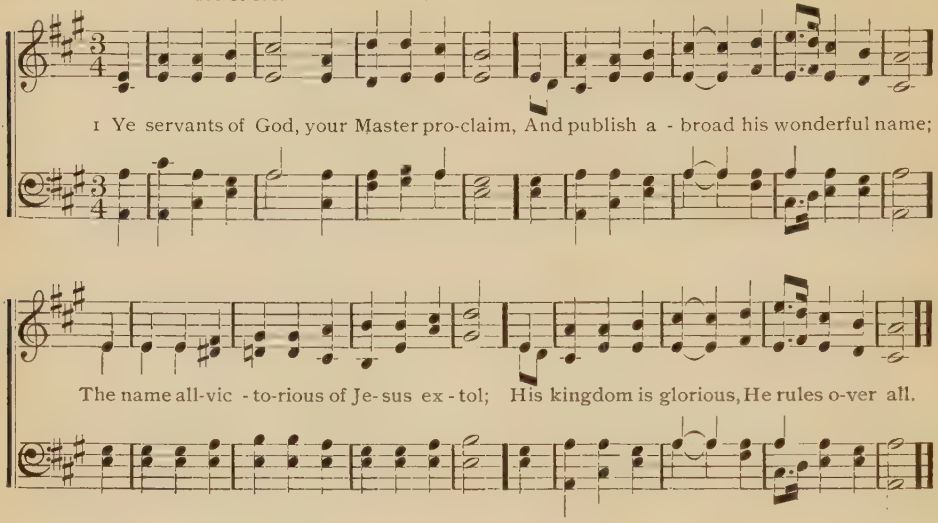
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760.

405 LYONS. 10s & 11s.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still He is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give Him his right,
All glory and power and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing and infinite love.

C. Wesley, 1744

406

1 O WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his power and his love,
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

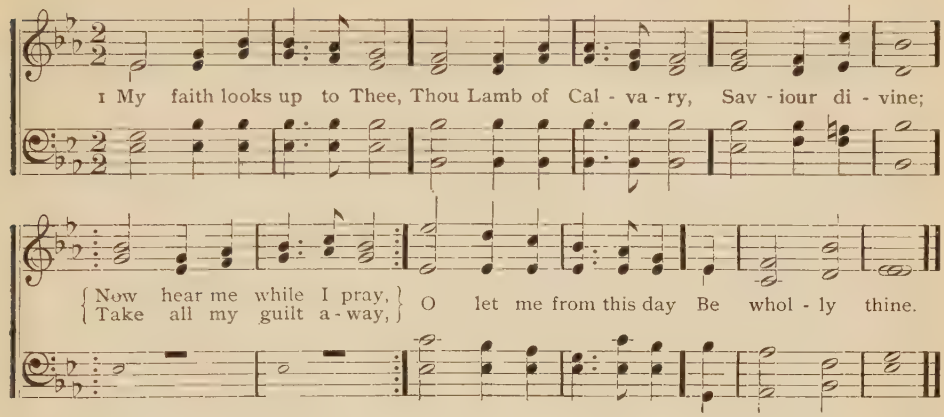
3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our maker, defender, Redeemer and friend!

4 O measureless might, ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

R. Grant, 1800.

407 OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

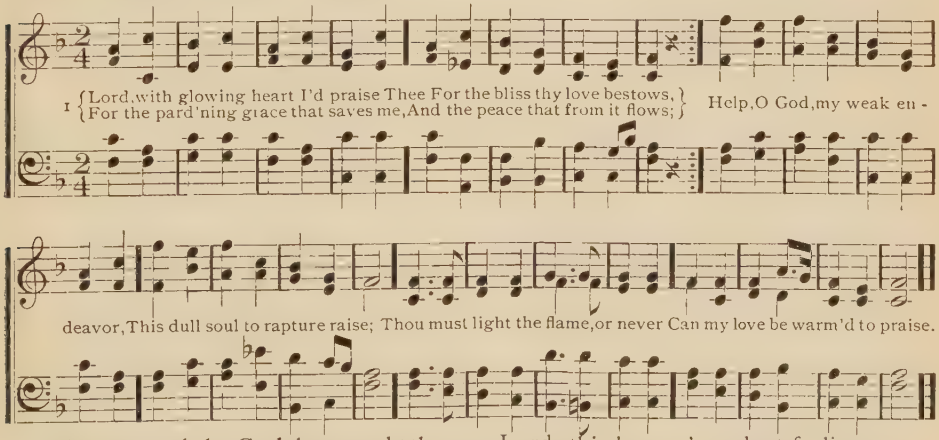
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove,
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer, 1830.

408 VESPER HYMN. 8s & 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON. Arr.



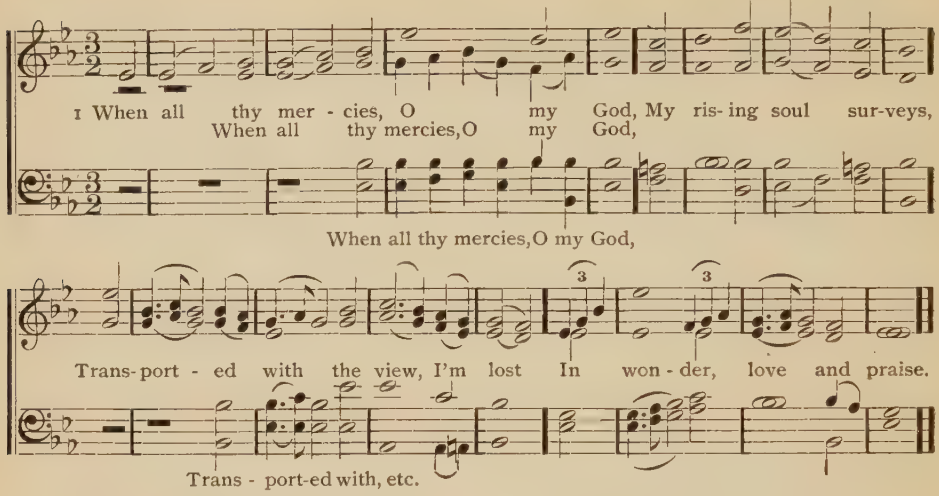
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray, [thee
Found thee lost and kindly brought
From the paths of death away;
Praise with love's devoutest feeling
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

F. S. Key.

409 GENEVA. C. M.

J. Cole, 1774—1855.



2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

J. Addison, 1712.

410

1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright;
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By saints and angels day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tend'rest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before thy throne to lie
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

411

1 FATHER, 'tis thine each day to yield
Our wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field
And hear'st the raven's cry.

2 Thy love in all thy works we see,
Thy promise, Lord, we plead,
And humbly cast our care on Thee,
Who knowest all our need.

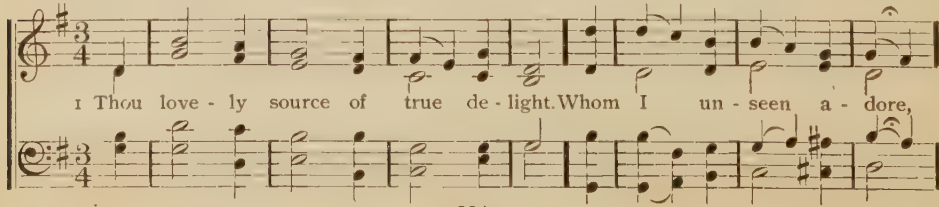
3 Let not the world engage our love,
Nor cares our bosoms fill,
But fix our heart on things above,
That we may do thy will.

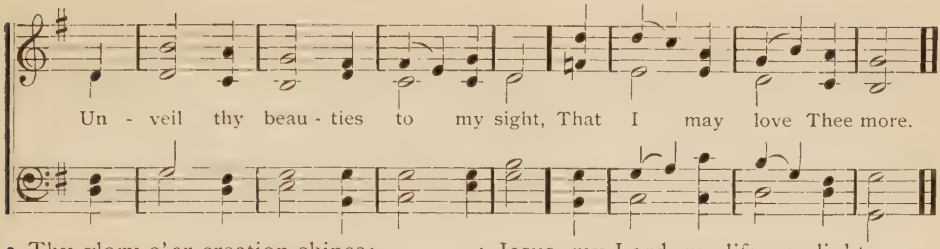
4 The comfort of thy light bestow,
Our faith and hope increase,
And let us in thy presence know
Contentment, joy and peace.

Edward Osler.

412 BELMONT. C. M.

S. Webbe.





2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting heart supplies.

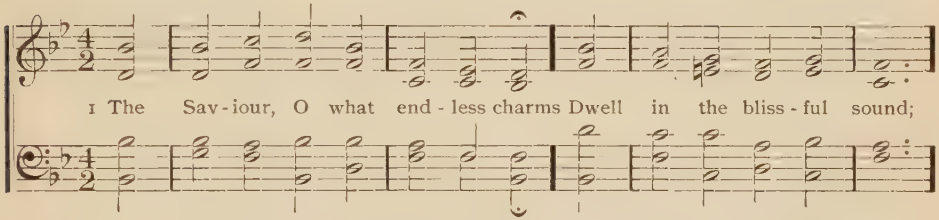
4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the shades of night
And chase my fears away.

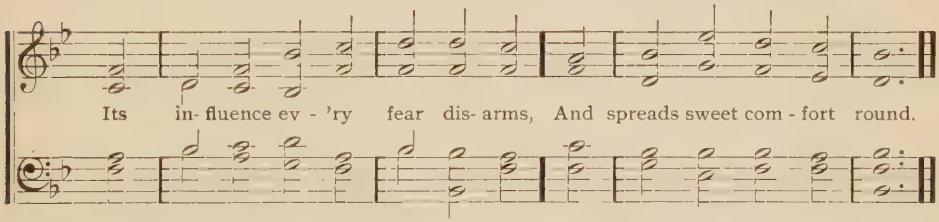
5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

Anne Steele, 1760.

413 BERWICK. C. M.

German Choral.





2 Here pardon, life and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin
And doomed to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty former of the skies,
Stooped to our vile abode,
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed th' incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

Anne Steele

414

1 JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace
That calls us as thine own;
Give us among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

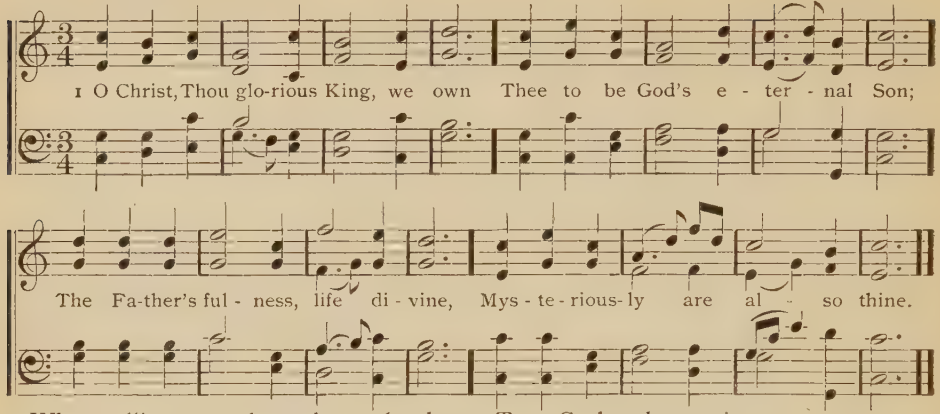
2 Allied to Thee, our vital Head,
We live and grow and thrive;
From Thee divided each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth and those above
Here join in one accord,
One body all in mutual love,
And Thou the common Lord.

4 O may our faith each moment gain
More of thy Spirit's grace,
Till Thou present us all complete
Before thy Father's face.

415 MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN, 1822.



2 When rolling years brought on the day
Foretold and fixed for this display,
Our great deliv'rance to obtain
Thou didst our nature not disdain.

3 At God's right hand, now, Lord, Thou'rt placed,
And with thy Father's glory graced,
True God and man, in person one,
A Judge to pass our final doom.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
On high exalt and honor Thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

416

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus, the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form, how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress Thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

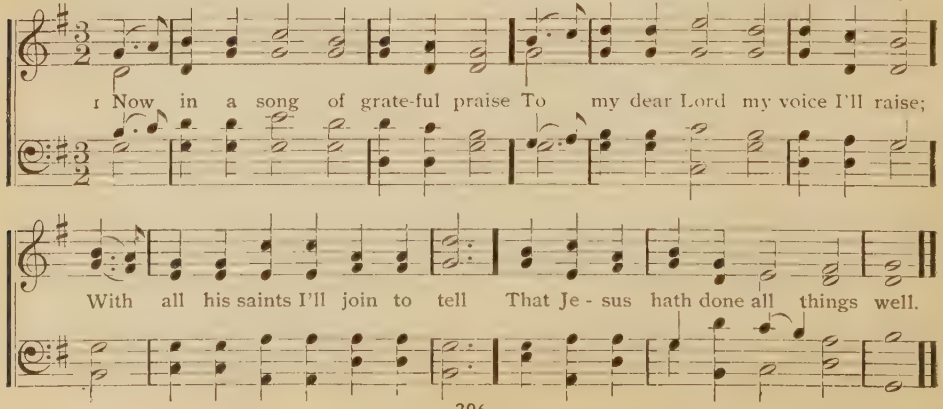
4 Thine anger like a pointed dart
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,
Grace is the scepter in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 O God, thy God has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
Th' eternal Son above the rest.

417 EL PARAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Wisdom and power and love divine
In all his works unrivaled shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That He alone did all things well.

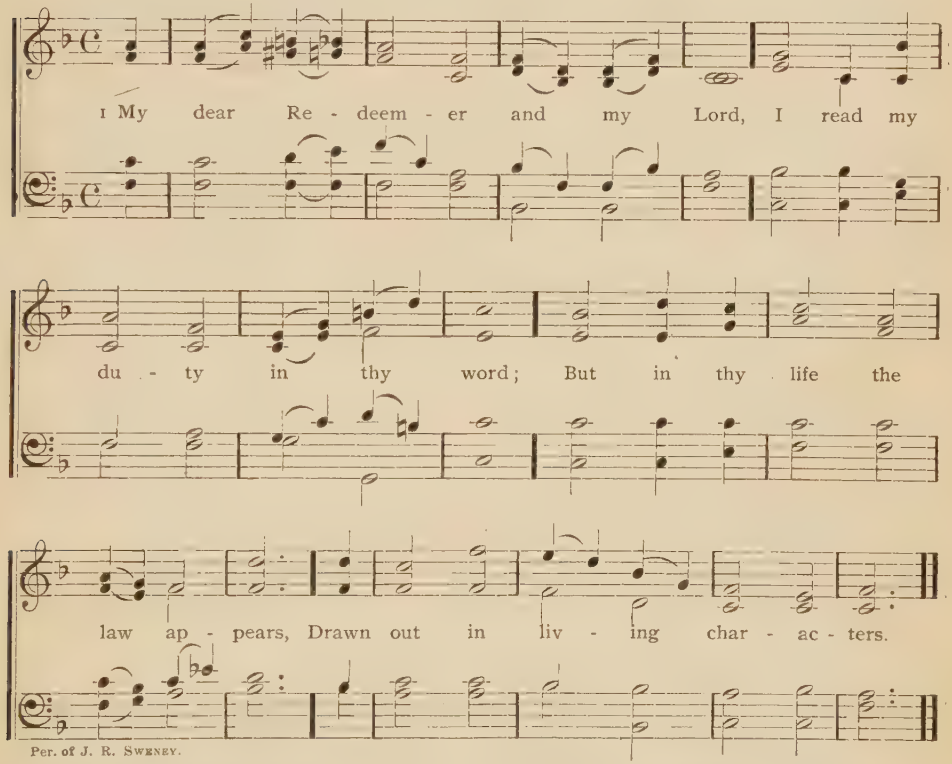
3 Howe'er mysterious are his ways,
Or dark or sorrowful my days,
And though my spirit oft rebel,
I know He still doth all things well.

4 And when I stand before his throne
And all his ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

Samuel Medley.

418 HYATT. L. M.

J. R. Sweney.



Per. of J. R. Sweney.

2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness, so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

419

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

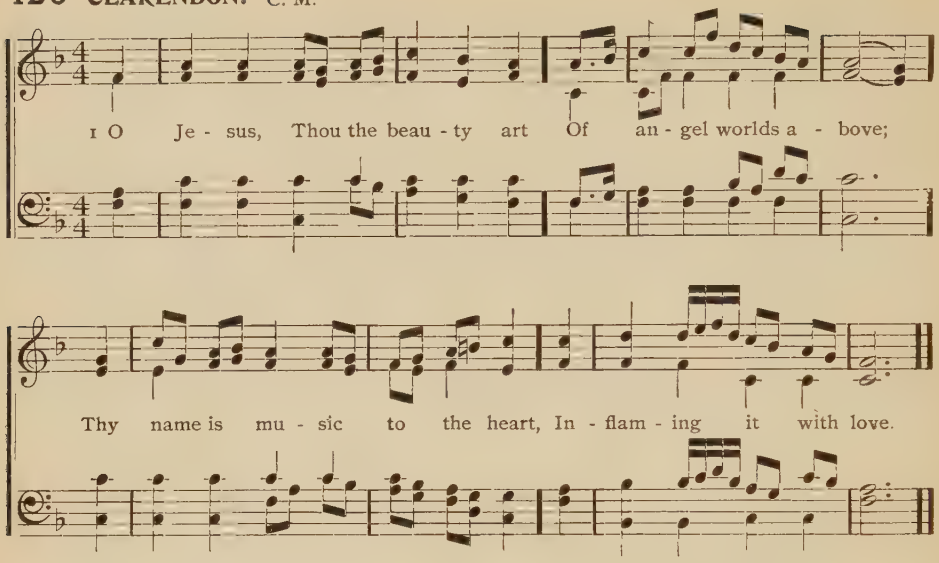
3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

420 CLARENDON. C. M.

I. TUCKER.



2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
Who eat Thee, hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which naught but Thou can fill.

3 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee we send;
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,
To Thee our prayers ascend.

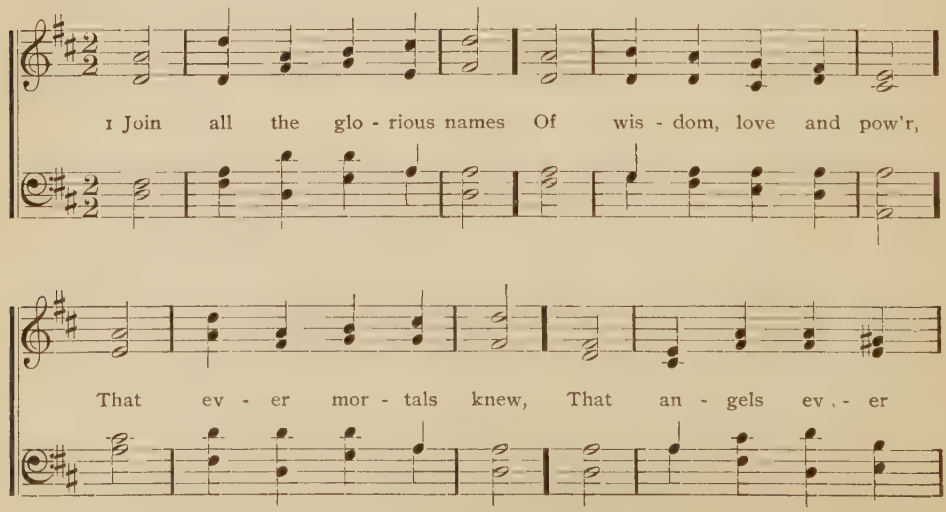
4 Abide with us, and let thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night
And joy to all impart.

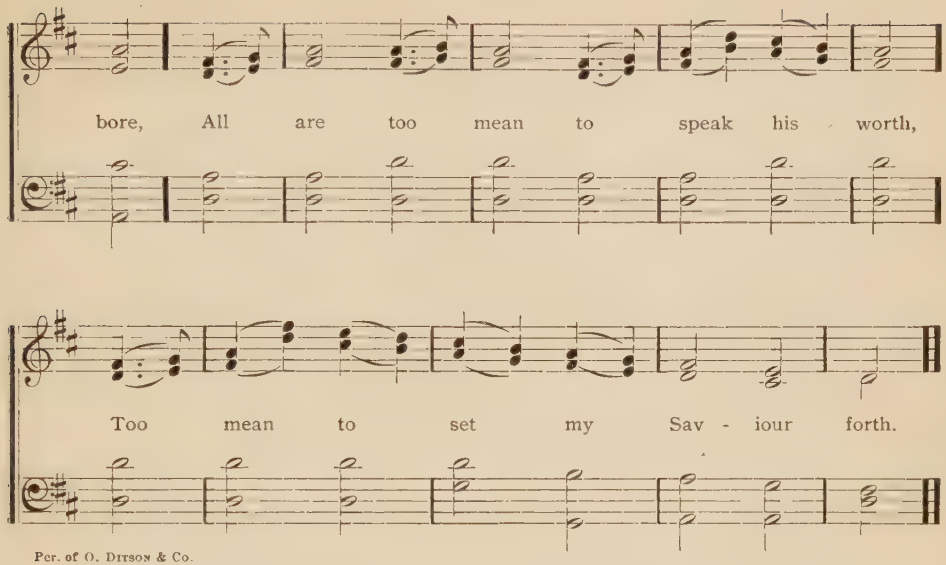
5 Jesus, our love and joy, to Thee,
The Virgin's holy Son,
All might and praise and glory be
While endless ages run.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140. Tr. by E. Caswall.

421 HADDAM. H. M.

LOWELL MASON. Arr.





Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My dear and mighty Lord,
My conqueror and my King,
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing;
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

Isaac Watts.

422

1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above and all below
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept and bled and died;
What He endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

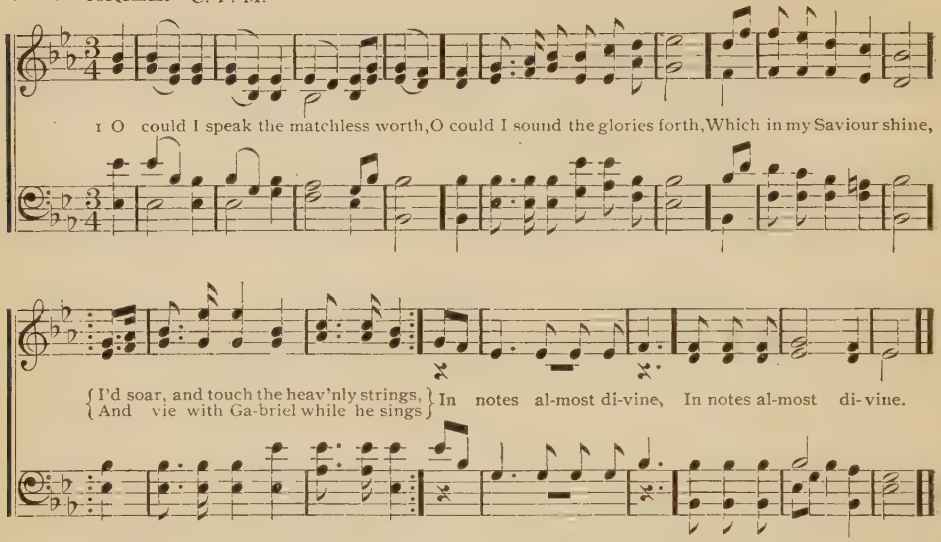
4 From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift though small, do Thou receive.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

423 ARIEL. C. P. M.

MOZART. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1836.



2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

424

1 MAY we thy precepts, Lord, fulfil,
To do on earth our Father's will,
As angels do above,
To walk in Christ, the living way,
With all thy children, and obey
The law of Christian love.

2 So may we join thy name to bless,
Thy grace adore, thy power confess,
From sin and strife to flee;
One is our calling, one our name,
The end of all our hope the same,
A crown of life with Thee.

3 Spirit of life, of joy and peace,
Unite our hearts, our joy increase,
Thy gracious help supply;
To every soul the blessing give,
In Christian fellowship to live,
In joyful hope to die.

Edward Osler.

425

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

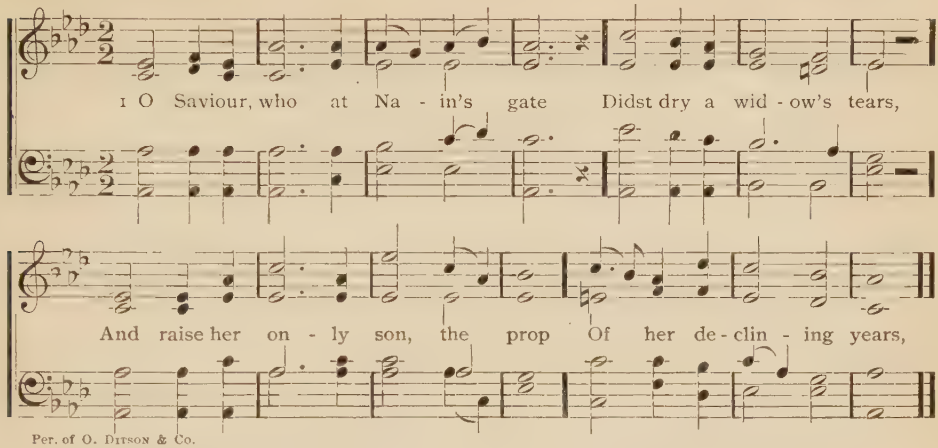
2 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

3 Only thy love do I require,
Nothing in earth below desire,
But this in heaven above;
Let earth and heaven and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Impart to me thy love.

C. Wesley, 1749.

426 VALELAND. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 What holy raptures, Lord, through Thee
Thy suffering saints await,
When raised from death by Thee they stand
At thine own city's gate!

3 What ecstasies will then be theirs
In that blest city, Lord,
When sons to parents will by Thee
Forever be restored!

4 O grant us so together, Lord,
To live in holy love,
That we together may be joined
In holy bliss above.

5 Members of Christ our bodies are
The Holy Spirit's shrine;
Then grant us so to use them now,
That they may be like thine.

Christopher Wordsworth.

427

1 THE whole creation groans and waits
Till we who love Thee, Lord,
Shall stand within thy temple gates
And shine, the sons of God.

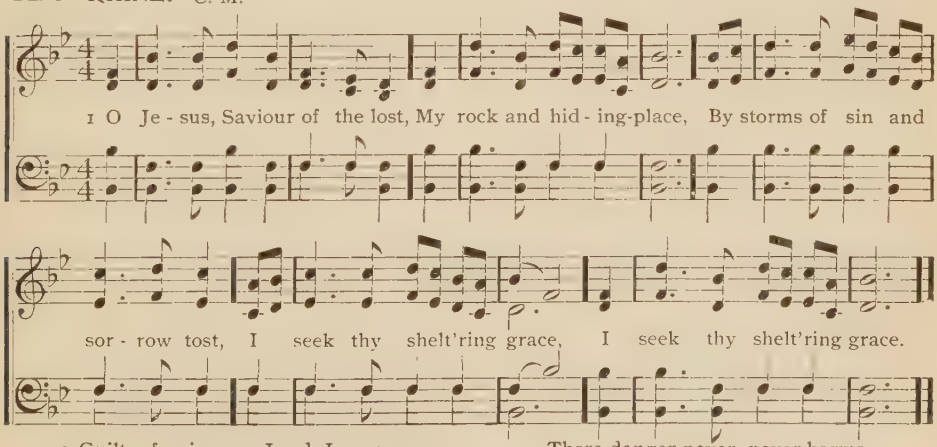
2 The sons of God, how bright they shine
No mortal eye can see;
We sinners shall be made divine,
We shall be one with Thee;

3 One with the Lord and all his saints,
Thy nature in our own,
Thy crown our rich inheritance,
Heirs to thy royal throne.

4 Thy throne no joy to us would bring,
If we from Thee were riven,
For all our joy is in our King,
And Thou art all our heaven.

428 RHINE. C. M.

FREDERICK BURGMULLER.



2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

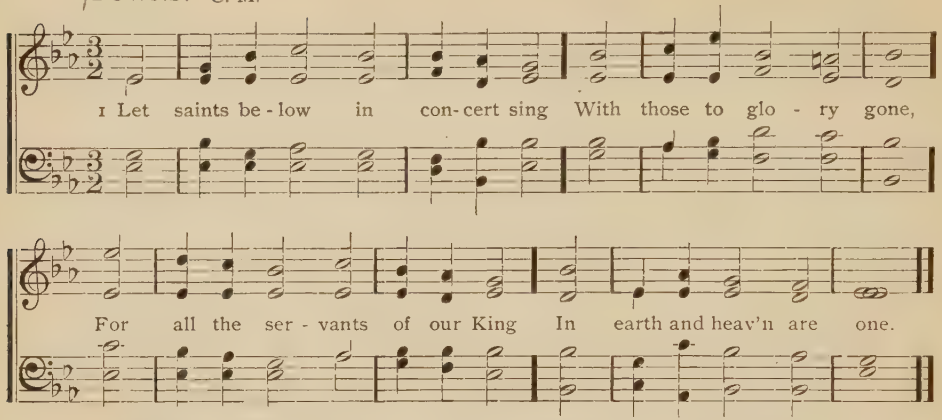
3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms,
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before thy throne
And all thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1858.

429 DOWNS. C. M.

LOWELL MASON. 1832.



2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly,
And we are to the margin come
And soon expect to die.

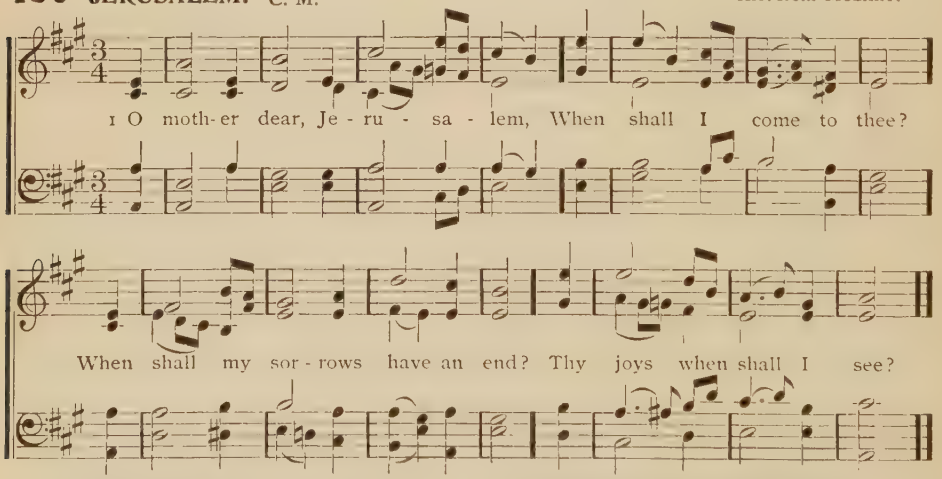
5 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands
Upon th' eternal shore.

6 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide;
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide
And land us safe in heaven.

C. Wesley.

430 JERUSALEM. C. M.

Arr. from MOZART.



2 Jerusalem the city is
Of God, our King, alone;
The Lamb of God, its light and bliss,
Sits on his glorious throne.

3 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

4 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,
No dull nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

5 Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
I love and long to see;
O that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee!

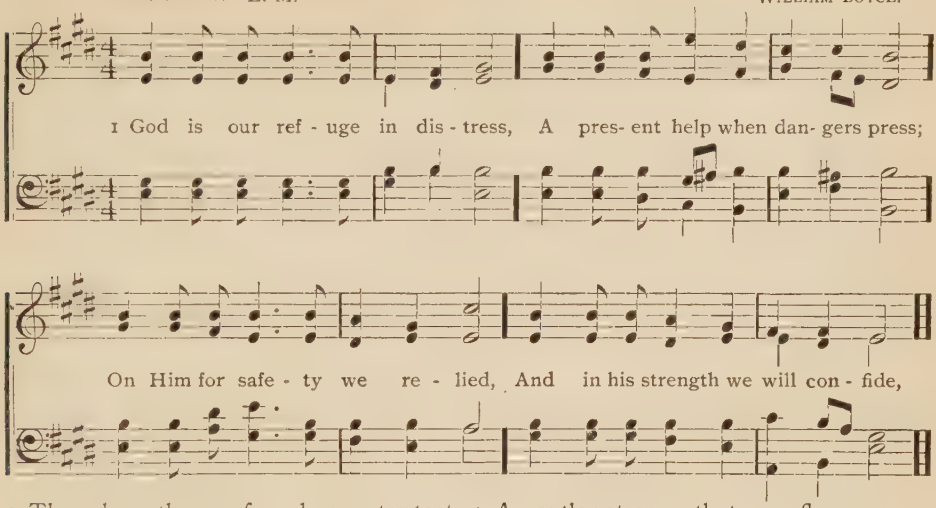
6 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,
O God, if I were there,

7 With cherubim and seraphim,
And holy souls of men,
To sing thy praise, O God of hosts,
Forever and amen!

Francis Baker, 1616. Altered by David Dickson, 1649.

431 APPLETON. L. M.

WILLIAM BOYCE.



2 Though earth were from her center tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Or lofty hills from their abode
Torn piecemeal by the roaring flood.

3 Let angry waves together rolled
Rage on with fury uncontrolled;
We will not fear, whilst we depend
On God who is our constant friend.

4 A gentler stream, that ever flows
And joy to all around bestows,
The city of the Lord shall fill,
The city where He's worshiped still.

5 God dwells in Zion, whose strong towers,
Shall mock th' assault of earthly powers;
And his almighty aid is nigh
To those who on his strength rely.

432

1 O THOU who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love,

2 Do Thou thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so thy Church may holier live
And every lamp more brightly burn.

3 Give those who teach pure hearts and prayer;
wise,
Faith, hope and love, all warmed by
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5 O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep,
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

6 If thus, good Lord, thy grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality.

John M. Neale.

433

1 O GUARDIAN of the Church divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are thine,
And kindled by thy hidden fires
The soul to highest aims aspires.

2 Thy ministers, O Lord, endue
With wisdom, and their zeal renew;
Turn all their weakness into might,
O Thou, the source of life and light.

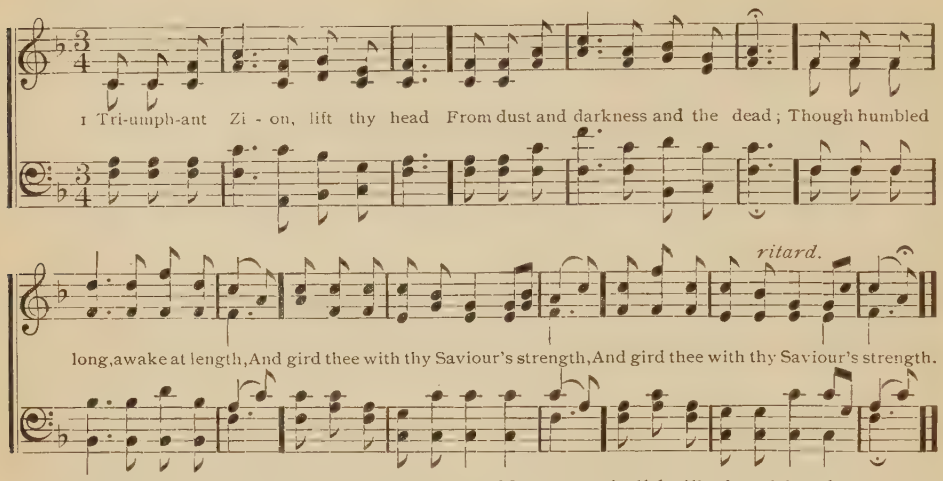
3 Spirit of truth, on us bestow
The faith in all its power to know,
That with the saints of ages gone
And those to come we may be one.

4 Protect thy Church from ev'ry foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Convert the world, make all confess
Thy mercy, truth and righteousness.

T. Chamberlain.

434 ANVERN. L. M.

GERMAN. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1840.



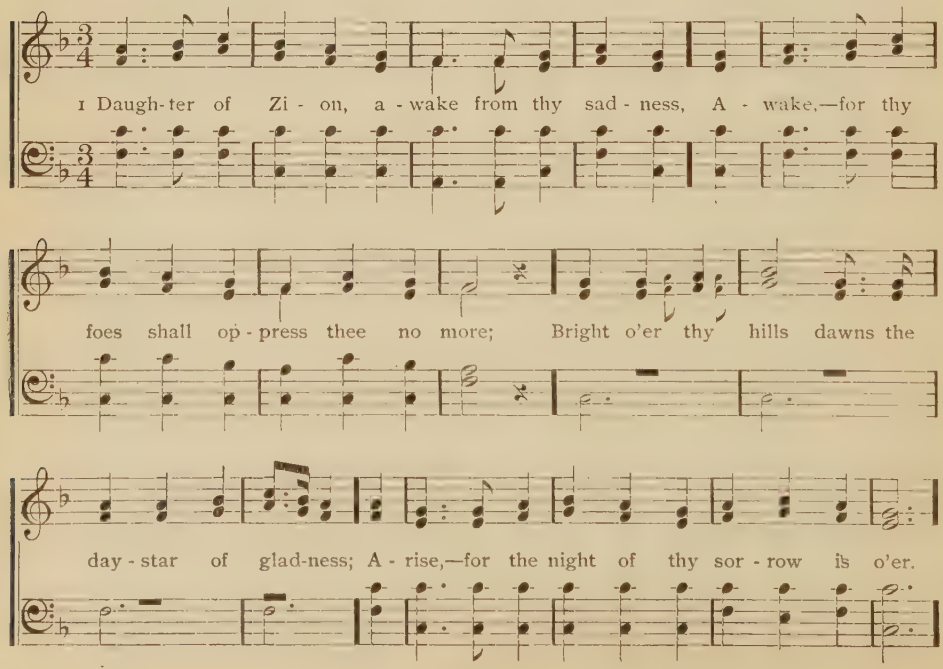
2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known;
Then, decked in robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

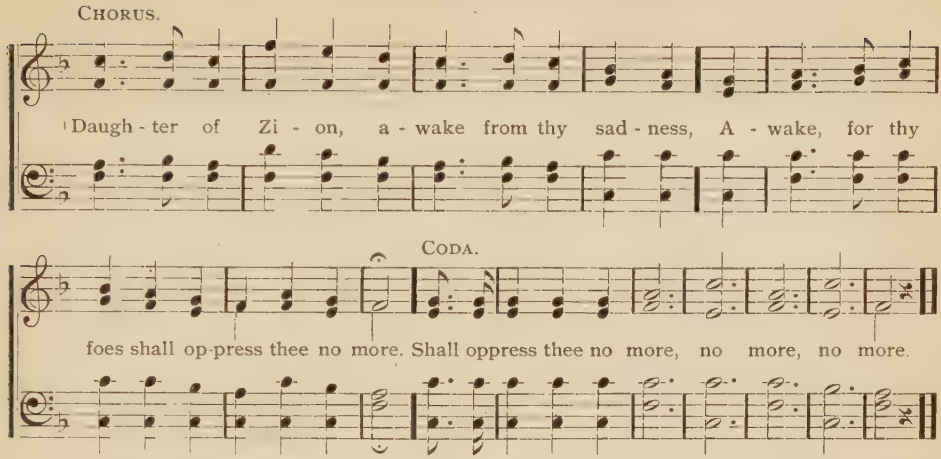
3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high thy groans will hear,
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

435 DAUGHTER OF ZION. 11s.

LOWELL MASON, 1839.



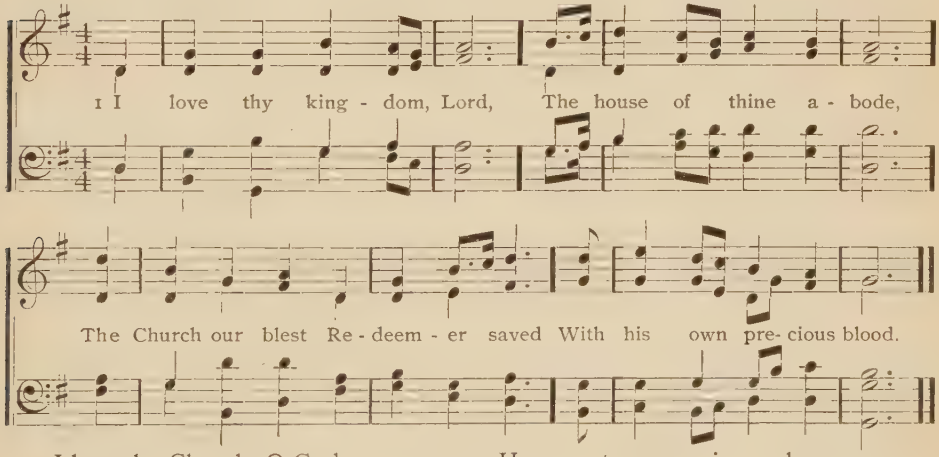


2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them [mightier far;
And scattered their legions was
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them,
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.—CHO.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee [should be;
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished and Zion is free.—CHO.

436 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1685—1759.



2 I love thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

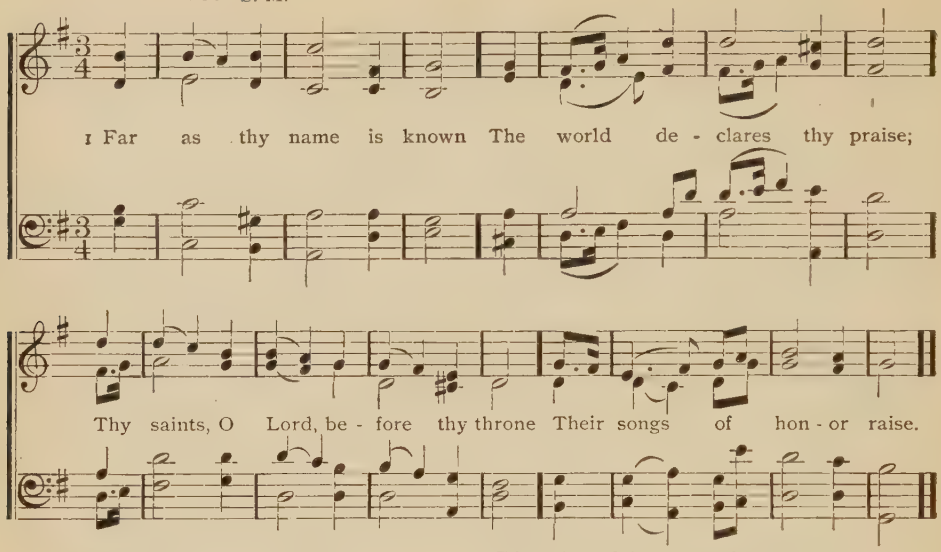
5 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800

437 AMANTUS. S. M.

C. Bryan, 1840.



2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground
And mark the building well,

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

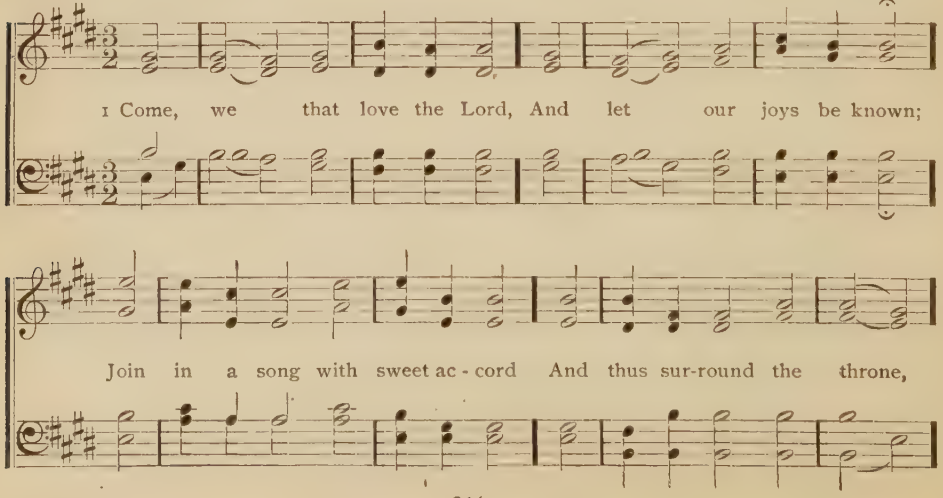
5 How decent and how wise,
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes
And rites adorned with gold.

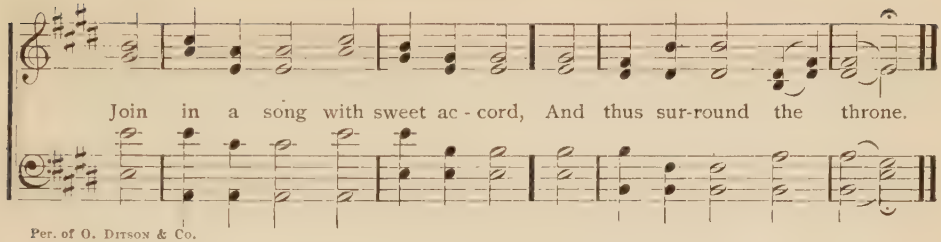
6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

438 SELVIN. S. M.

Lowell Mason. Arr.





Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

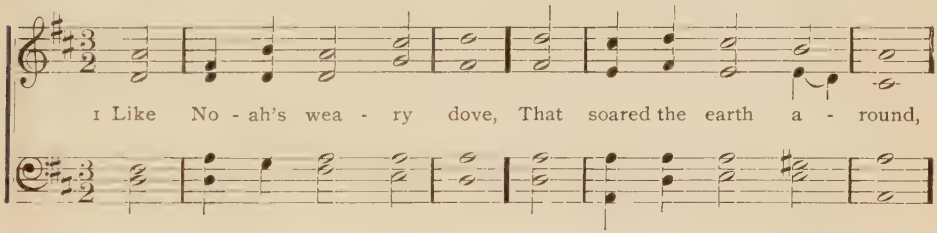
4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

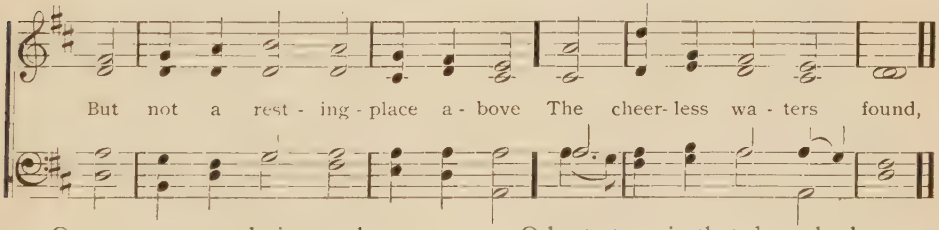
5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's [ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

439 DOVER. S. M.

From Aaron Williams' Coll.





2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world to either pole
Hath not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
O haste to gain that dear abode
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

440

1 O LORD, refresh thy flock,
Athirst to Thee we cry;
Thou art the spiritual rock,
Whence we must drink, or die.

2 Preserve us, Lord, from death;
Thou art the Lamb whose blood
Sprinkled on Israel's doors in faith
A token was for good.

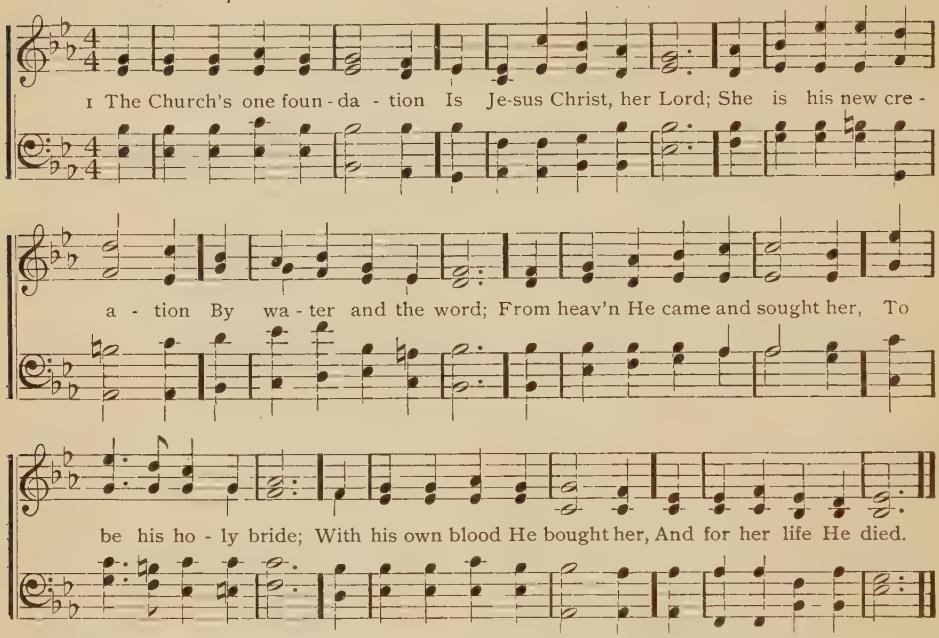
3 With many a bitter thought
Of cherished sin subdued,
'Tis meet that, drest in pilgrim garb,
We take Thee for our food.

4 Away the signs are cast
And now Thyself we see;
Yet let each sign that cheered the past
Still lift our hearts to Thee.

Jos. Anstice.

441 AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1868.



2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth had union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone, 1866.

442

1 O BREAD, to pilgrims given,
O food, that angels eat,
O manna, sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet,
Give us for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled,
Till earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art;
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore,
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more;
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee,
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by Ray Palmer, 1858.

443 RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. D.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1 { Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; }
{ He, whose word can not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode; }

D.C.—With sal - va- tion's walls sur-round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

D.C.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 Thine the streams of living waters
Springing from the throne above,
Thither speed thy sons and daughters,
There all thirst they slake in love;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage,
Grace which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 On their way, around them hovering,
Pillared cloud or fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
From their banner thus deriving
Light by night and shade by day,
Bread from heaven, all heart-reviving,
For their daily food have they.

4 Saviour, we of Zion's city
Members through thy grace became;
Though the world deride or pity,
We will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1779.

444 BERLIN. 10s.

MENDELSSOHN.

1 As pants the wea-ried hart for cool-ing springs, That sinks ex - haust-ed in the summer's chase,

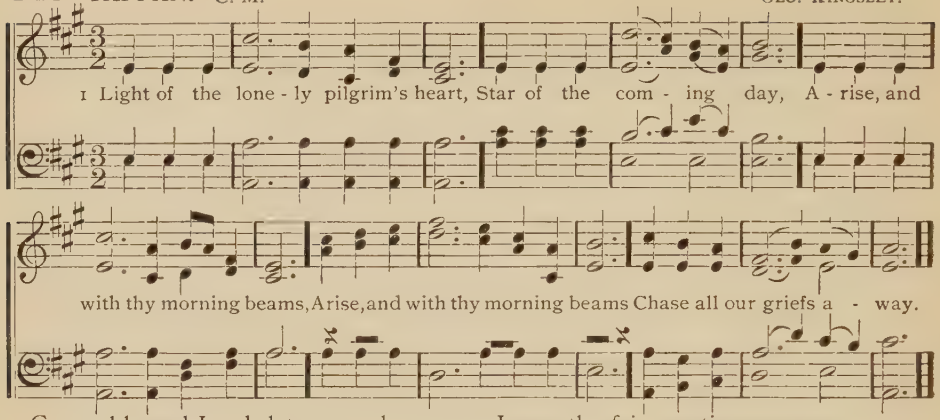
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling place.

2 Lord, thy sure mercies ever in my sight
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades [of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul, why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still [shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and [love.

445 TAPPAN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In memory of thy love.

4 Jesus, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the cross with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

E. Denny.

446

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1737. Michael Bruce, 1781.

447

1 WHEN from the city of our God
Man wandered far away,
He fell into the tempter's hands,
Was stripped and wounded lay.

2 Christ bound our wounds and poured in oil
And wine with tender care,
And bore us to an inn, his Church,
And safely lodged us there.

3 He gave us to the host in charge,
And "at that future day
When I shall come again," He said,
"I will thy pains repay."

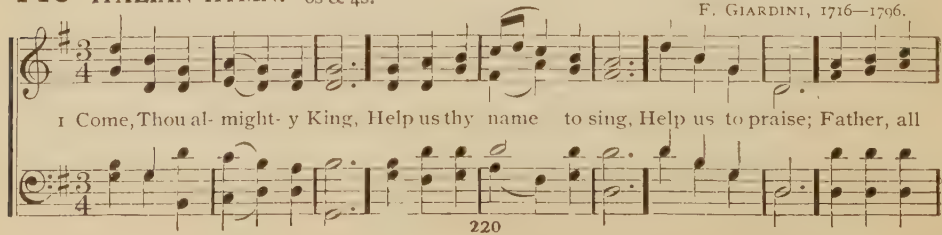
4 What beams of grace and mercy, Lord,
In thine example shine!
O may we give Thee thanks and praise
By showing love like thine.

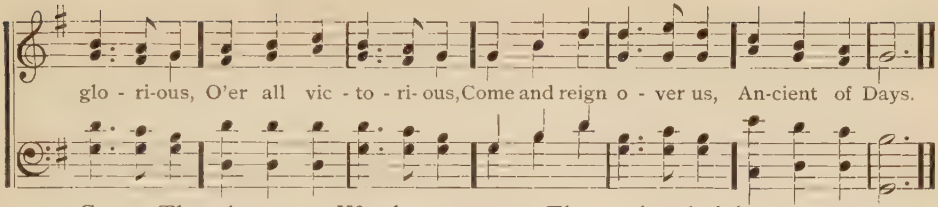
5 So may we at that future day,
With joy thy coming see,
And hear that blessing, "What ye did
To mine, ye did to Me."

Christopher Wordsworth.

448 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

F. GIARDINI, 1716—1796.





2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

449

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray
"Let there be light."

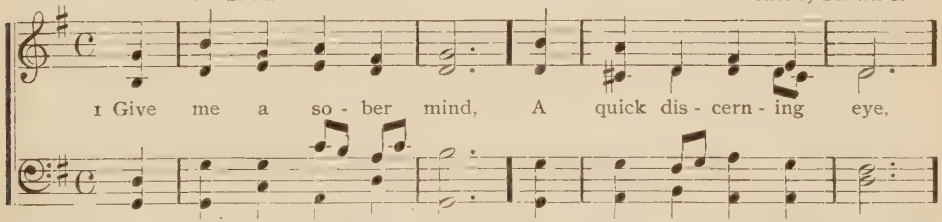
2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
"Let there be light."

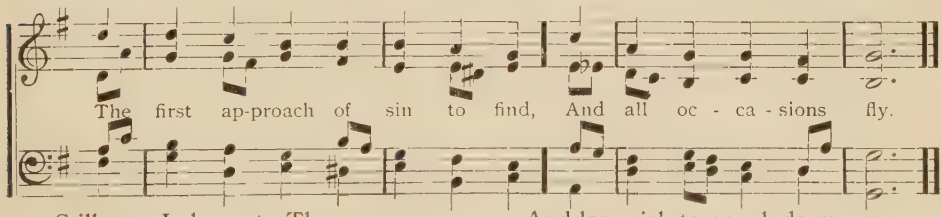
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

John Marriott, 1813.

450 WELLER. S. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.





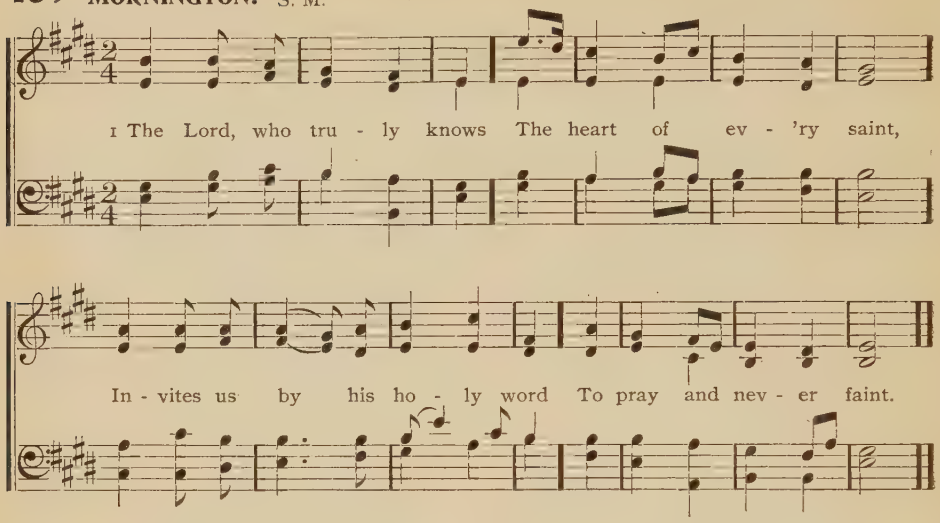
2 Still may I cleave to Thee,
And nevermore depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath;

4 In humble love and fear
Thine image to regain,
And see Thee in the clouds appear
And rise with Thee to reign.

451 MORNINGTON. S. M.

G. W. Mornington.



2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait;
He bids us never give Him rest,
But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus the widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gained at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes, though He may awhile forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity
And makes our cause his care.

452

1 JESUS, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in Thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be thine;
My life in Thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh

453

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face
With joys divinely great.

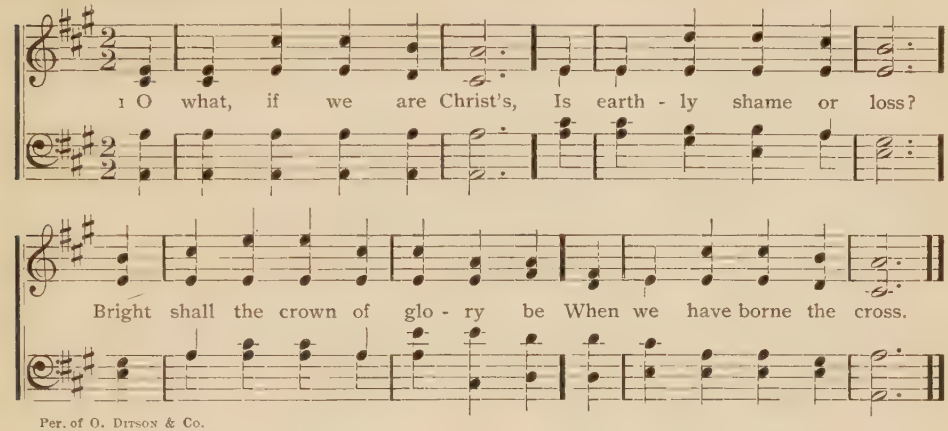
4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet before the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty
And never-ending songs.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

454 LAKE ENON. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

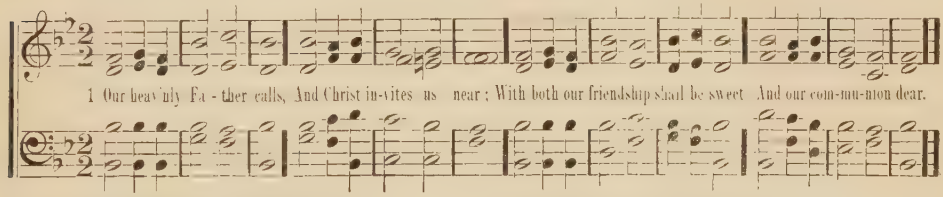
4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest in thine own home,
Where saints and angels live.

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

455 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. from GREGORIAN by DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.



2 God pities all our griefs,
He pardons every day,
Almighty to protect our souls
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are,
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care,
Our Advocate before the throne
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix my roving heart,
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

456

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

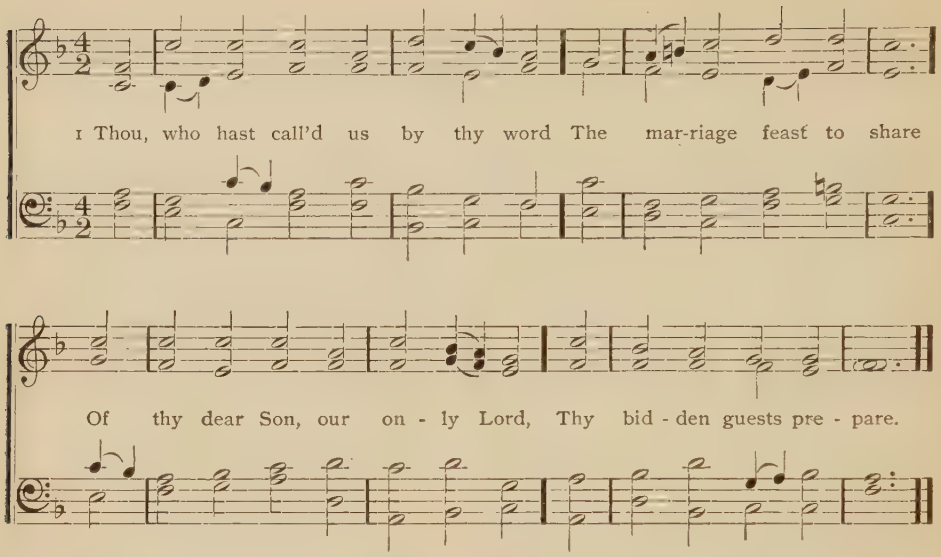
3 Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray
And on Thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

C. Wesley.

457 HERMANN. C. M.

N. HERMANN.



2 No vain excuse we dare to make,
Thy call we do not slight;
We come unworthy; for his sake
Help us to come aright.

3 Thy marriage garment we require,
Thyself to us impart,
And with thy precious gifts inspire
A pure and thankful heart.

4 And Thou, to whom the Father's love
The wedding guests has brought,
Who ever helpest from above
Those whom thy blood has bought,

5 Lord of the feast, our coming bless,
And round our souls entwine
The garment of thy righteousness,
In which thy saints shall shine.

John Ernest Bode, 1860.

458

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built,
Their hearts by nature all unclean
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

459

1 O THOU, the Lord and life of those
Who rest their hope in Thee,
Whose love from everlasting woes
Hath set thy people free,

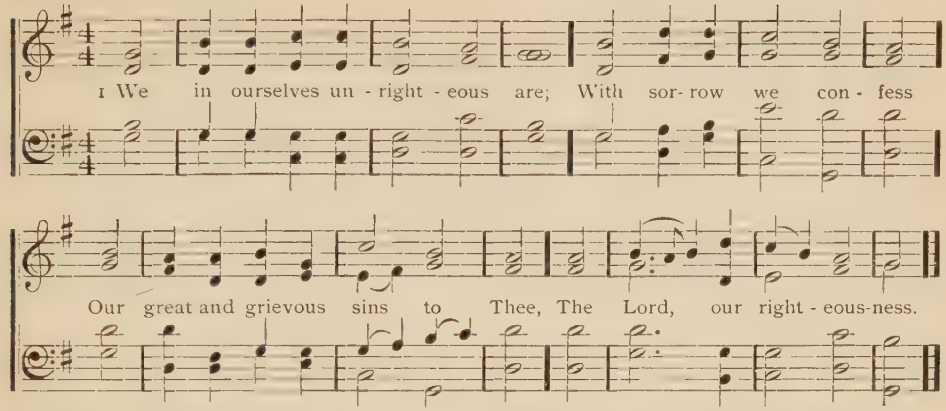
2 Thine agony and death display
The curse our guilt should bear,
Thy resurrection points the way
To bliss that we may share.

3 To Thee, O Lord, we lift our heart,
Thy mercy we implore;
Help us to choose the better part,
And go, and sin no more.

4 Help us Thee, Saviour, to confess,
In whom our life we see;
And O may fruits of holiness
Prove that we live to Thee.

460 PETERBORO. C. M.

R. Harrison.



2 Not to thine angels nor to saints
Do we our prayers address;
We fly to Thee and only Thee,
The Lord, our righteousness.

3 Thou, Christ, the great Jehovah art,
The fount of holiness;
And, God with us, Thou art become
The Lord, our righteousness.

4 O wash us with thy blood, and clothe
With thy pure spotless dress;
O hide us in Thyself, and be
The Lord, our righteousness.

5 Make us by grace to be in deed
What we in word profess;
O make us like unto Thyself,
The Lord, our righteousness.

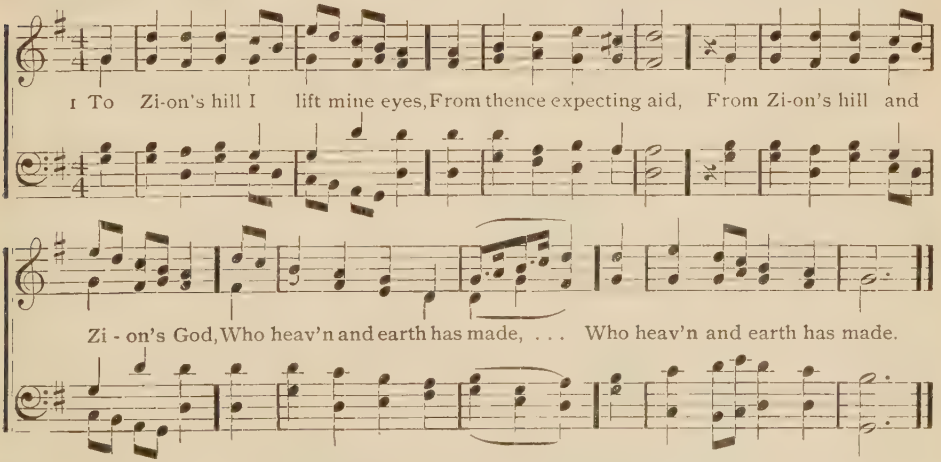
6 Pour on us plenteous showers of grace,
Increase our fruitfulness,
That we may yield thine own to Thee,
The Lord, our righteousness.

7 So in thy glorious image raised,
May we thy mercy bless,
And sing for ever praise to Thee,
The Lord, our righteousness.

Christopher Wordsworth.

461 BRAY. C. M.

Nicolaus Hermann, 1561.



2 Thou, then, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care that Israel guards,
Will thee in safety keep.

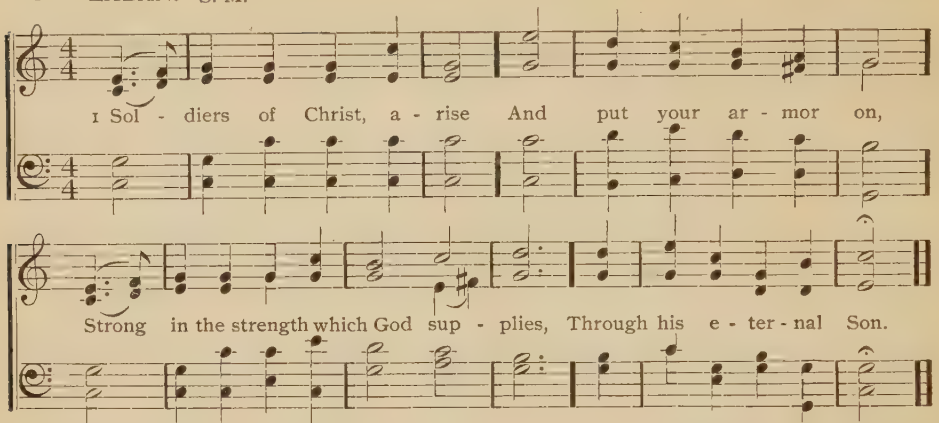
3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend,
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

462 LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



2 Strong in the Lord of hosts
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

463

1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day
And help divine implore.

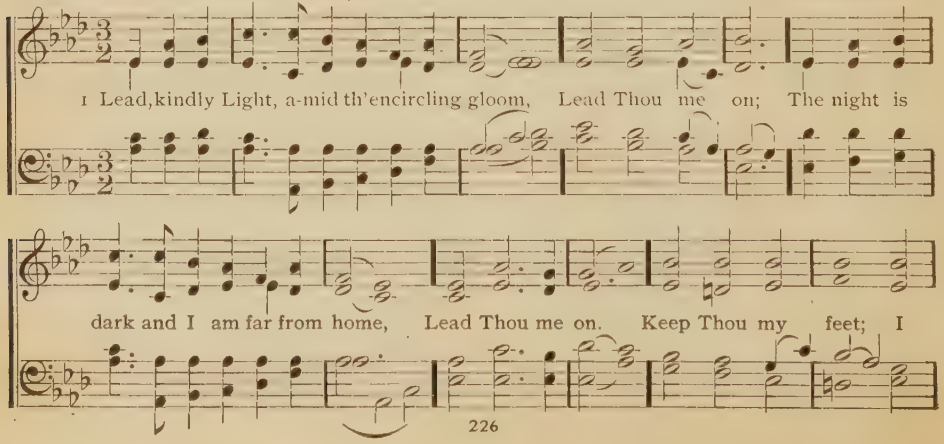
3 Ne'er think the victory won
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

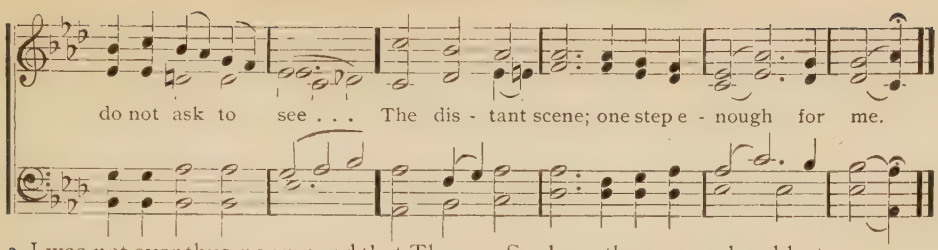
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
Up to his blest abode.

George Heath, 1781.

464 LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.





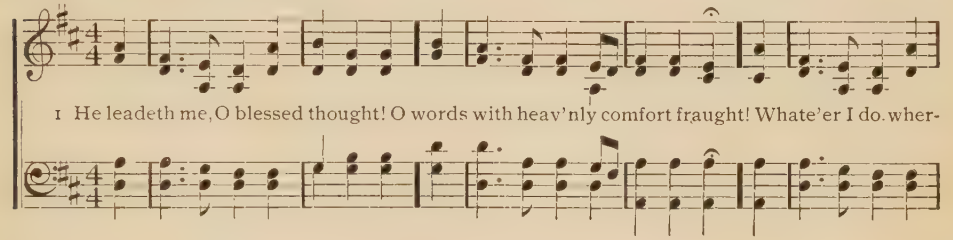
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on; [now
I loved to choose and see my path; but
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will. Remember not
past years.

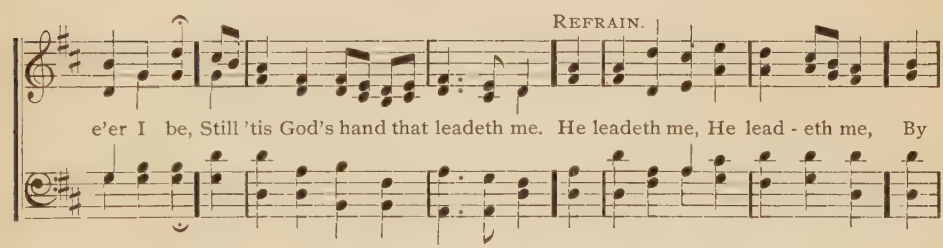
3 So long thy power has blest me, sure
Will lead me on, [it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
The night is gone; [torrent till
And with the morn those angel faces
smile, [awhile.
Which I have loved long since and lost

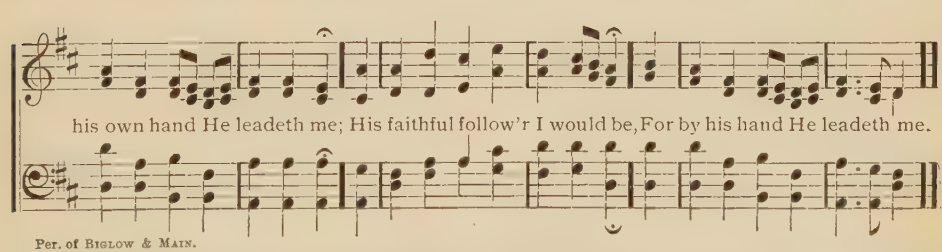
John Henry Newman, 1833.

465 HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1816—1868.







Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
—Ref.

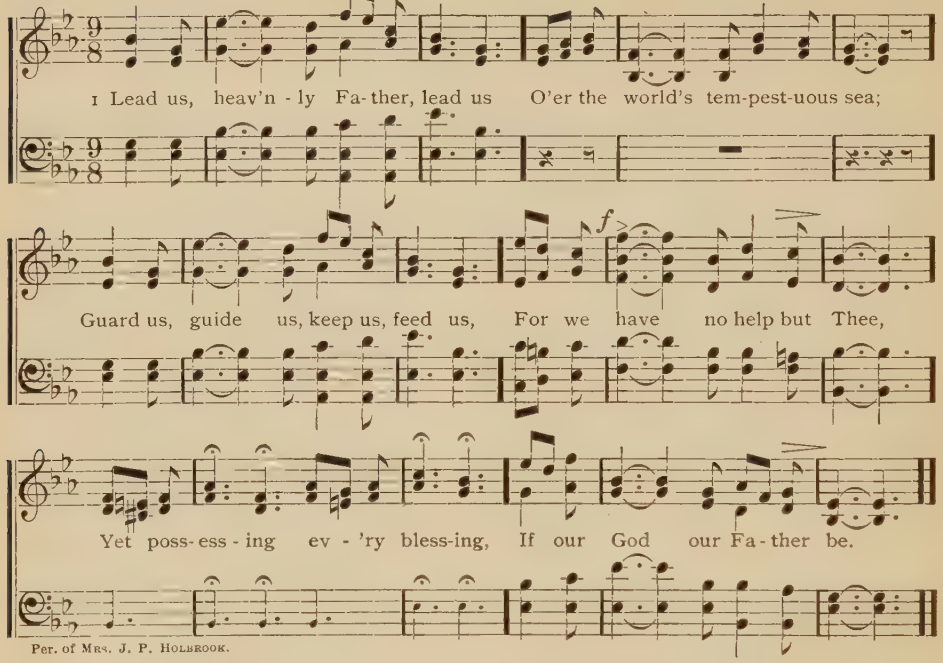
3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content whatever lot I see, [Ref.
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
—Ref.

J. H. Gilmore, 1861.

466 SEGUR. 8s, 7s & 4s.

J. P. Holbrook.



Per. of Mrs. J. P. Holbrook.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1820.

467

1 SHEPHERD of thine Israel, lead us,
Pilgrims, o'er this barren sand;
Thou who hast from bondage freed us,
Guard us by thine outstretched hand;
Guide thy chosen
Safely to the promised land.

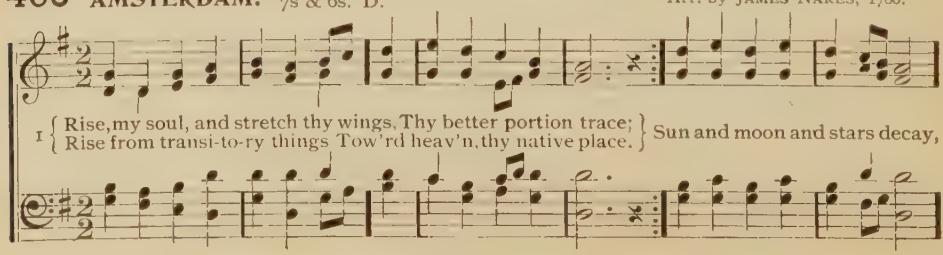
2 Feed us with the heavenly manna,
Fainting, may we feel thy might;
Go before us as our banner,
Cloud by day and fire by night;
Great Redeemer,
Shine around us, Thou art light.

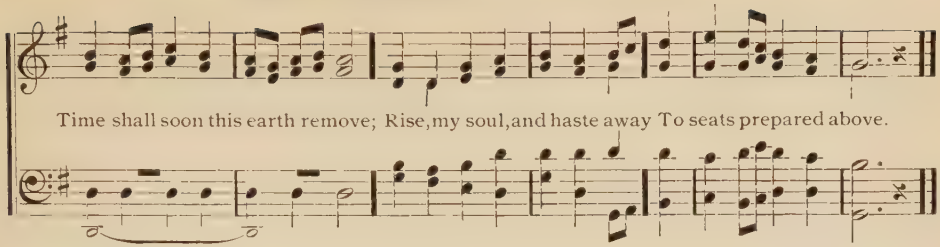
3 When we come to death's dark river,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Thou who canst our life deliver,
Bear us through the sundered tide;
Praises, praises
Will we sing on Canaan's side.

Josiah Conder. 1856.

468 AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. D.

Arr. by James Nares, 1780.





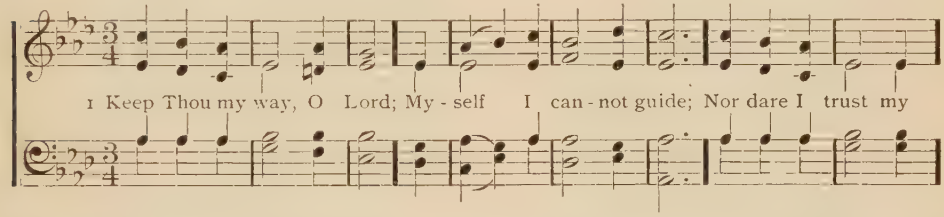
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course,
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

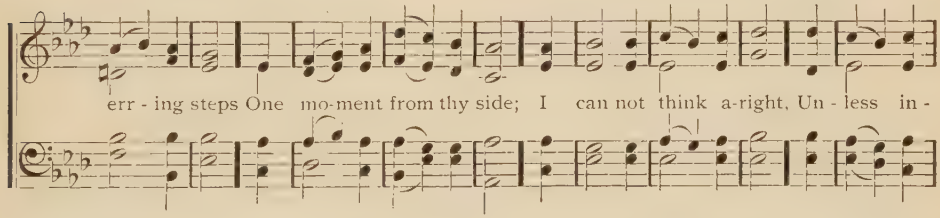
3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

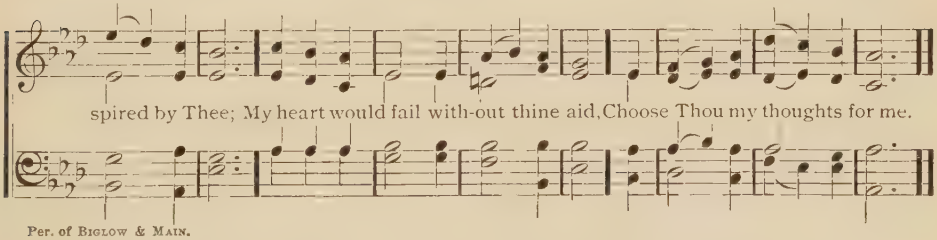
Robert Seagrave, 1748.

469 KEEP THOU MY WAY. S. M. D.

HUBERT P. MAIN.







Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

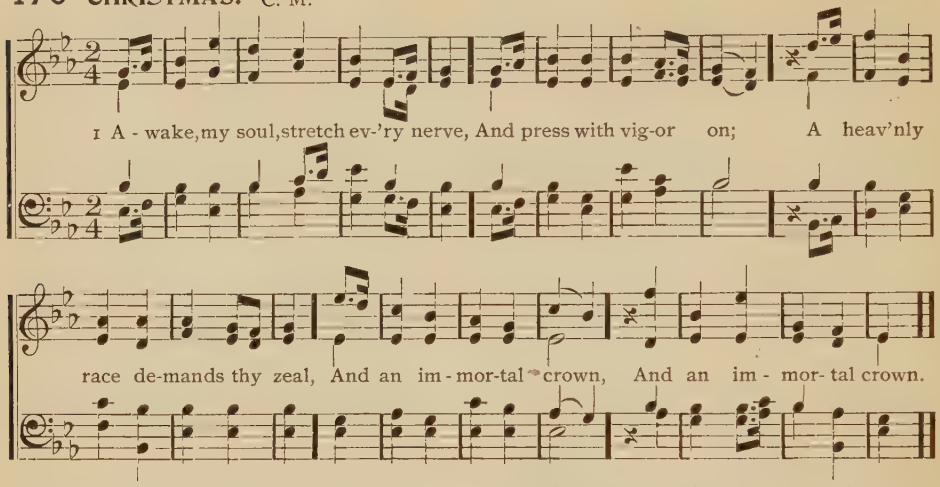
2 For every act of faith
And every pure design,
For all of good my soul can know,
The glory, Lord, be thine.
Free grace my pardon seals
Through thine atoning blood;
Free grace the full assurance brings
Of peace with Thee, my God.

3 O speak and I will hear,
Command and I obey;
My willing feet with joy shall haste
To run the heavenly way;
Keep Thou my wand'ring heart,
And bid it cease to roam;
O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
To heaven my blissful home.

Fanny J. Crosby.

470 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun,
And crowned with victory at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

471

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain
And melt in flowing tears,
My weak resistance, ah! how vain,
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

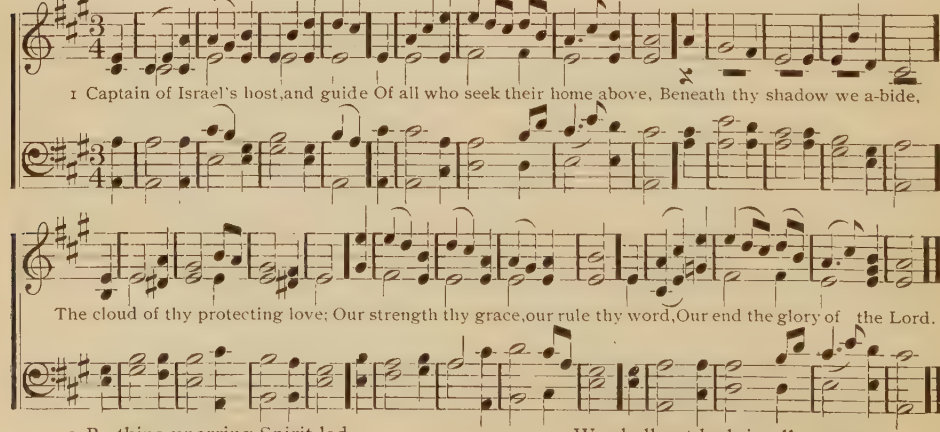
4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail,
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee,
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

A. Steele.

472 BROWNELL. L. M. 6 lines.

FROM FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732—1809.

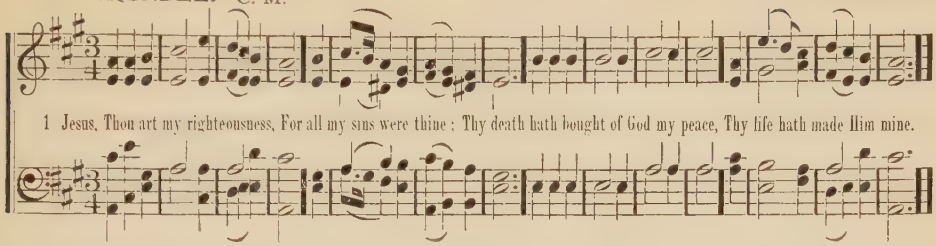


2 By thine unerring Spirit led
We shall not in the desert stray;
By thy paternal bounty fed
We shall not lack in all our way,
As far from danger as from fear,
While thine almighty love is near.

C. Wesley.

473 ARUNDEL. C. M.

S. Webbe.



2 Spotless and just in Thee I am,
I feel my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in thy name
And antedate my heaven.

3 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

4 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood
And cleanse and keep me clean.

5 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine Thou art,
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

6 The atonement of thy blood apply
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

474

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

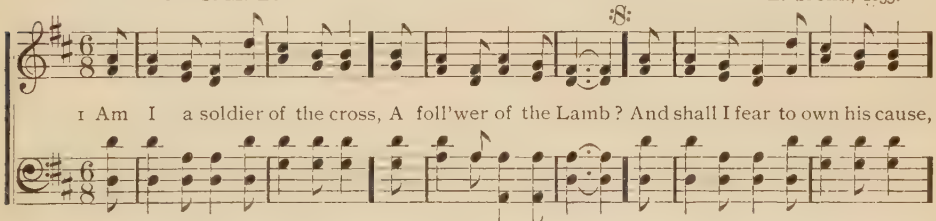
2 Dost Thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

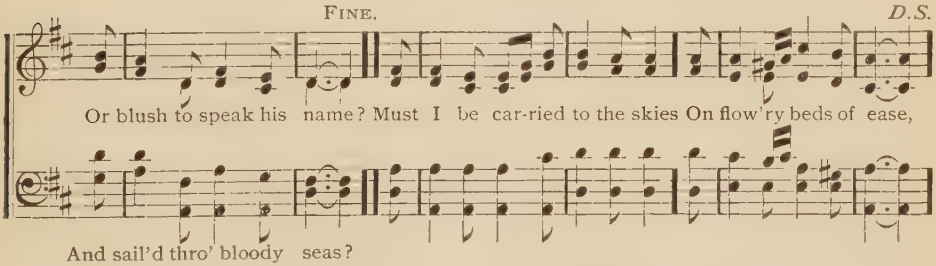
4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home. Isaac Watts.

475 SPOHR. C. M. D.

L. Spohr, 1835.



D.S.—While others fought to win the prize



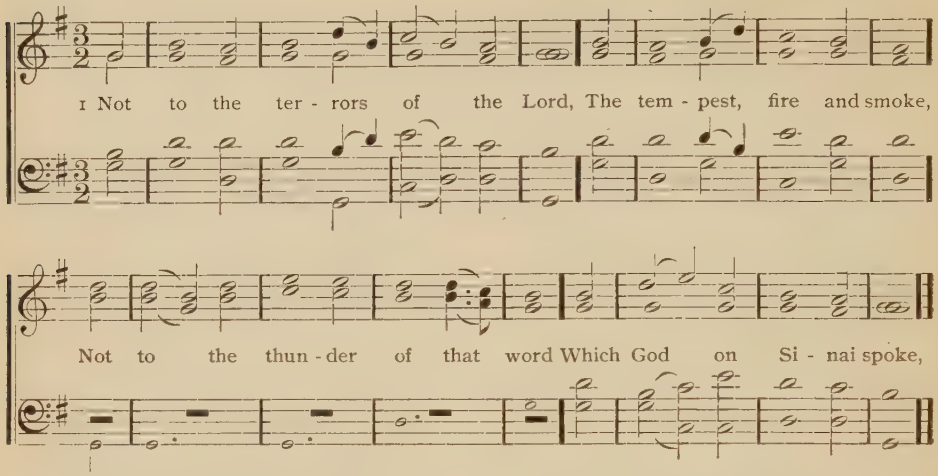
2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts, 1723.

476 JUDEA. C. M.

Wm. Arnold, 1791



2 But we are come to Zion's hill
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light,
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven!

5 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

477

1 JESUS, exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given,
A name surpassing every name
That's known in earth or heaven,

2 Before whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord,
Before whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that Thou art Lord,

3 Jesus, who in the form of God
Didst equal honor claim,
Yet to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame,

4 O may that mind in us be formed
Which shone so bright in Thee,
A humble, meek and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.

5 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here
And share thy throne above.

Thomas Cotterill, 1812.

478

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with thy blood,
So freely shed for me;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

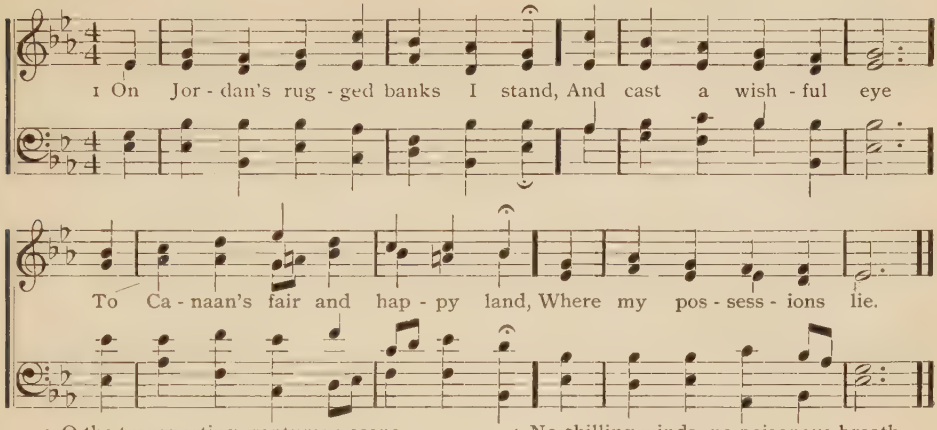
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

479 PHUVAH. C. M.

MELCHOIR VULPIUS, 1609.



2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face
And in his bosom rest?

Sam'l Stennett, 1737.

480

1 FORTH to the land of promise bound,
Our desert path we tread,
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His captain at our head.

2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills
And catch their distant blue,
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

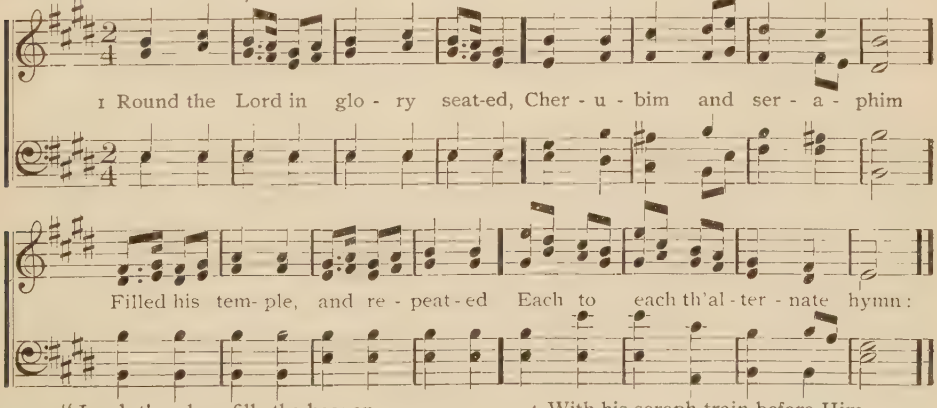
3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise,
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

Henry Alford, 1827.

481 SICILY. 8s & 7s.

SICILIAN MELODY.



2 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!"

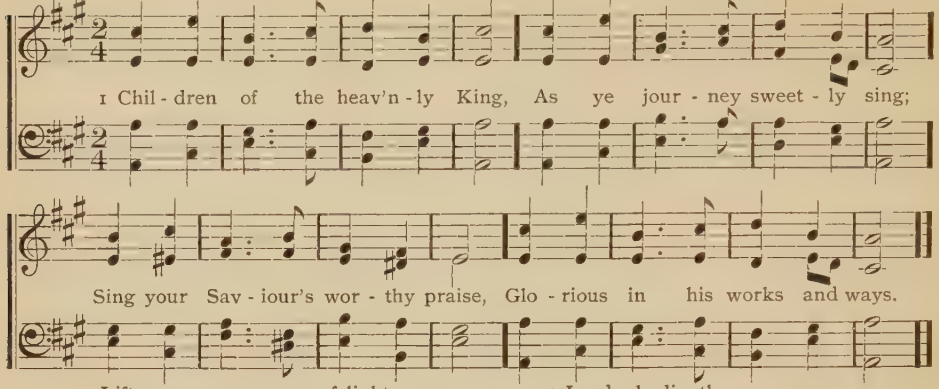
4 With his seraph train before Him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Richard Mant.

482 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757—1831.



2 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

5 Seal our love, our labors end,
Let us to thy bliss ascend,
Let us to thy kingdom come,
Lord, we long to be at home.

John Cennick, 1742.

483

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day.

3 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

4 They alone are truly blest;
Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ,
They with love and peace are filled,
They are by his Spirit sealed.

Jos. Humphreys, 1743.

484

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all strife forever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

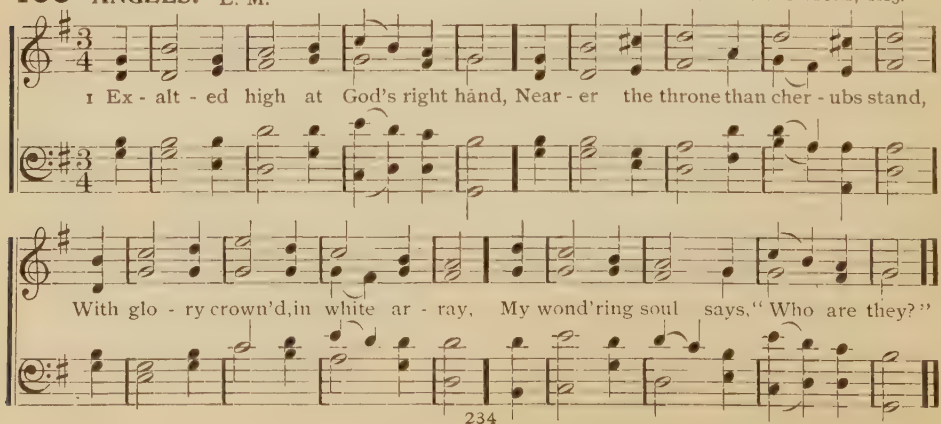
3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride
Let us thus in God abide,
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

Charles Wesley.

485 ANGELS. L. M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.



2 These are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
More spotless than the purest white
They shine in uncreated light.

3 Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,
Their glories great and all divine;
Tell me their origin, and say
Their order what, and whence came they?

4 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross and scorned the [shame;
Within the living temple blest
In God they dwell and on Him rest.

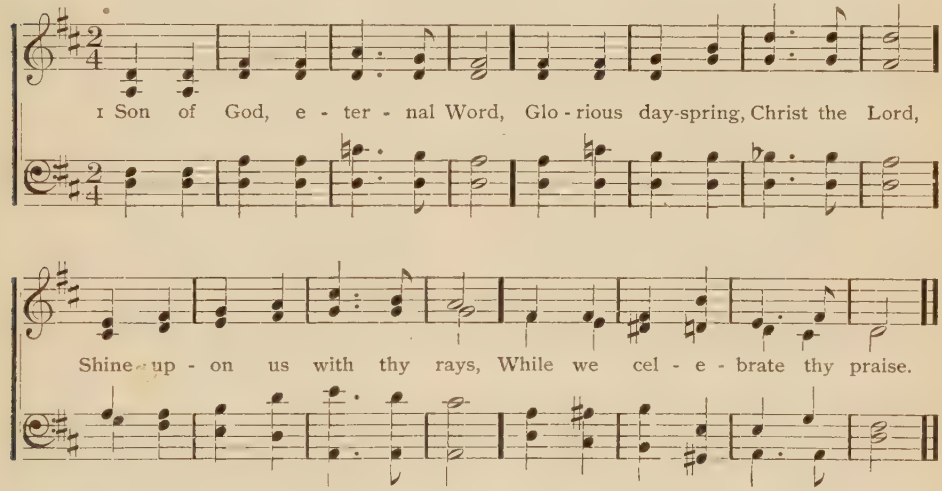
5 Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The sacred glories of their King;
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise?

6 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of his name,
To Him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

7 Amen, they cry, to Him alone
Who dares to fill his Father's throne;
They give Him glory, and again
Repeat his praise and say, Amen.

486 CYPRUS. 7s.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809—1847.



2 When Thou madest heaven and earth,
Angels shouted at their birth;
Morning stars in chorus sang,
When the world from darkness sprang.

3 When in sin and death we lay,
Thou didst wake us into day;
Thou in human nature born
Wast to us a glorious morn.

4 When Thou didst arise from death,
We were quickened by thy breath;
We arose with Thee, our Head,
First-begotten from the dead.

5 Keep us safe from harm and sin,
Foes around us and within;
May we know Thee ever nigh,
Ever walk as in thine eye.

6 Lead us onward, Lord, we pray,
To the pure and perfect day,
Where we may the glory see
Of the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth.

487

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

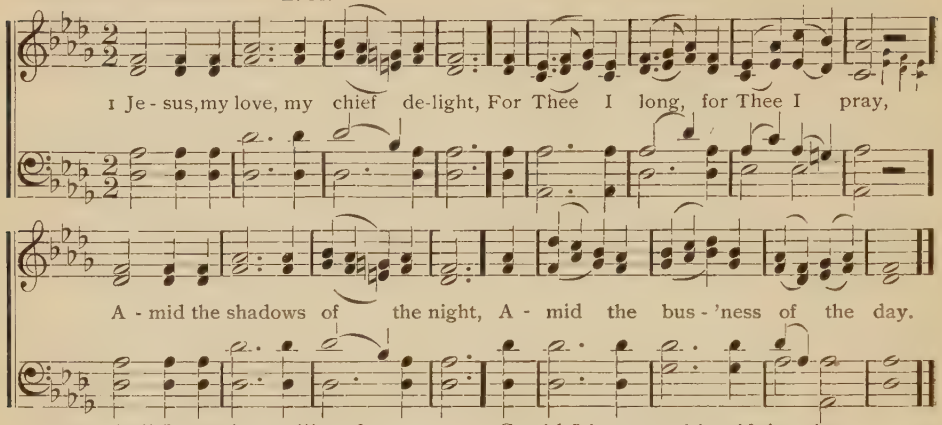
3 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

Thomas Raffles, 1812.

488 LOVE DIVINE. L. M.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848. Arr. by H. P. Main.



2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
Which I thro' faith have often seen?
Arise, Thou sun of righteousness,
Dispel the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God
To sinners weary and distrest,
The first of all his gifts bestowed
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at pain or want repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

5 This precious jewel let me keep
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never shall from thence depart.

489

1 REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul enlarged and dried my tears,
What can I do, O love divine,
What, to repay such gifts as thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from thy hands new blessings seek,
A heart to feel thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee and adore?

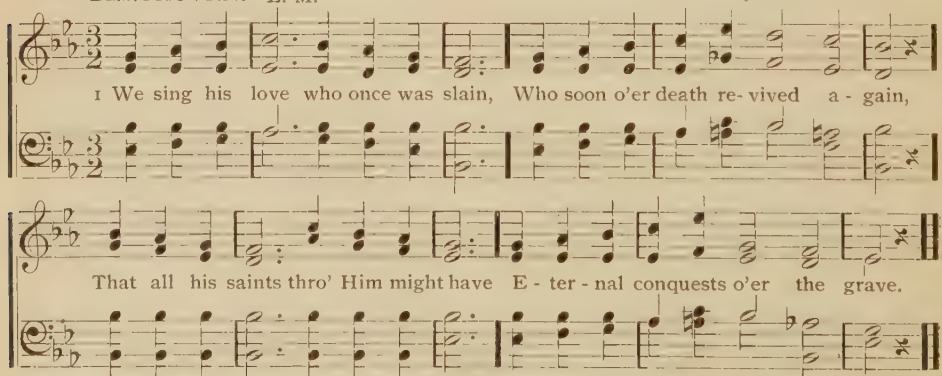
3 O teach me at thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all,
Before thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die to Thee alone.

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand and raise and fill my heart;
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

490 BEETHOVEN. L. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



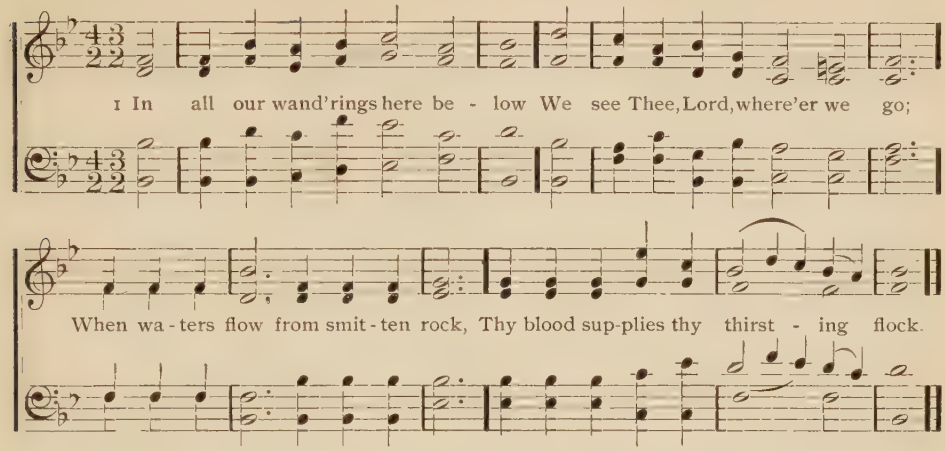
2 The saints, who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

3 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day
And this delightful scene display,
When all thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

Rowland Hill, 1796.

491 AMES. L. M.

SIGISMUND NEUKOMM, 1778—1858.



2 Thy word and holy festival,
Thy Church, we see Thee in them all;
When manna from the heavens refresh,
Then Jesus feeds us with his flesh.

3 In all the gleams of grace divine
We see thy holy presence shine;
Beneath the cloud baptized are we,
And Jesus leads us through the sea.

4 No arm can save us from the foe
But thine; no other hope we know;
We lean not on ourselves; thy rod
Is all our trust, Thou Son of God.

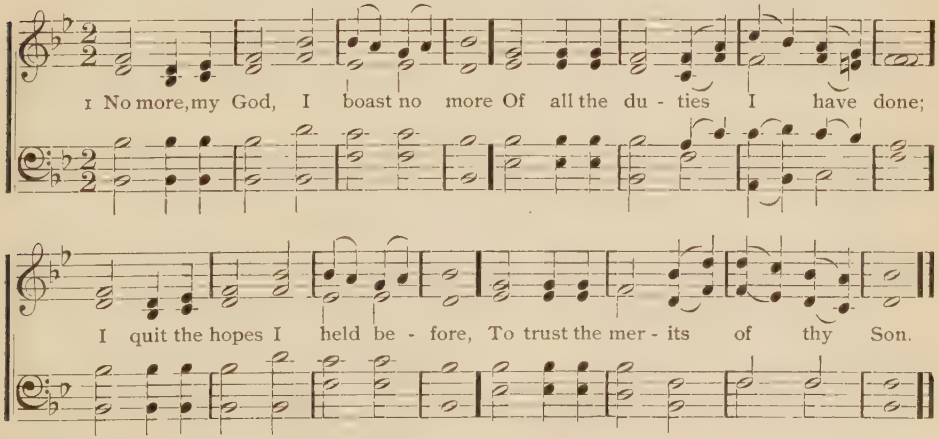
5 In all our long and weary way,
Pilgrims of Canaan, lest we stray
Be Thou our guide, thy grace afford
And make us thine in will and word.

6 So may we through life's desert go,
And come where fruits of Eshcol grow,
Gain the rich promise of thy word
And rest forever with the Lord.

C. Wordsworth.

492 ERNAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count but loss;
My former pride I call my shame
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in Him
And of his righteousness partake.

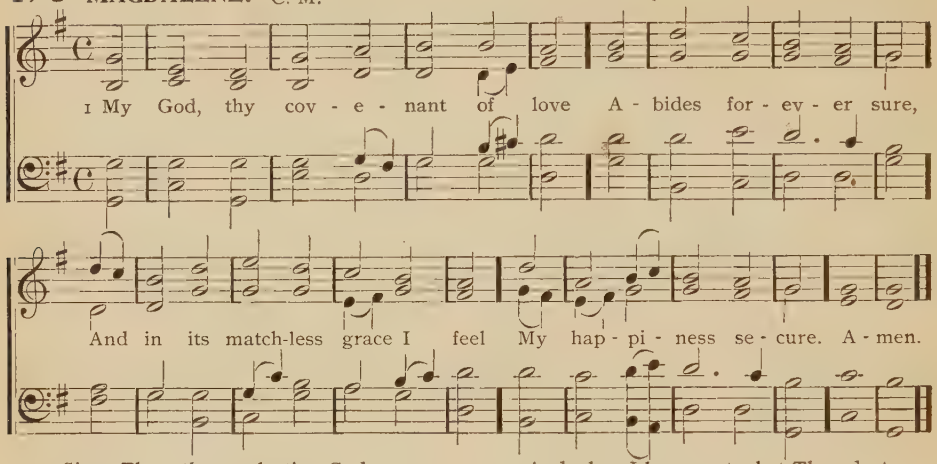
4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Baptism and Confirmation.

493 MAGDALENE. C. M.

J. CONGER, 1688.



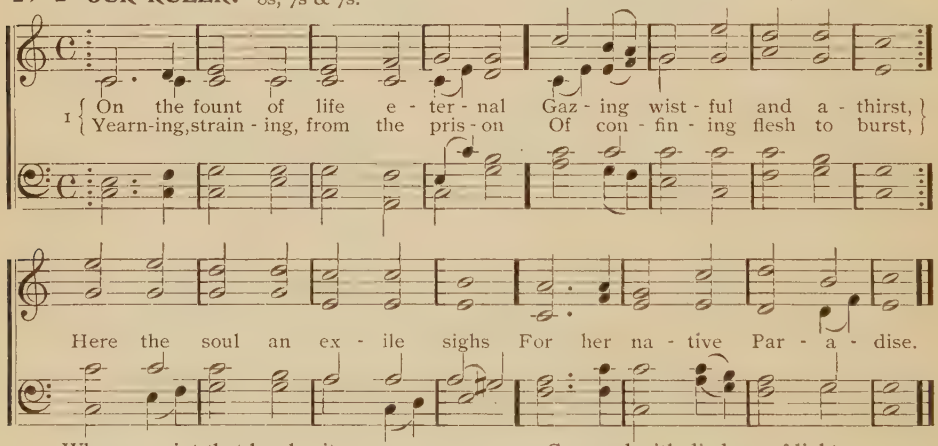
2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home,

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when mine eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

494 OUR RULER. 8s, 7s & 7s.

W. H. MONK.



2 Who can paint that lovely city,
City of true peace divine,
Whose pure gates forever open
Each in pearly splendor shine,
Whose abodes of glory clear
Naught defiling cometh near?

3 There no stormy winter rages,
There no scorching summer glows;
But through one perennial springtide,
Blooms the lily with the rose;
And the Lamb with purest ray
Scatters round eternal day.

4 There the saints of God, resplendent
As the sun in all his might,
Evermore rejoice together,
Crowned with diadems of light,
And from peril safe at last
Reckon up their triumphs past.

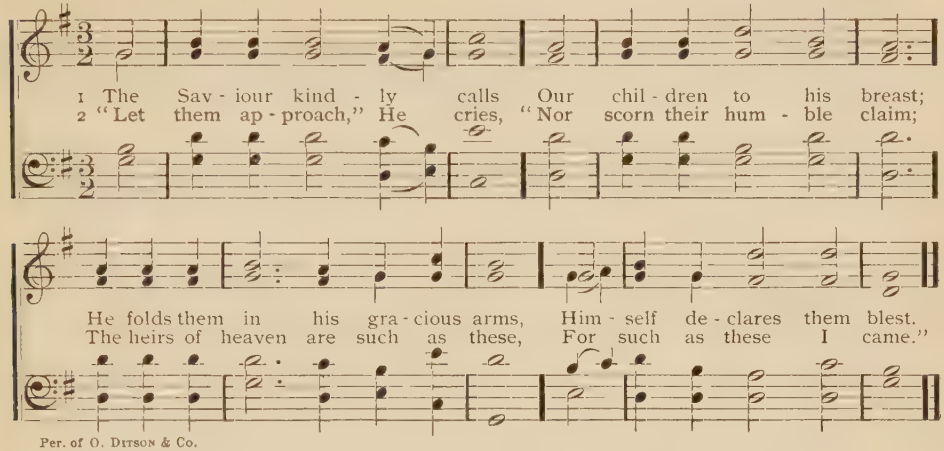
5 There, in strains harmonious blending,
They their sweetest anthems sing,
And, on harps divinely thrilling,
Glorify their glorious King,
Aided by whose arm of might
They were victors in the fight.

6 Look, O Jesus, on thy soldiers,
Worn and wounded in the fight;
Grant, O grant us rest for ever
In thy beatific sight,
And Thyself our guerdon be
Through a long eternity.

Pietro Damiani. Tr. E. Caswall.

495 BANKOKE. S. M.

I. B. Woodbury.



Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

496

1 LORD, what our ears have heard
Our eyes delighted trace,
Thy love in long succession shown
To every faithful race.

2 Our children Thou dost claim,
O Lord, our God, as thine;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine.

3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honor thy commands.

4 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore,
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows
To be forgot no more.

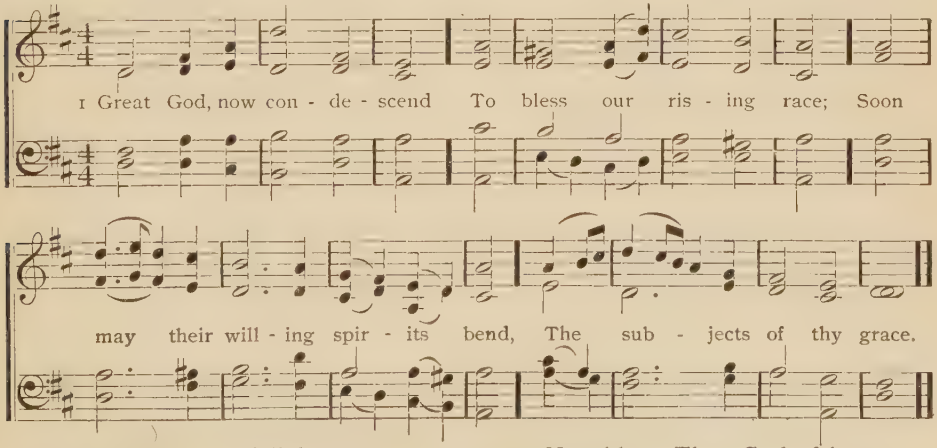
5 How great thy mercies, Lord,
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which in the promise of thy love
Includes our rising race!

6 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God,
To latest times thy blessings share
And sound thy praise abroad.

H. U. Onderdonk.

497 WATCHMAN. S. M.

James Leach.



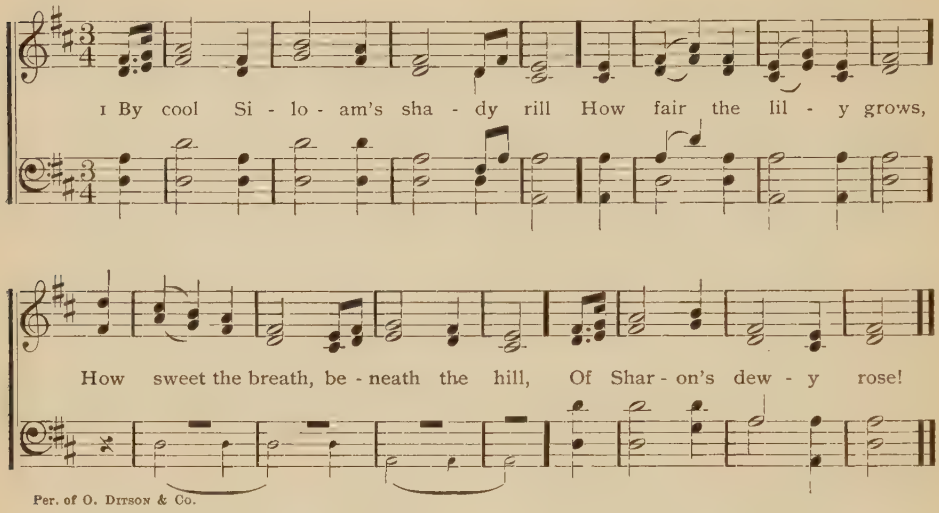
2 O what a pure delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to Thee.

3 Now bless, Thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

J. Fellows.

498 SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. Woodbury.



Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away;

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine, [crowned
Whose years with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine,

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

499

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil,
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

Isaac Watts.

500

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms.

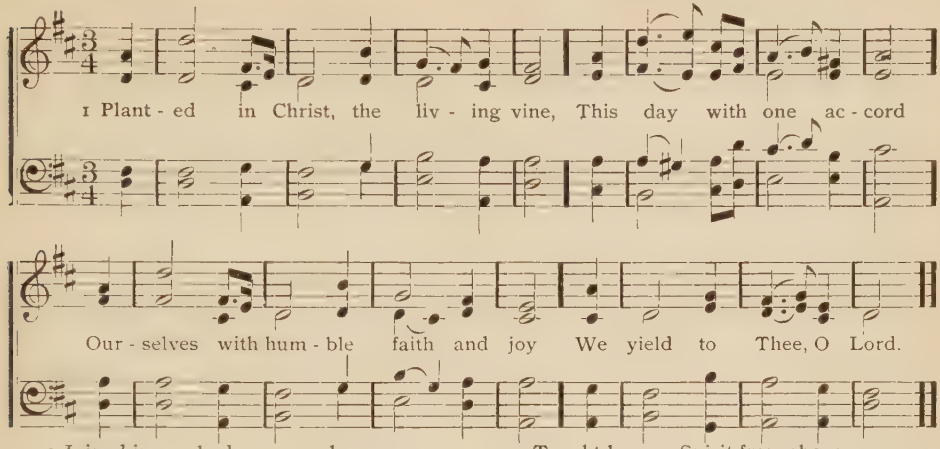
2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name,
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

501 BRADFORD. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1741.



2 Joined in one body may we be,
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

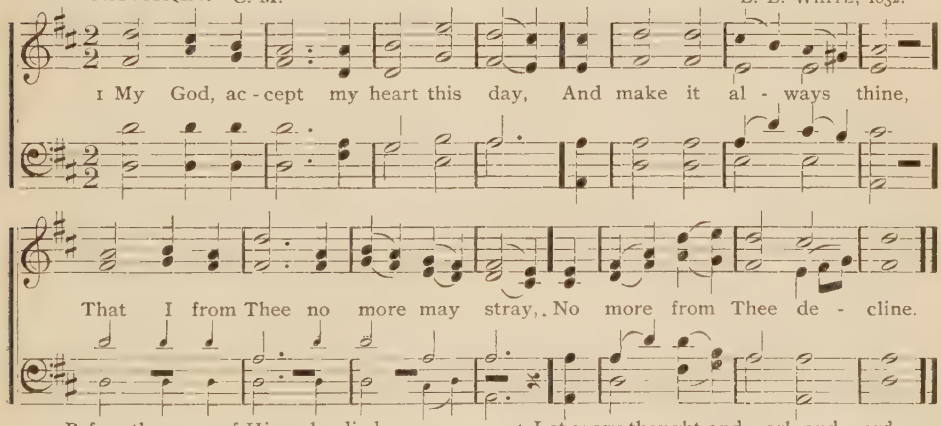
3 In prayer, in effort, tears and toils
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

S. F. Smith.

502 NAVARIN. C. M.

L. L. WHITE, 1832.



2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace
And seal me for thine own,
That I may see thy glorious face
And worship near thy throne.

4 Let every thought and work and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

5 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

503

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,

2 That long as life itself shall last
Ourselves to Christ we yield,
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

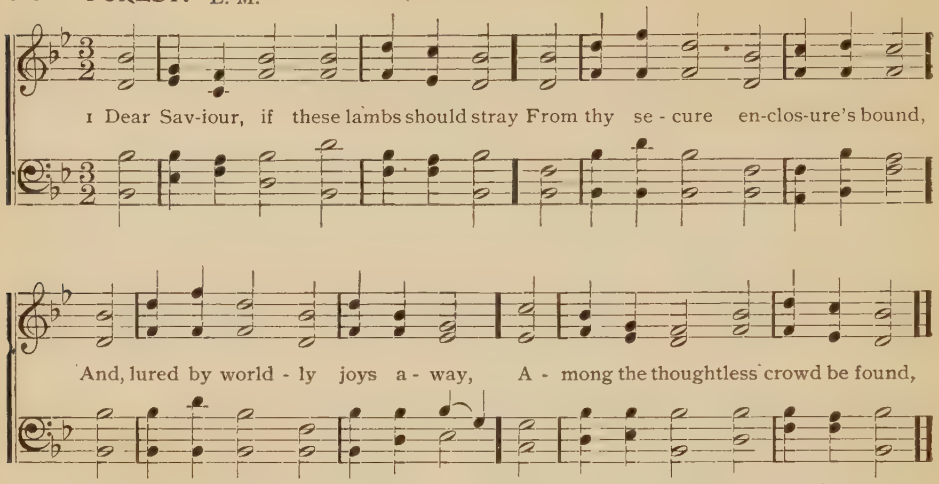
3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That with returning wants the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright
And keep us in thy ways,
And while we turn our vows to prayers
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Benj. Beddome.

504 FOREST. L. M.

I. P. Cole, 1813.



2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of cov'nant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

A. B. Hyde.

505

1 THIS child we consecrate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity;
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We too before thy gracious sight
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love and thanks and praises now.

4 Grant that with true and faithful heart
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise Thou hast given
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

506

1 DEAR Lord, I give my heart to Thee;
Its throbs of griefs will never cease,
Till yearning faith be taught to see
In Christ the risen Prince of Peace.

2 My time is flitting day by day;
Sad conscience weaves in restless loom
A shroud whose dusky lines portray
The travails of eternal gloom,

3 The bitter fruits of wasted years,
The empty store of worldly gain,
Hope's blighted flowers, rank with tears,
And mem'ry's ashes mixed with pain.

4 This weighty sum of life I bring
To Calv'ry's gleaming, lofty tree;
Lo, at its foot the load I fling
And to its arms for refuge flee.

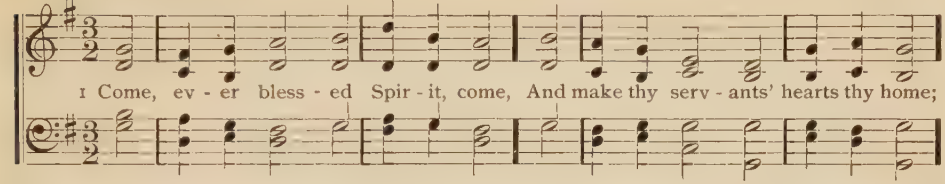
5 My guilt, the spear that pierced thy side,
My death once swelled thy dying cry;
O cleanse my sins in mercy's tide,
Still ebbing earthward from the sky.

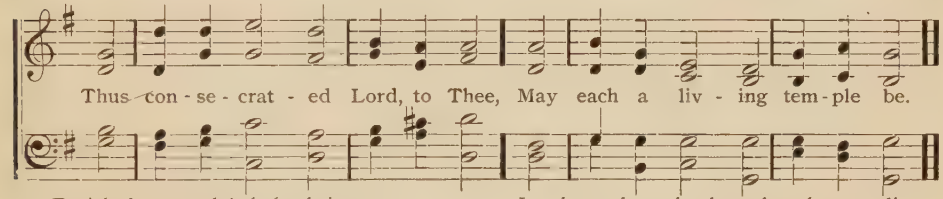
6 Thine eye doth read the soul's distress,
When mourning for thy peace it pleads;
Let thy forgiveness, Jesus, bless,
And fill my spirit's piteous needs.

R. S. Mathews, 1859.

507 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830.





2 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God in persons Three,
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,
In Thee we praise and glory give.

4 O grant us so to use thy grace
That we may see thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Christopher Wordsworth.

508

1 LORD I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Here, O my Lord, my soul, my all,
I yield to Thee beyond recall;
Accept thine own, so long withheld,
Accept what I so freely yield.

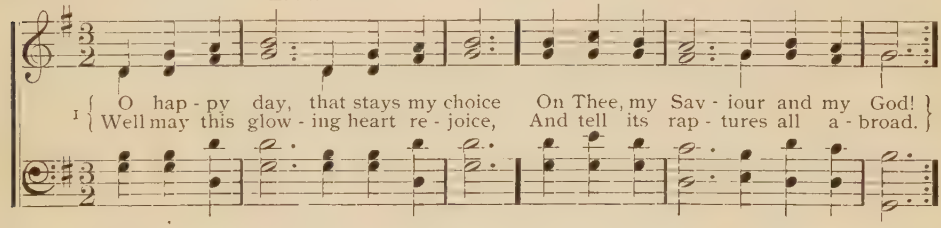
3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace,
A wretched sinner lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

4 The vow is past beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal;
Thine would I live, thine would I die.
Be thine through all eternity.

Samuel Davies.

509 HAPPY DAY. L. M.

From E. F. Rimbault.



2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine;
Help me through grace to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

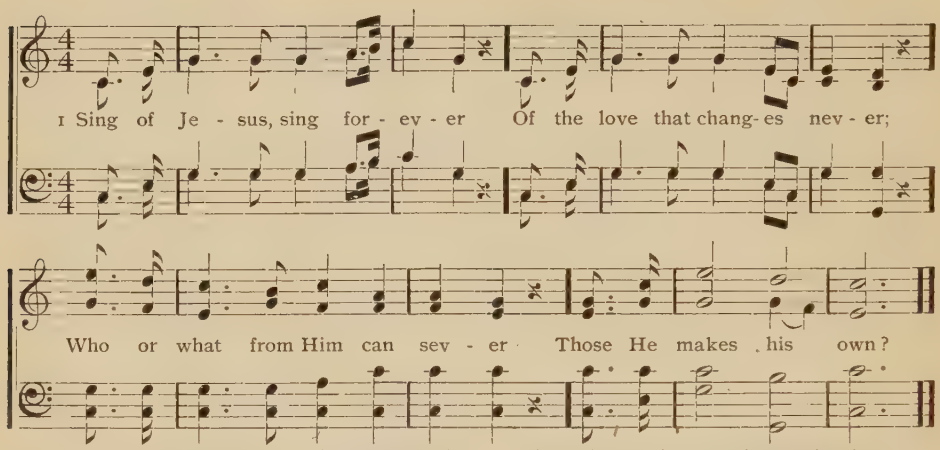
4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When called on angel's food to feast?

5 High heaven that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge.

510 SONG. 8s & 5s.

GERMAN MELODY.



2 With his blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew Him not He sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
And through all the way He speeds them
To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from heaven and sought them,
Him who by his Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

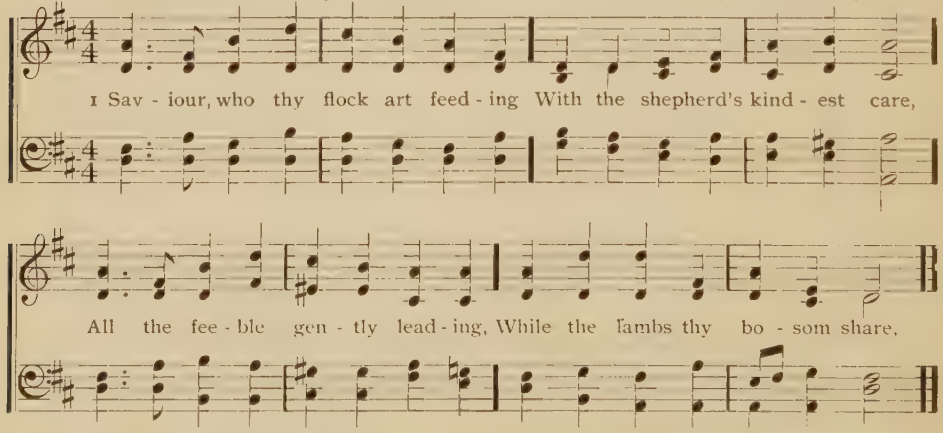
5 Let his people sing with gladness;
Other mirth than this is madness,
Mirth it is that ends in sadness,
Be it far away.

6 'Tis the saints have solid treasure,
They can sing with holy pleasure,
And their joy will know no measure
In the final day.

Thomas Kelley, 1815.

511 ST. OSWALD. 8s & 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There we know, thy word beliving,
Only there secure from harm.

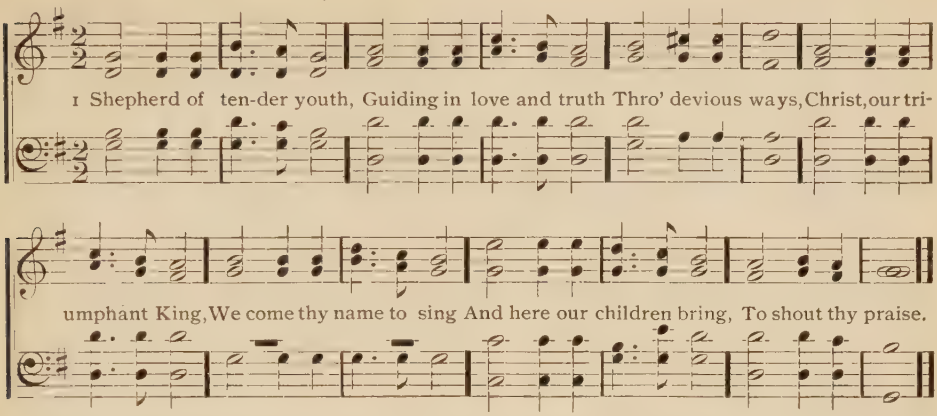
3 Never from thy pasture roving
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1826.

512 NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.



2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain,
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

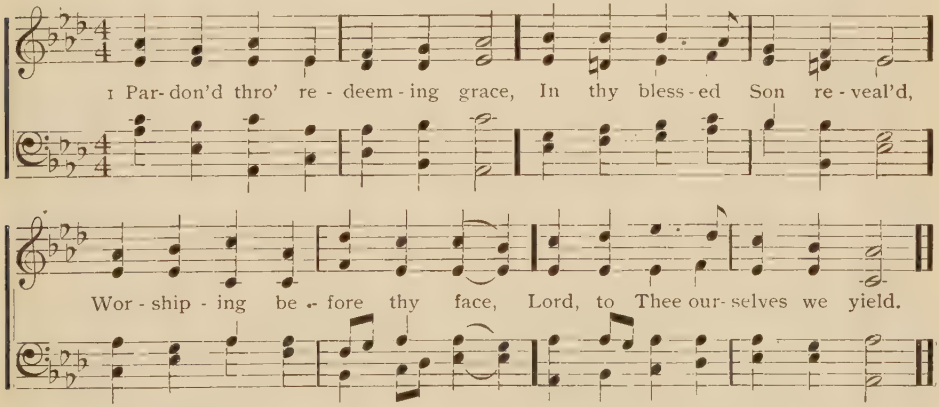
4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song,
Jesus, Thou Christ of God;
By thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now and till we die
Sound we thy praises high
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to thy Church belong
Unite and swell the song
To Christ, our King.

Clement of Alexandria, 200. Tr. by H. M. Dexter.

513 SCUDAMORE. 7s.

R. R. CHOPE.



2 Thou the sacrifice receive,
Humbly offered through the Son;
Quicken us in Him to live,
Lord, in us thy will be done.

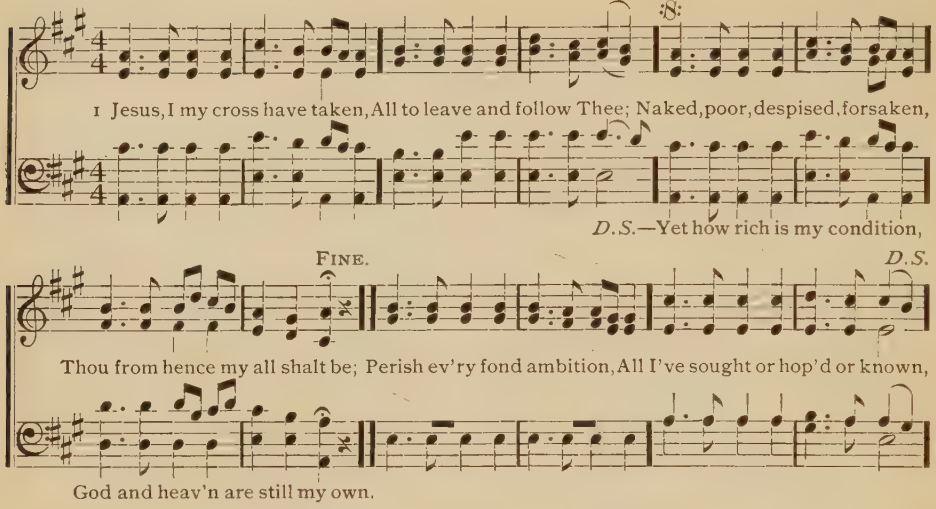
3 By the hallowed outward sign,
By the cleansing grace within,
Seal and make us wholly thine,
Wash and keep us pure from sin.

4 Called to bear the Christian name,
May our vows and life accord,
And our every deed proclaim
"Holiness unto the Lord."

Edward Osler, 1836.

514 ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D.

From J. O. W. A. Mozart.



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue;
O while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

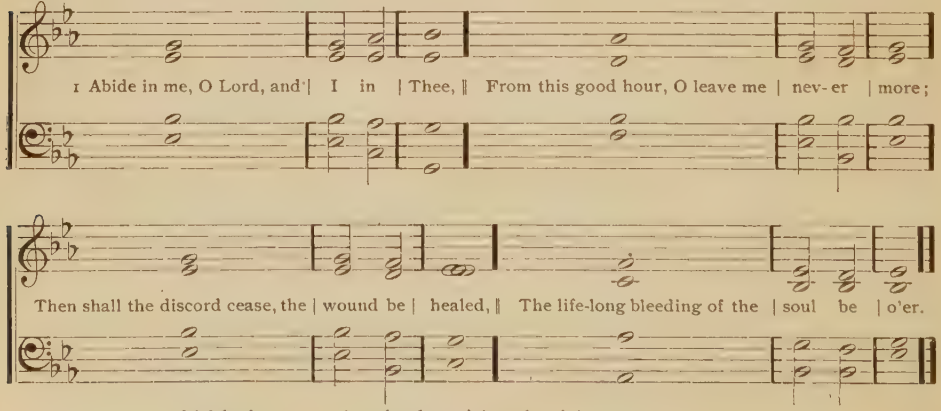
3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go then earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father,
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

H. F. Lyte.

515 ABIDE IN ME.

Arthur H. D. Troyte, d. 1859.



2 Abide in me; o'ershadow | by thy | love
Each half-formed purpose and dark | thought of | sin;
Quench ere it rise each selfish, | low de- | sire,
And keep my soul as thine, calm | and di- | vine.

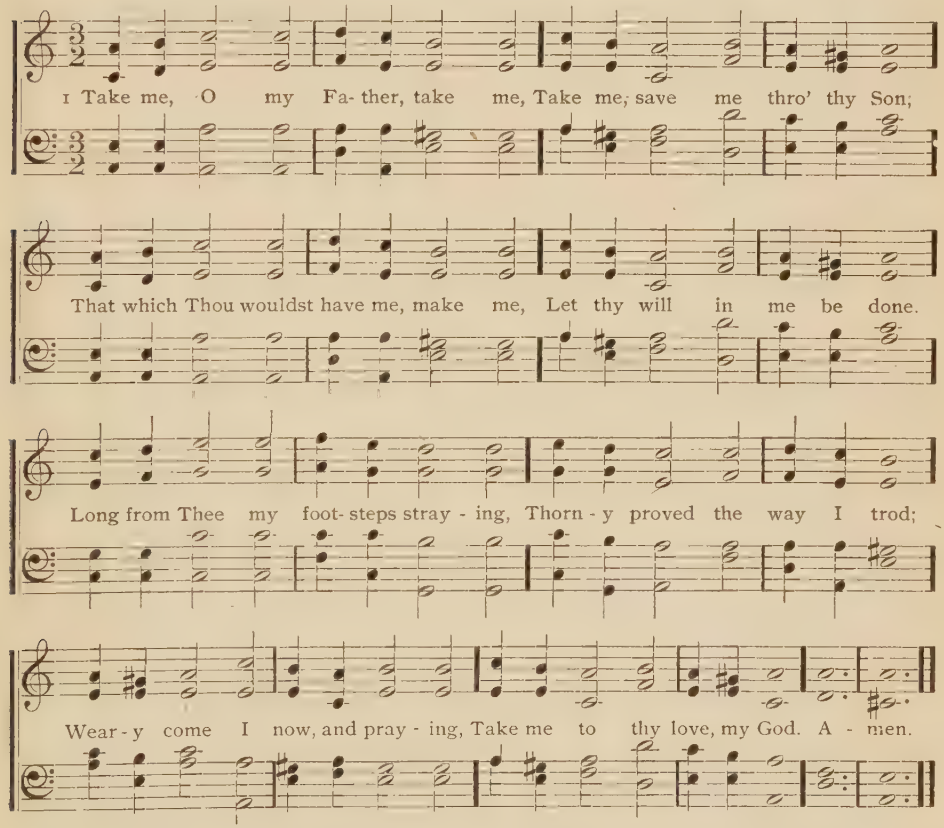
3 As some rare perfume in a | vase of | clay
Pervades it with a fragrance | not its | own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a | mortal | soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems a- | round it | thrown.

4 Abide in me; there have been | moments | blest,
When I have heard thy voice and | felt thy | power;
Then evil lost its grasp; and | passion, | hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment | of the | hour.

5 These were but seasons beauti- | ful and | rare,
Abide in me and they shall | ever | be;
Fulfil at once thy precept | and my | prayer,
Come, and abide in me, and | I in | Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

516 SANTOLIUS. 8s & 7s. D.



2 Fruitless years of grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in;
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like thine.

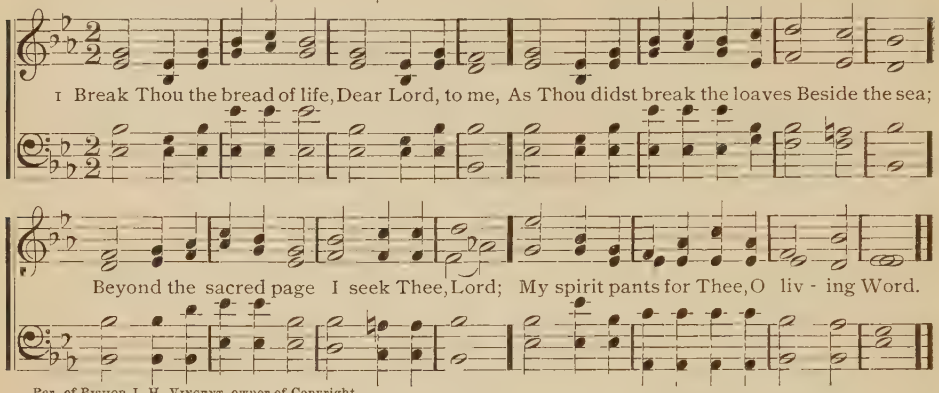
3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee;
Father, take me, all forgiving
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love forever living
I must be forever blest.

Ray Palmer, 1865.

Holy Communion.

517. BREAD OF LIFE. 6s & 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



Per. of BISHOP J. H. VINCENT, owner of Copyright.

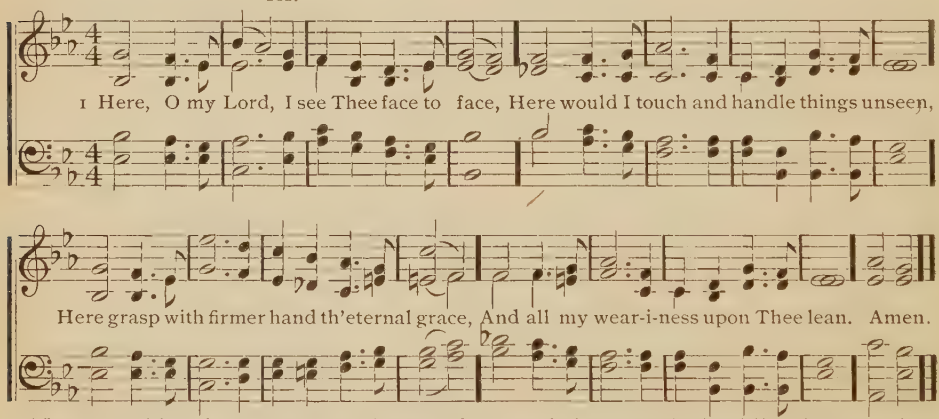
2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;

Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My all in all.

M. A. Lathbury.

518 COMMUNION. 10s.

MENDELSSOHN.



2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven,
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

4 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My wisdom and my teacher, both in one;
Now wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
Note teaching do I crave save thine alone.

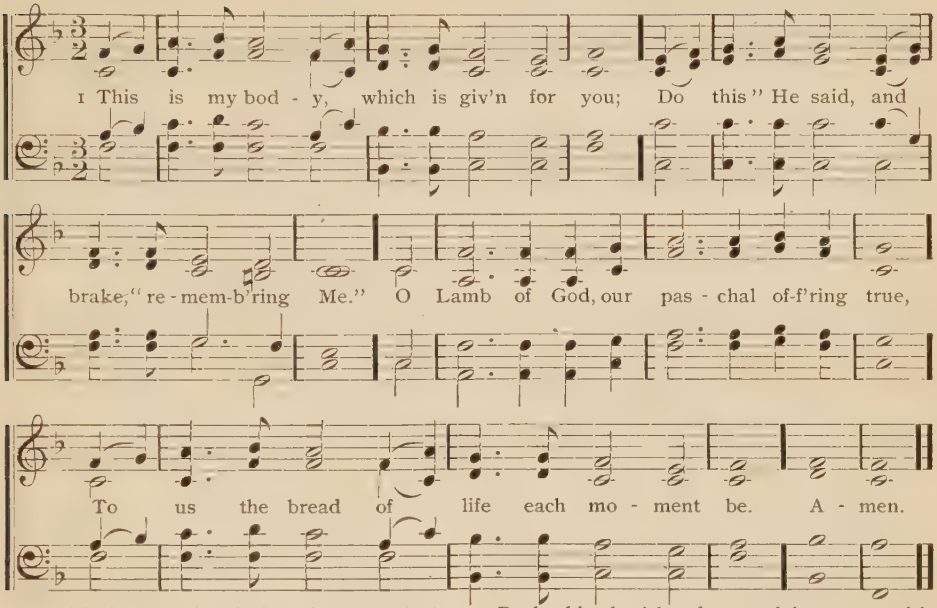
5 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge and my peace,
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

519 MELTON. 10s.

LOWELL MASON.



2 "This is my blood, for sin's remission shed,"
He spake, and passed the wine-stained chalice round;
So let us drink, and on life's fulness fed
With heav'nly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

3 The hour is come; with us in peace sit down,
Thine own beloved, O love us to the end;
Serve us one banquet ere the night's [dark frown
Veil from our sight the presence of our friend.

4 Girded with love still wash thy servants' feet,
While they submissive wonder and [adore;
Bathed in thy blood our spirits every whit
Are clean, yet cleanse our goings more and more.

5 Some will betray Thee; "Master, is it I?"
Leaning upon thy love we ask in fear;
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the strong, for strength when sin is near.

6 But round us fall the evening shadows dim,
A saddened awe pervades our darkened sense;
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear thy voice, "Arise, let us go hence.

C. L. Ford.

520

1 Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you out-[poured;
Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed we render thanks to God.

2 Salvation's giver, Christ, God's only Son,
By his dear cross and blood the vict'ry won;
Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim and Himself the Priest.

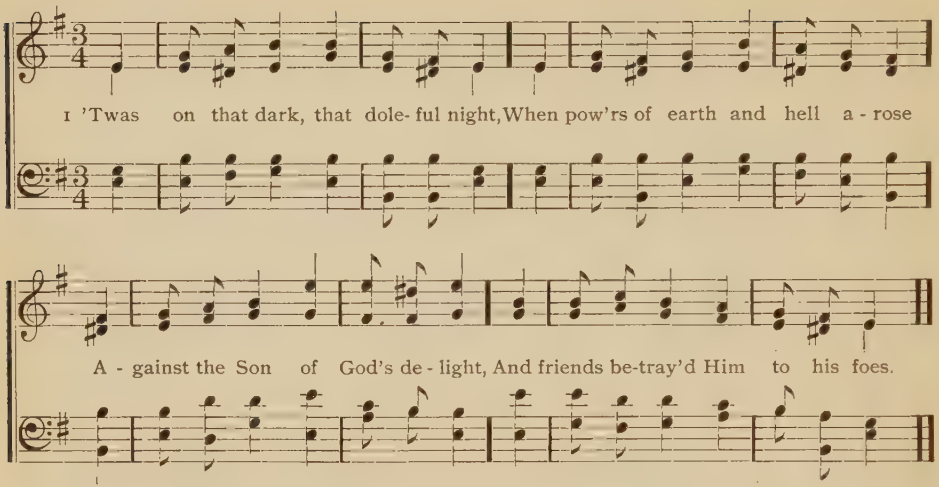
3 He, ransomer from death, and light from shade,
Now gives his holy grace his saints to aid;
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul. [hunger whole,
With heav'nly bread makes them that

4 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here;
He that in this world rules his saints and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields.

7th century, Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1854.

521 WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.



2 Before the mournful scene began
He took the bread and blest and brake;
What love through all his actions ran,
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine,
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, He felt the thorn,
And justice poured upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

6 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till Thou return and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

522

1 BODY of Jesus, O sweet food,
Blood of my Saviour, precious blood;
On these thy gifts, eternal Priest,
Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast.

2 Weary and faint I thirst and pine
For Thee, my bread, for Thee, my wine,
Till strengthened, as Elijah trod,
I journey to the mount of God.

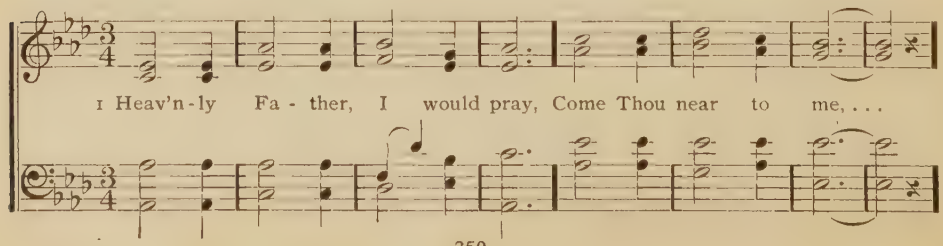
3 There clad in white, with crown and palm,
At the great supper of the Lamb,
Be mine with all thy saints to rest,
Like him that leaned upon thy breast.

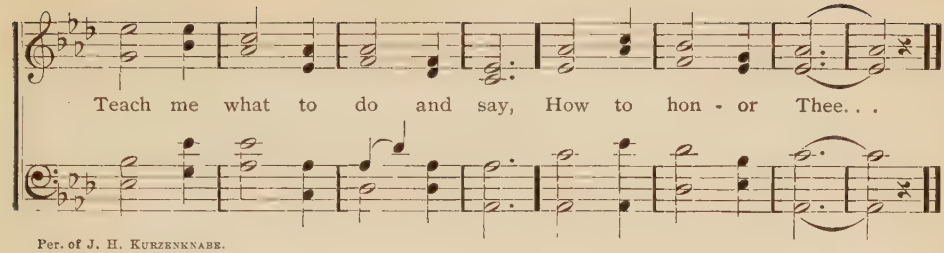
4 Saviour, till then I fain would know
That feast above by this below,
This bread of life, this wondrous food,
Thy body and thy precious blood.

Arthur C. Coxe, 1858.

523 HEAVENLY FATHER. 7s & 5s.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.





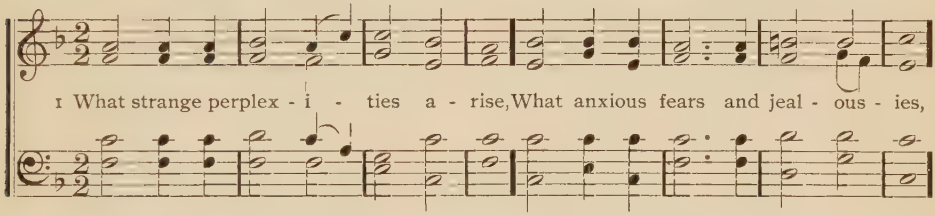
Per. of J. H. Kurzenknabe.

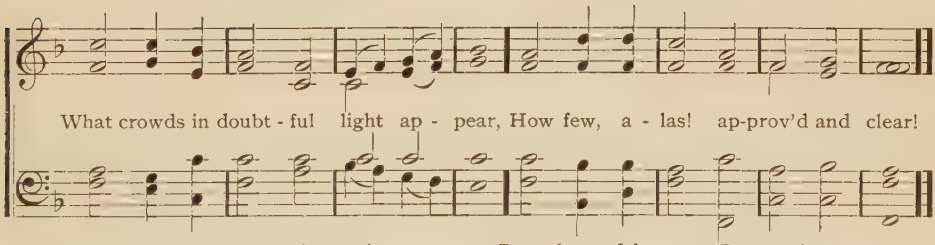
2 Blessed Jesus, I would ask
For a gentle will;
Help Thou me my every task
Faithful to fulfil.

3 Holy Spirit, loving guide,
Lead me day by day;
Guard my steps on every side,
Lest I go astray.

524 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1800.





2 And what am I? My soul, awake
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought and word and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still,
The secrets of my soul reveal,
My fears remove; let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.

5 May I, consistent with thy word,
Approach thy table, O my Lord?
O quicken, clothe and feed my soul,
Forgive my sins and make me whole.

525

1 ETERNAL King, enthroned above,
Look down in faithfulness and love;
Prepare our hearts to seek thy face,
And grant us thy reviving grace.

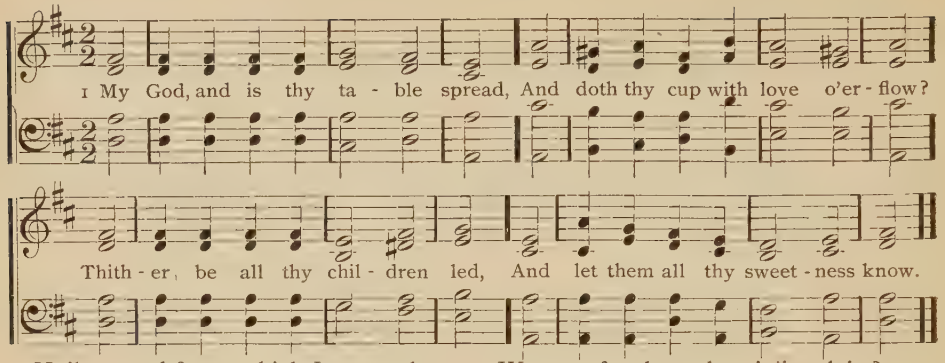
2 Unworthy to approach thy throne,
Our trust is fixed on Christ alone;
In Him thy cov'nant stands secure,
And will from age to age endure.

3 O let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid our mourning hearts rejoice;
Revive our souls, our faith renew,
Prepare for duties now in view.

4 Make all our spices flow abroad,
A grateful incense to our God;
Let hope and love and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

526 ASHWELL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

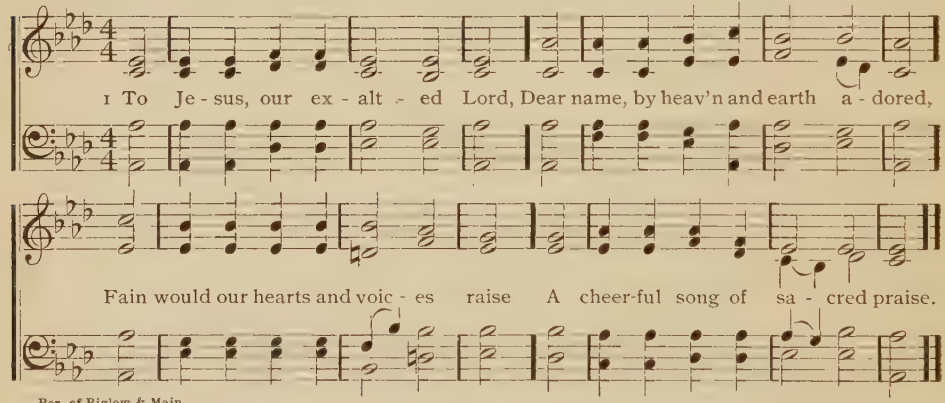
3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for them the victim slain?
Are they forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Philip Doddridge.

527 OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak and languishing and low;
Far, far above our mortal songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet
And worship at his glorious feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid
To see thy wondrous love displayed,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble penitential woe
With painful, pleasing anguish flow,
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope and joy to every heart.

Anne Steele, 1760.

528

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought
And lead me to thy blest abode.

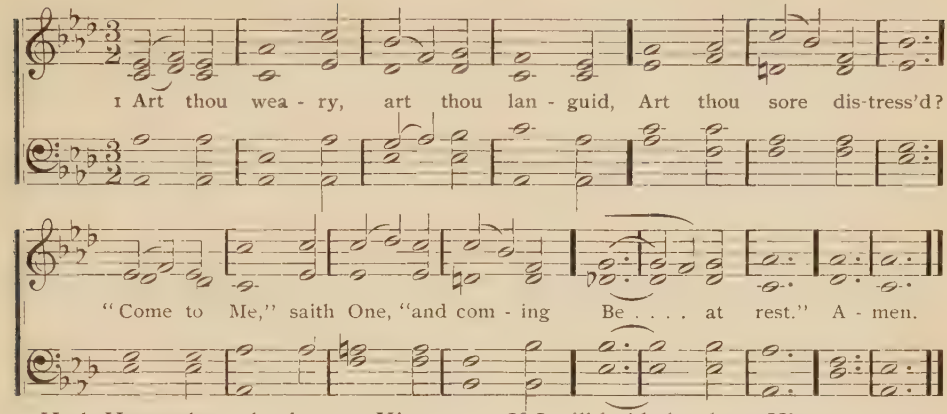
2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart
And let me now my Saviour see;
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

John Stewart.

529 GENEVA. P. M.

E. W. BULLINGER.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side.

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.

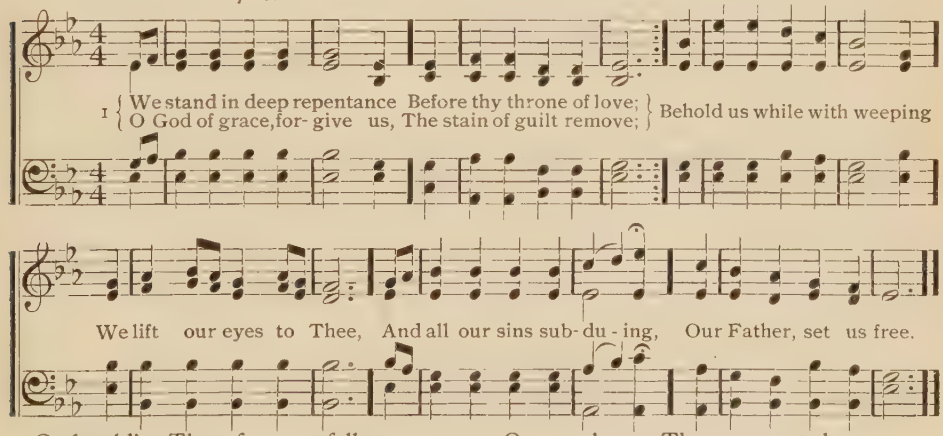
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs
Answer yes.

Stephen of St. Sabas. 725—794. Tr. by John M. Neale, 1851.

530 CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s. D.

GREEK MELODY.



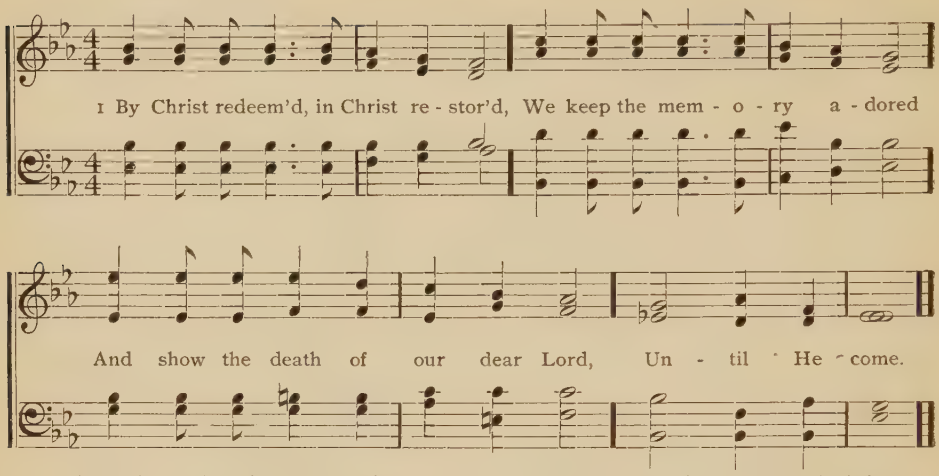
2 O should'st Thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From Thee and peace aside;
But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee
With thankful joyous heart.

3 Our souls, on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou;
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow;
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Ray Palmer.

531 NAUFORD. P. M.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



2 His body broken in our stead
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see;
The cup shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

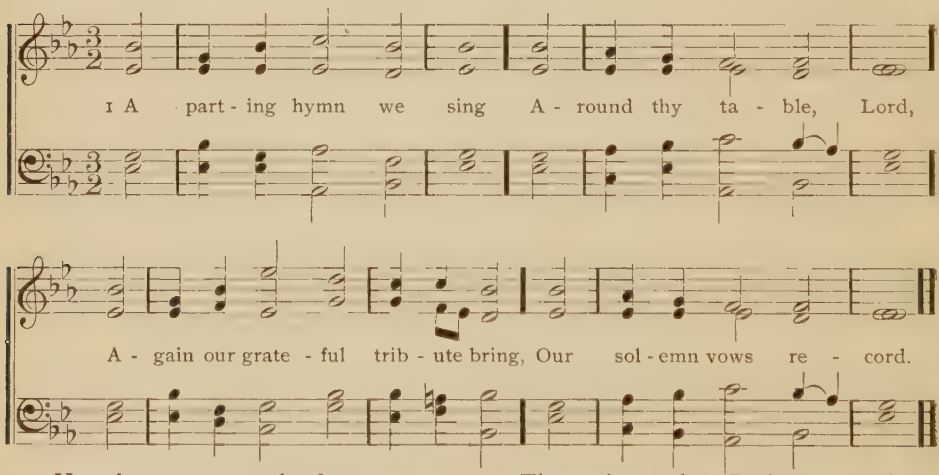
4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite
The shame, the glory, by this rite
Until He come.

5 O blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

G. Rawson.

532 STILLINGFLEET. S. M.

SWISS COLL.



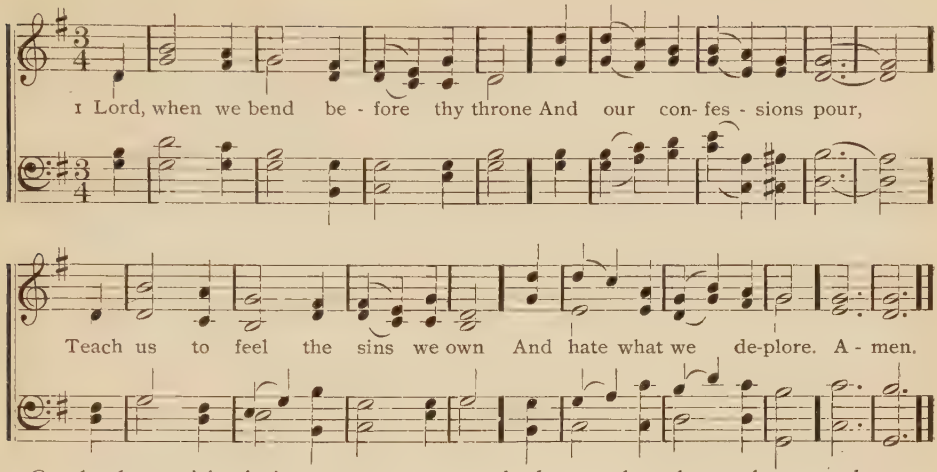
2 Here have we seen thy face
And felt thy presence here;
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood,
By sin no longer led,
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above
And know as we are known.

533 VIGILS. C. M.

W. A. Mozart.



2 Our broken spirit pitying see,
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 May faith each weak petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle, 1805.

534

1 O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel,
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before thine altar kneel.

2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the body of the Lord,
Our drink his precious blood.

4 Thus would we all thy words obey,
For we, O God, are thine,
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Edward Osler, 1836.

535

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies,
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Sure, there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine;
Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

4 Yes, Thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all;
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

536

1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,
The suff'rings of thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with hope.

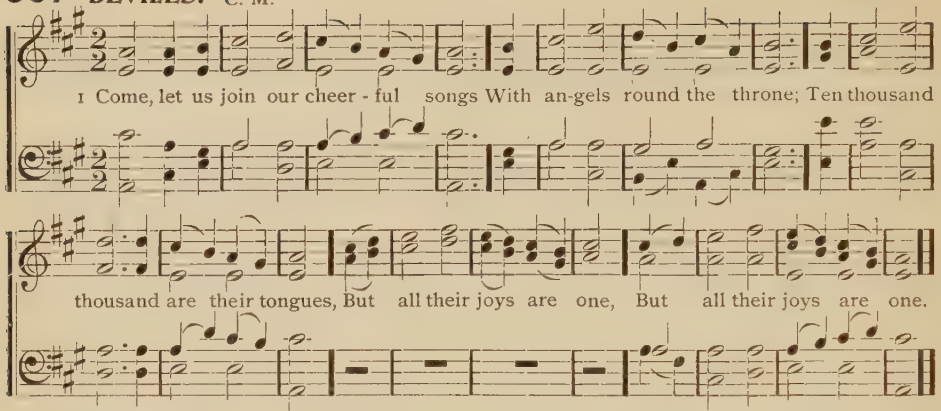
3 The pledges Thou wast pleased to leave
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with love.

4 Here in obedience to thy word
We take the bread and wine,
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith and hope and love;
Lord, give us all that's good;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

537 DEVIZES. C. M.

I. TUCKER.



2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne
And to adore the Lamb. Isaac Watts.

538

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis He our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And Thou th' immortal bread.

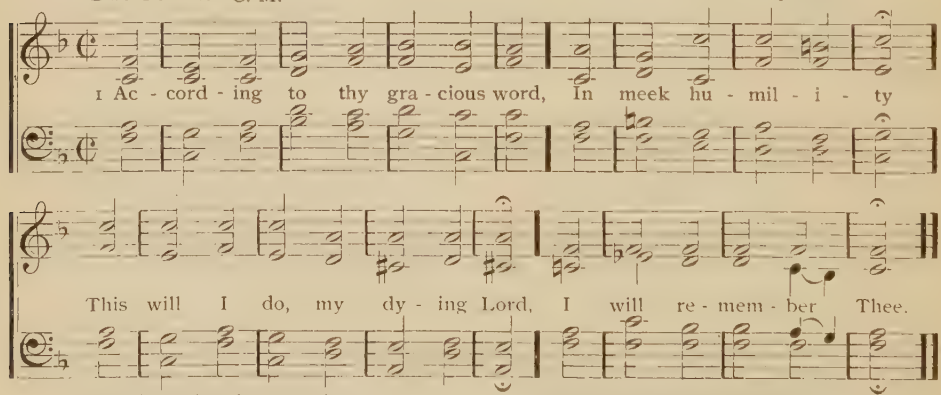
2 Blest be the Lord that gives his flesh,
To nourish dying men,
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

3 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

4 The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath. Isaac Watts.

539 ST. JOHN. C. M.

JAMES TURLE.



2 Thy body broken for my sake
My bread from heaven shall be,
Thy sacramental cup I take
And thus remember Thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee,

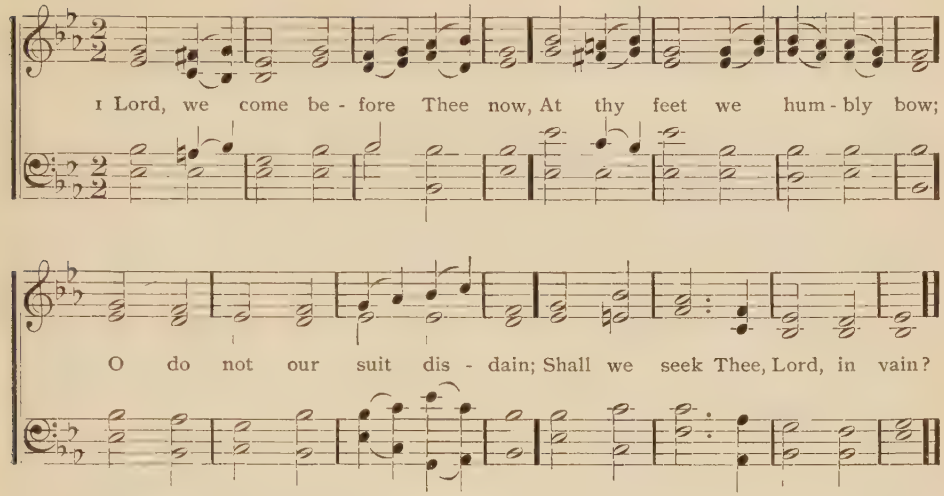
5 Remember Thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me,
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

J. Montgomery.

540 HOLLEY. 7s.

GEO. HEWS.



2 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond.

541

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound
And when bleeding healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
O for grace to love Thee more.

William Cowper.

542

1 THINE forever, God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever, Lord of life,
Shield us through the earthly strife;
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever, O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.

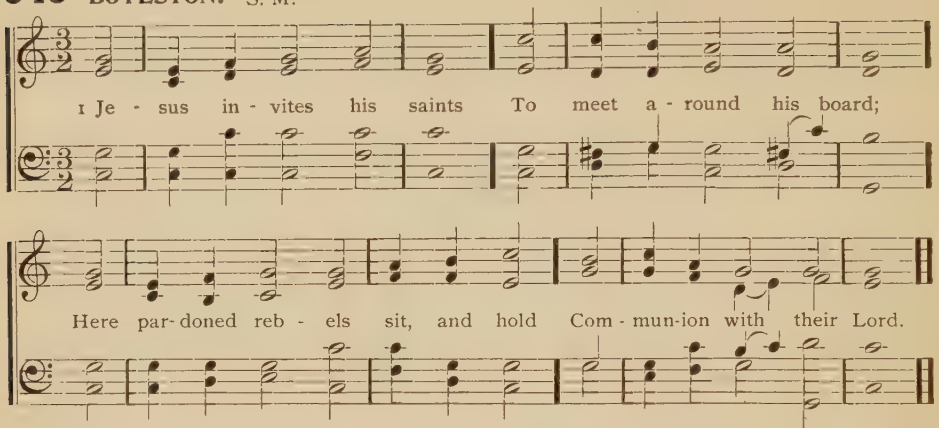
4 Thine forever, Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

5 Thine forever, Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude.

543 BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.



2 For food He gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 The sacred elements
Remain mere wine and bread,
But signify and seal the love
Of Christ, our cov'nant Head.

4 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath
By union with our living Lord
And interest in his death.

5 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one,
We the young children of his love,
And He the first-born Son.

6 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.

7 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

Isaac Watts.

544

1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in thine own appointed way
We come to meet Thee, Lord.

2 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As thine own dying legacy
And our redemption's sign.

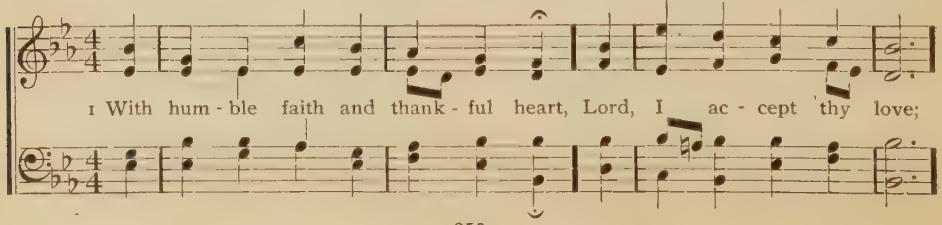
3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

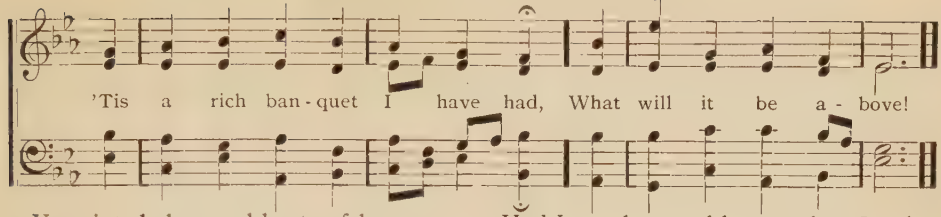
4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And Thou hast brought us here.

5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

545 BEDFORD. C. M.

WILLIAM WHEALL, 1720.



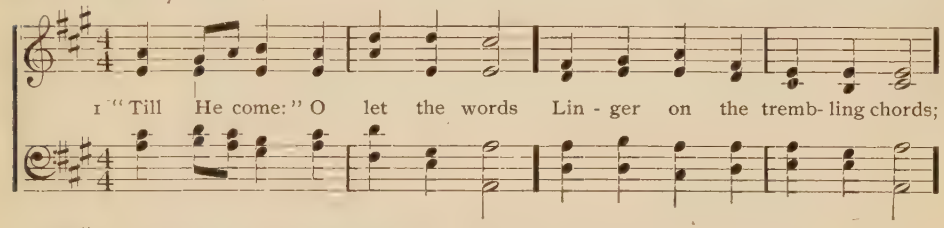


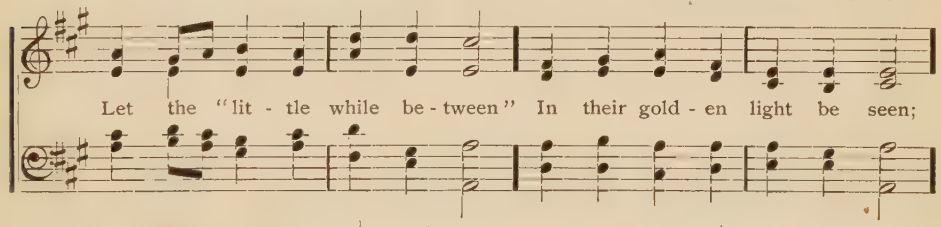
2 Ye saints below and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

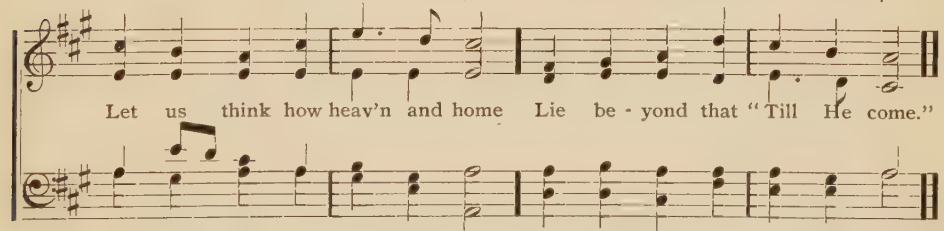
3 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to Thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

546 DIX. 7s. 6 lines.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK. Arr.







2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast,
Hush, be every murmur dumb,
It is only "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread,
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come."

E. H. Bickersteth.

547

1 BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread,
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him that died.

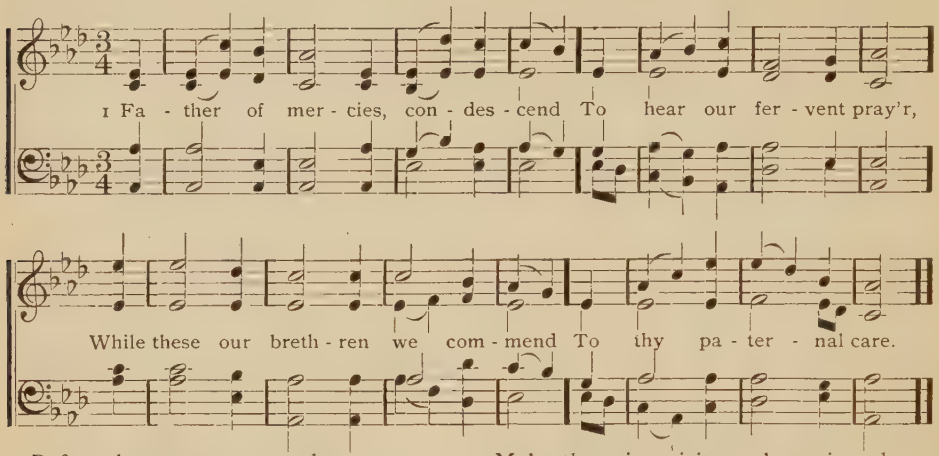
2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live;
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

Ordination and Installation.

548 MONSON. C. M.

REV. — BROWN.



2 Before them set an open door,
Their various efforts bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour
And crown them with success.

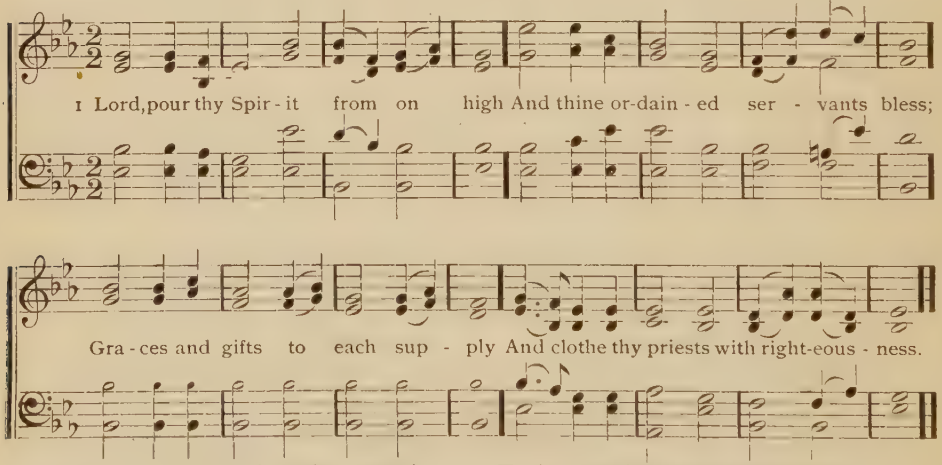
3 Endow them with a heavenly mind,
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

Thomas Morell, 1818.

549 BERA. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.



2 Within thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
Let all thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart [love;
And love the souls whom Thou dost

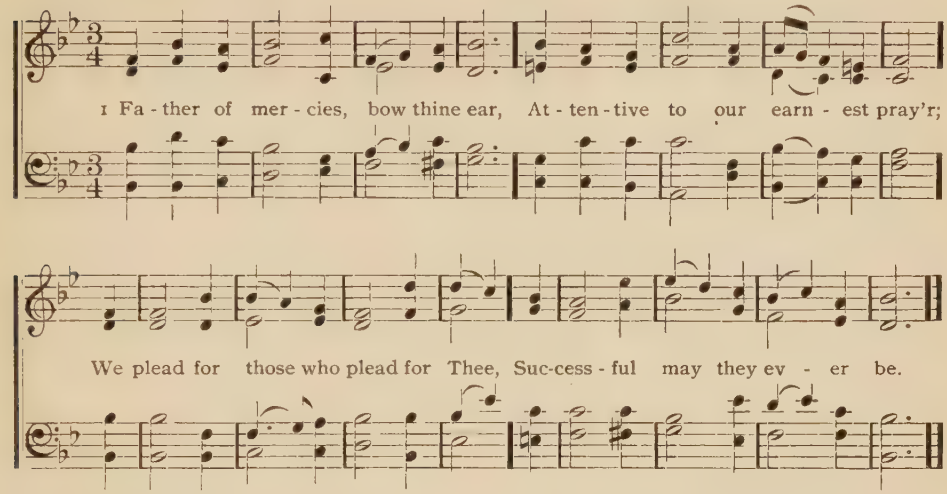
4 To love and pray and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed thy lambs and tend thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

James Montgomery.

550 GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, 1770—1827.



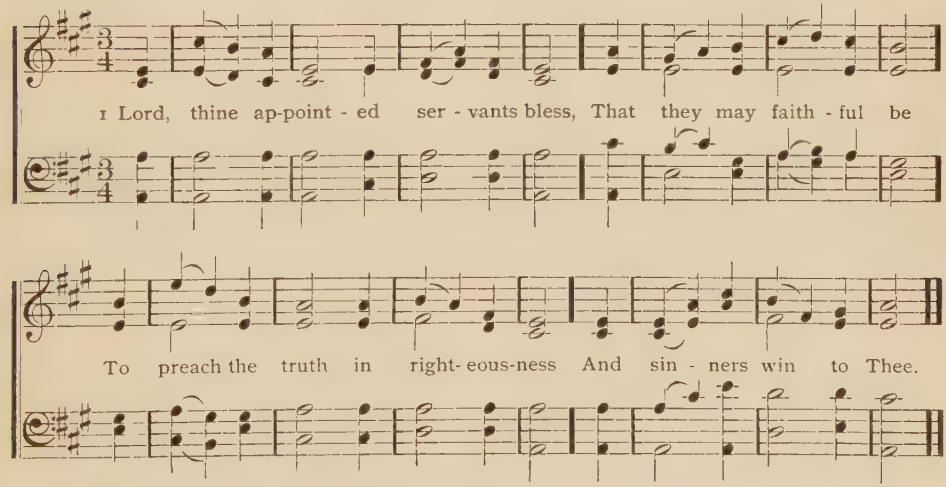
2 Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

3 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
And light through distant realms be spread,
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

B. Beddome.

551 DEDICATION. C. M.

W. W. BENTLEY.



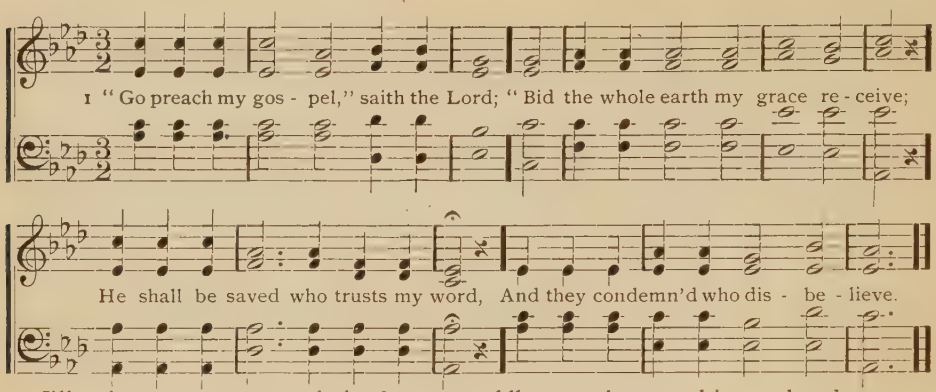
2 Uphold them by almighty power,
Thy strength divine impart,
And in each dark and trying hour
Cheer Thou their fainting heart.

3 In holy watchfulness and prayer
O keep them near thy side;
May they with loving zeal declare
A Saviour crucified.

4 Great Shepherd of the sheep, draw near,
Thy Spirit now be given,
That they who preach and those who [hear
May sing thy praise in heaven.

552 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER,



2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy and I defend."

4 He spake; and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Isaac Watts. 1707.

553

1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

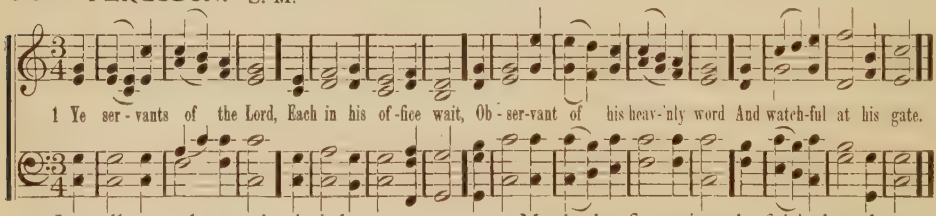
2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

B. H. Draper, 1803.

554 FERGUSON. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



2 Let all your lamps be bright
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

555

1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

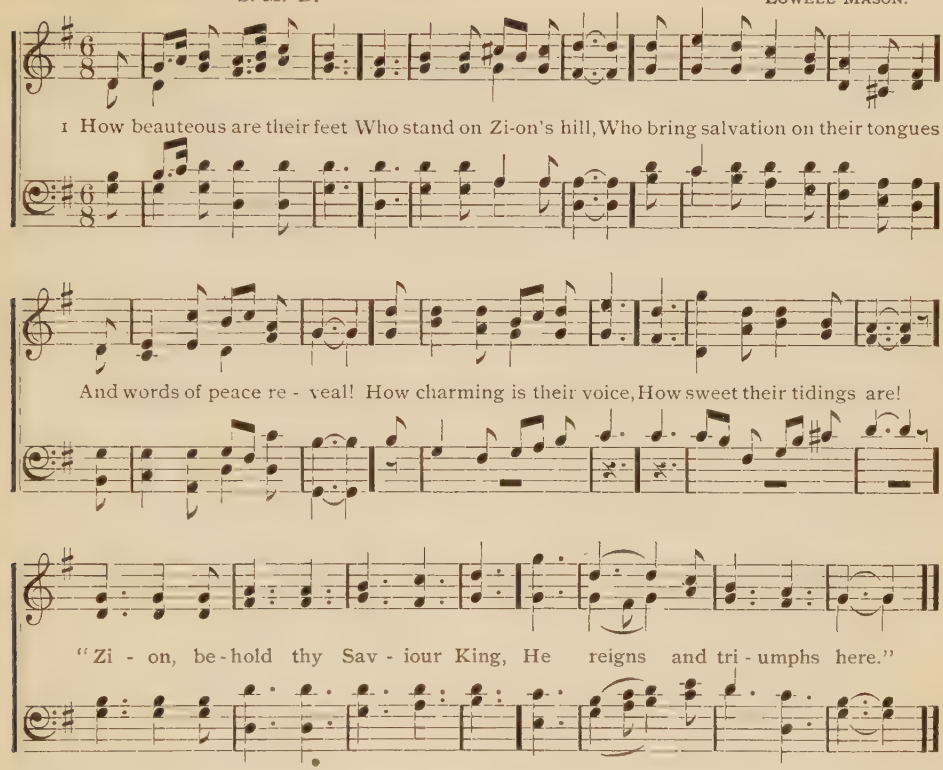
3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend
And heaven sing "harvest-home."

Jas. Montgomery.

556 APOLLOS. S. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.



2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

557

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
On Thee we humby wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

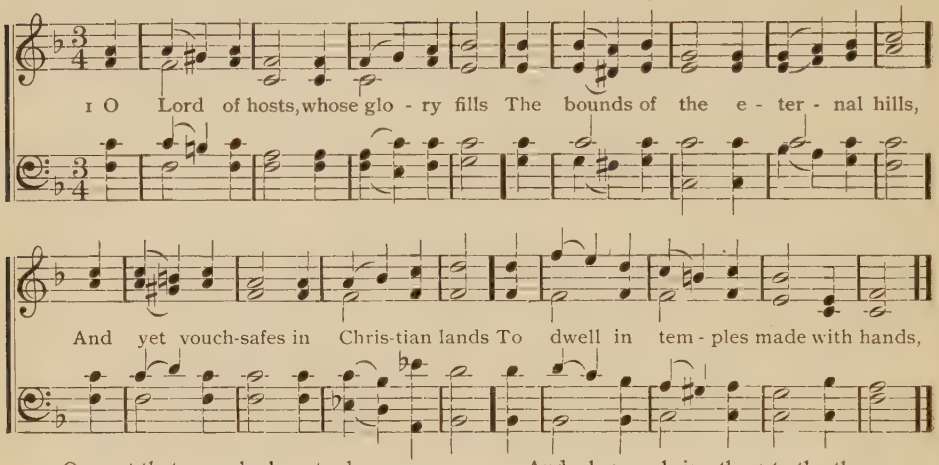
2 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

3 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.
On all mankind forgiven
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven
That Thou hast died for all.

Charles Wesley.

558 ALEXANDER. L. M.

C. EVEREST.



2 O grant that we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with thy grace,
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, they are thine.

4 To Thee they all pertain, to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne,
We render, Lord, to Thee thine own.

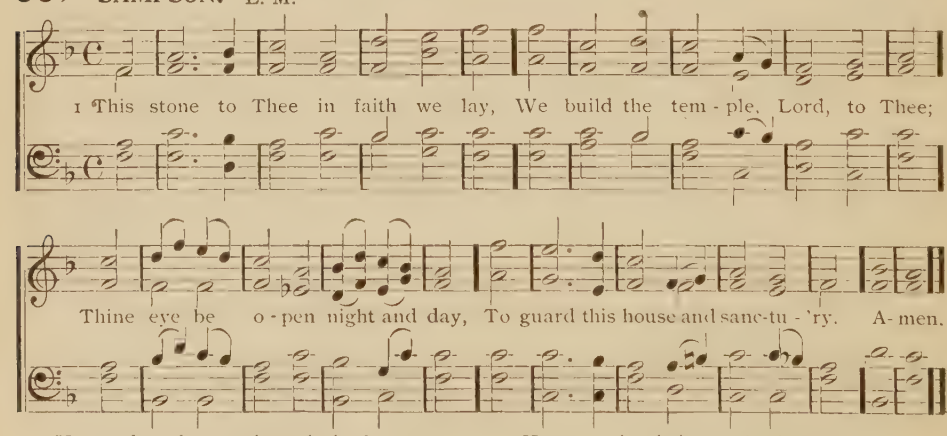
5 The architects endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill;
May all who build this house to Thee
Built in thy heavenly temple be.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be Thou in them and they in Thee,
O ever blessed Trinity.

John M. Neale.

559 SAMPSON. L. M.

HANDEL.



2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blesséd gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna, let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

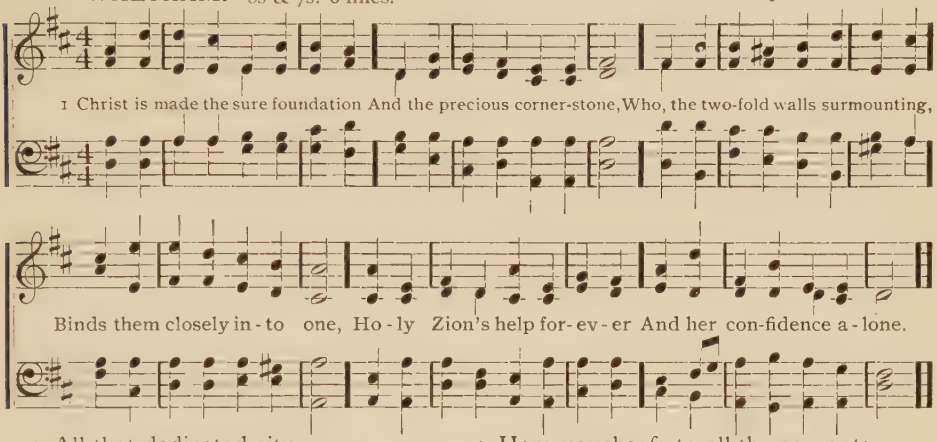
5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Will here the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart?
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

James Montgomery.

560 WALTHAM. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the one, and God the trinal,
Singing everlastingly.

3 To this temple where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day,
With thy wonted loving kindness
Hear thy people as they pray,
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for aye.

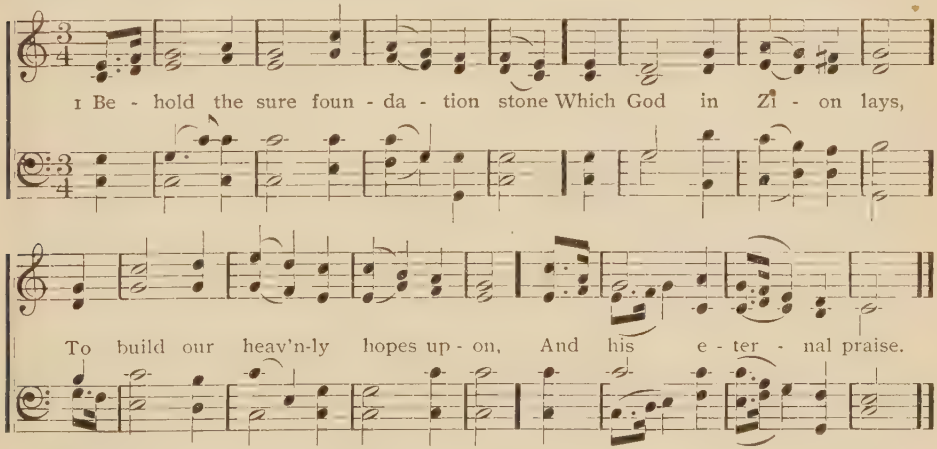
4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they supplicate to gain,
Here to have and hold forever
Those good things their prayers obtain,
And hereafter in thy glory
With thy blessed ones to reign.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, coeternal,
While unending ages run.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by John M. Neale.

561 HOWARD. C. M.

S. HOWARD.



2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
How glorious is thy name;
Saints trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

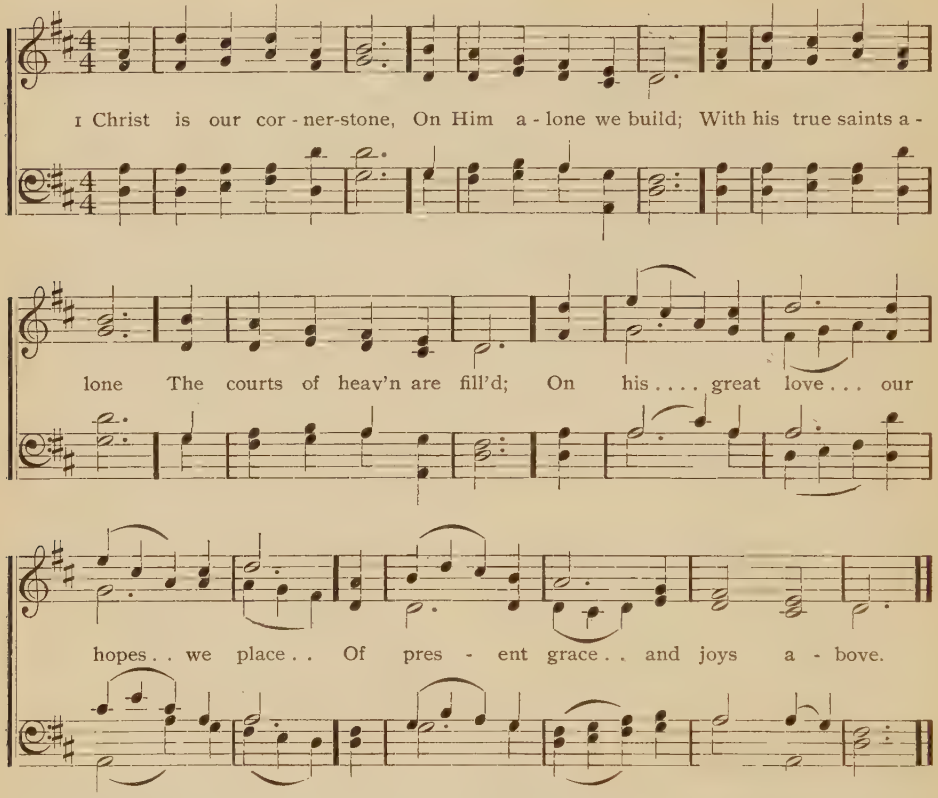
3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts.

562 SUTHERLAND. H. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1844.



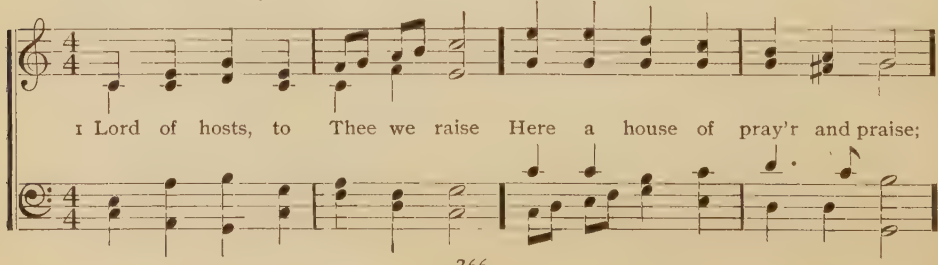
2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim in joyful song
Both loud and long that glorious name.

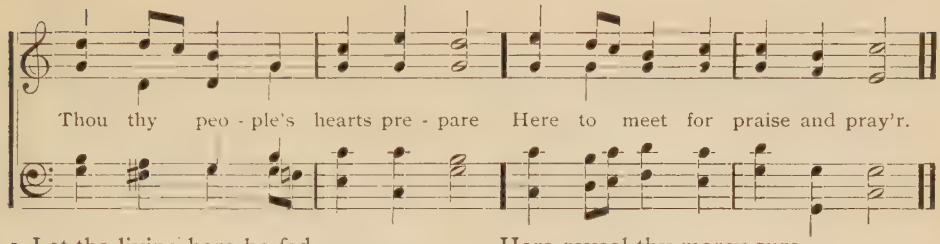
3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
Forevermore draw nigh,
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray
Each holy day thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace once given
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

563 MONKLAND. 7s.

John P. Wilkes.





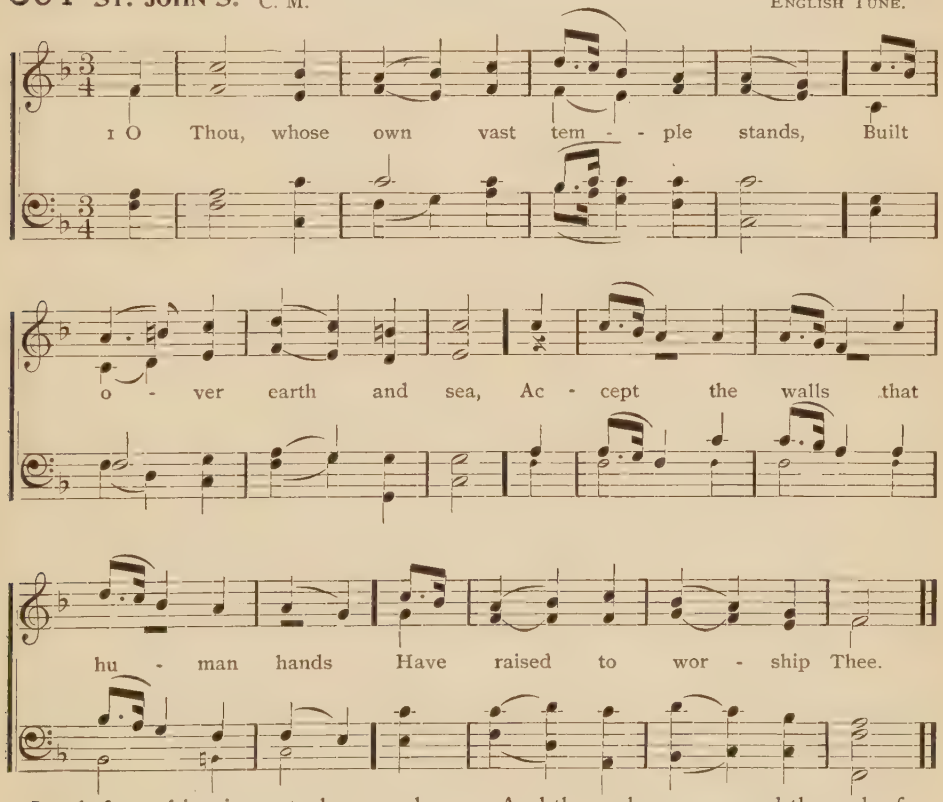
2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here in hope of glory blest
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

564 ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.



2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side.

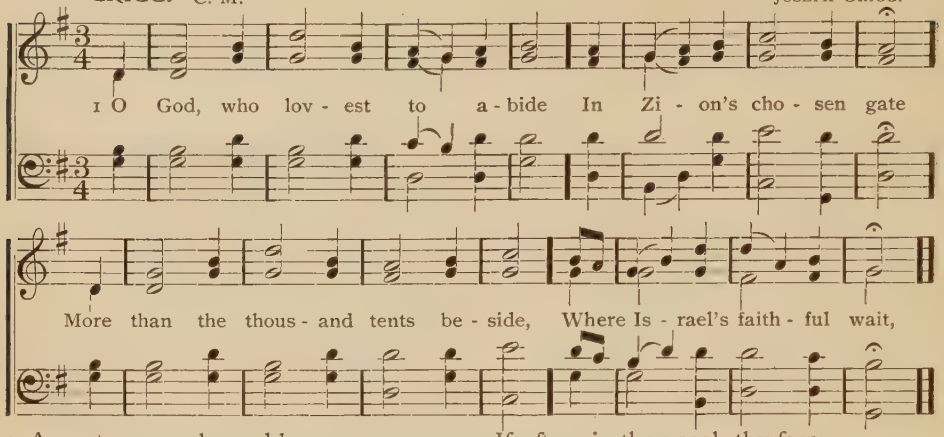
3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm and love grow warm
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallow'd walls the [storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant.

565 GRIGG. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.



2 Accept our works and hear our vows,
Unworthy though we be,
And look in mercy on the house
We dedicate to Thee.

3 Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,
Thy people when they pray;
Here in the waters of thy font
Let sin be washed away.

4 Here set thy confirmation's seal
For ghostly strength and good;
Here give thy people, as they kneel,
Their Saviour's flesh and blood.

5 If after sin they seek thy face
And by thy precepts live,
Hear Thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hear'st forgive.

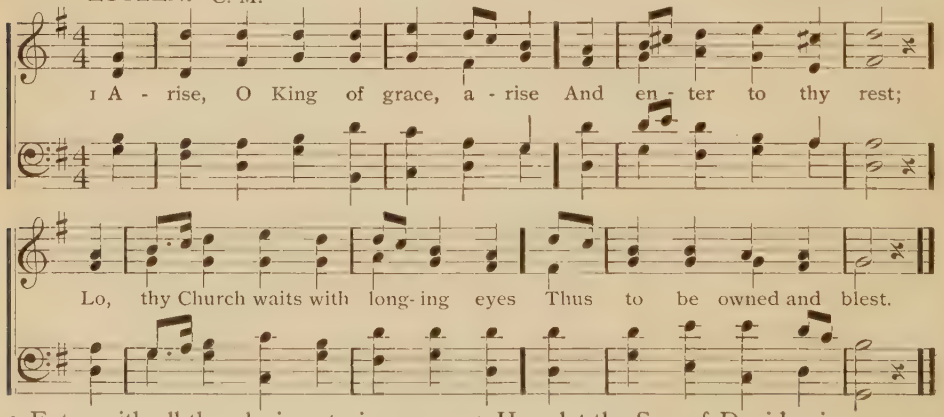
6 If there be famine in the land
Or pestilence or foe,
Stretch out from heaven thy strong right hand,
When here thy flock fall low.

7 Bless those, O Lord, and hear their cry
That raised thy temple here,
That in thy house beyond the sky
With joy they may appear.

John M. Neale.

566 LUTZEN. C. M.

NICHOLAUS HERMANN.



2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread,
Bless the provisions of thy house
And fill thy poor with bread.

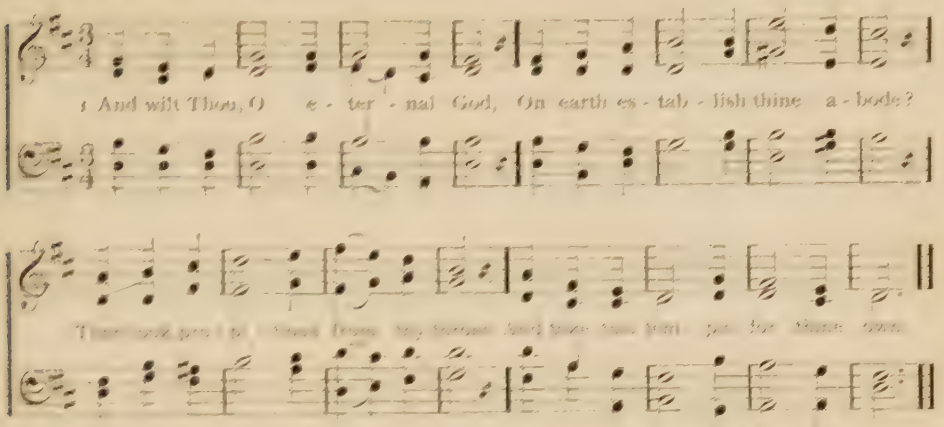
4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine,
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown
And shame confound his foes.

Isaac Watts.

567 GLADSTONE. L. M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.



2 Thee will we to thine honor raise,
Long may they echo in thy praise
And Thou descending fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

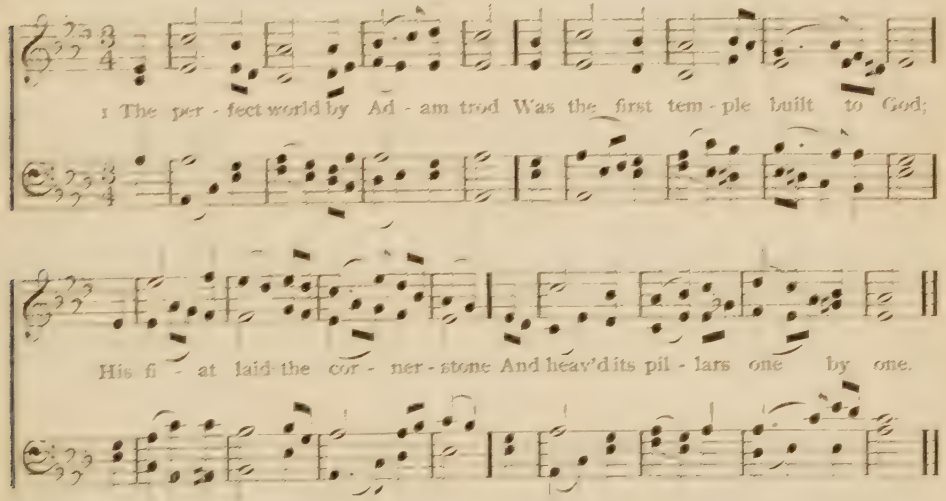
3 Here may the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train.
While power divine his word attends
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And in the last decisive day
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
Thousands were born for glory here.

Philip Doddridge.

568 BUSCHE. L. M.

Arr. by SCHWING.



2 He hung its starry roof on high.
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood;
The sea, the sky and all was good;
And when its first few praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

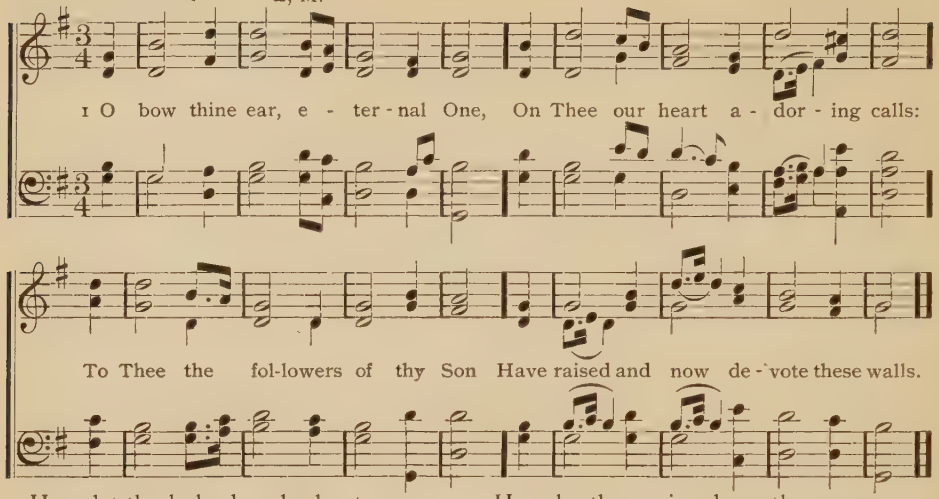
4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for Thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, made with hands.

5 We cannot bid the morning star
To sing how bright thy glories are;
But, Lord, if Thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the Christian's tear.

Nathaniel P. W[illegible]

569 PILESGROVE. L, M.

ENGLISH TUNE.



2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

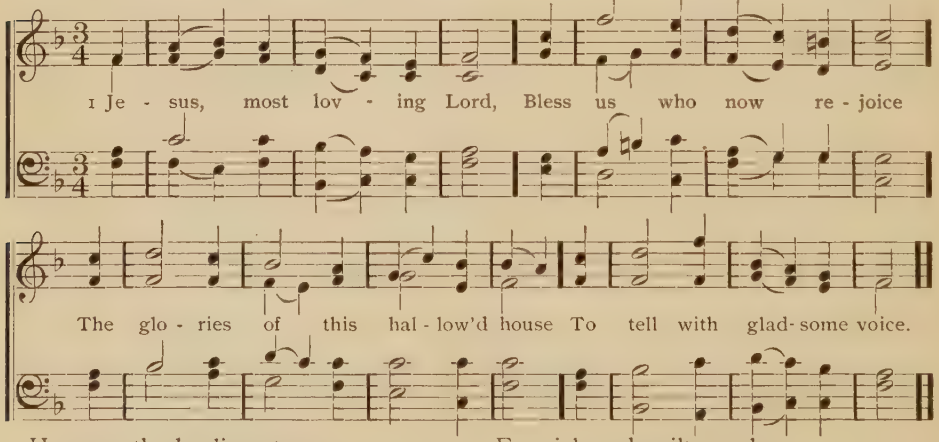
4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung,
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when of old thy Spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here and purely burn.

J. Pierpont.

570 MARKET STREET. S. M.

ENGLISH.



2 Here are the healing streams
To cleanse the sin-defiled;
Here God, the Spirit, with his strengtn
Endows the new-born child.

3 Here Jesus to his own
His body gives for food, [divine
And stays their thirst with draughts
Of his most precious blood.

4 For sick and guilty souls
Sure mercies here abound;
The Judge in tenderness acquits,
Grace heals the deadly wound.

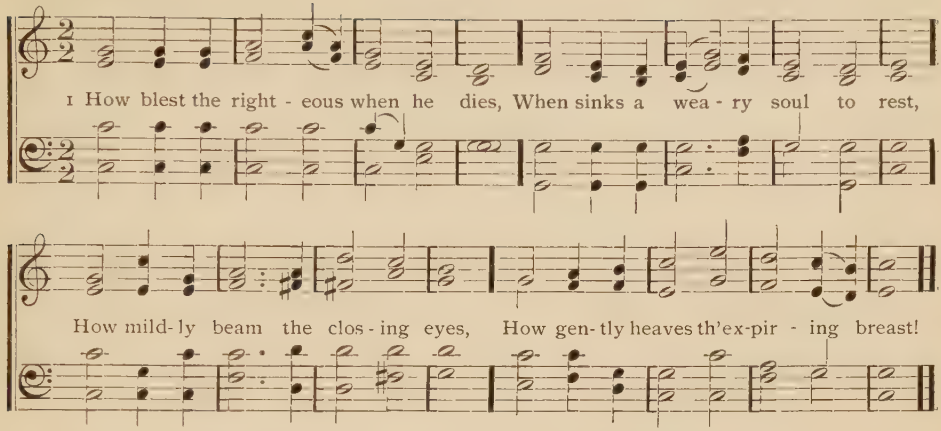
5 Yea, God, whose throne is heaven,
Deigns here to dwell, and train
The souls that worship Him and strive
His home above to gain.

Isaac Williams, 1844.

Burial.

571 ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.



2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys,
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the th'unchanging morn appears,
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

A. L. Barbauld.

572

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

573

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

3 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account,
Like yesterday's departed light
Or the last watch of ending night.

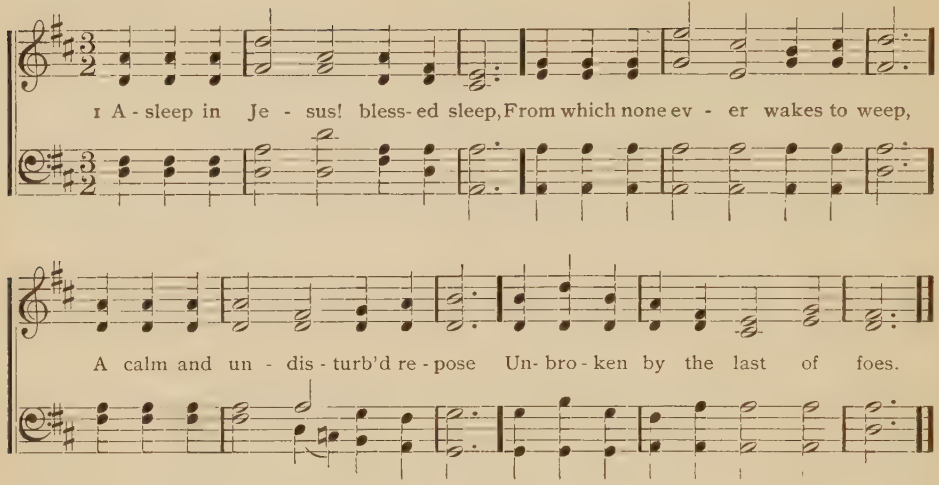
4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till faith and love and piety
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

Isaac Watts.

574 REST. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1816—1868.



2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

575

1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail,
Yet shall our hope in Thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On Thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from Thee alone.

5 Our Father, God, to Thee we look,
Our rock, our portion and our friend,
And on thy cov'nant love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

576

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain nor grief nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

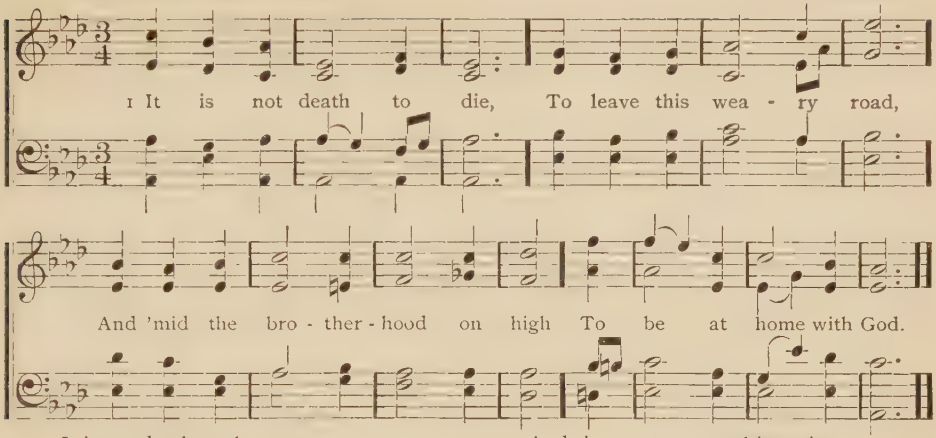
3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blessed saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word,
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

577 GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. Sweetser.



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

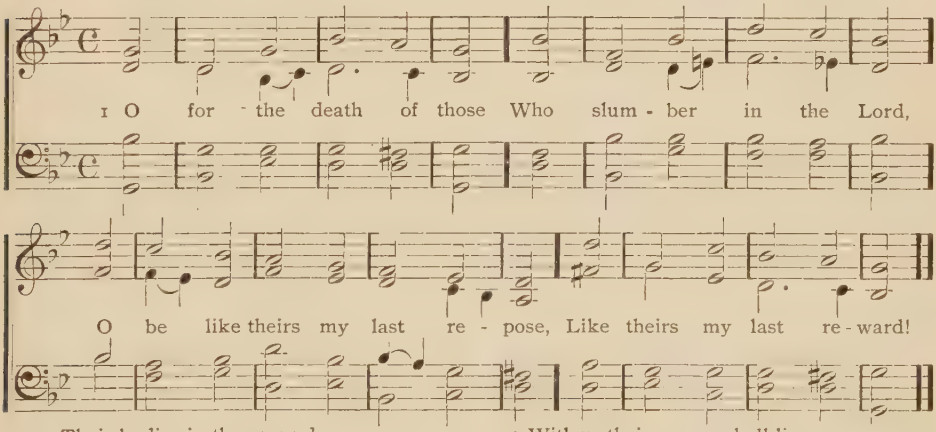
3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, Thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

George W. Bethune, 1847.

578 ST. BRIDES. S. M.

Samuel Howard, 1770.



2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love
To meet the Saviour they adore
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long, succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord,
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

J. Montgomery.

579

1 THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger like a rising wind
Can send us swift to death.

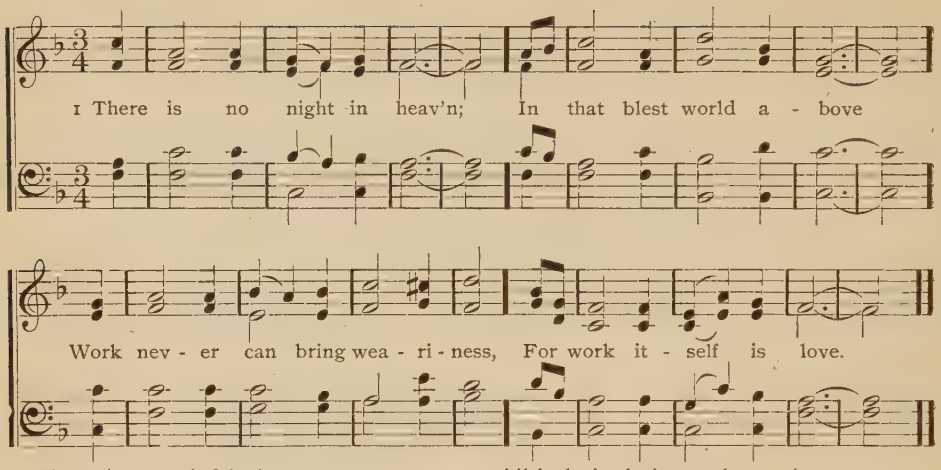
3 Our days are as the grass
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

580 VIGIL. S. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book.



2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no want in heaven;
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.

4 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng,
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

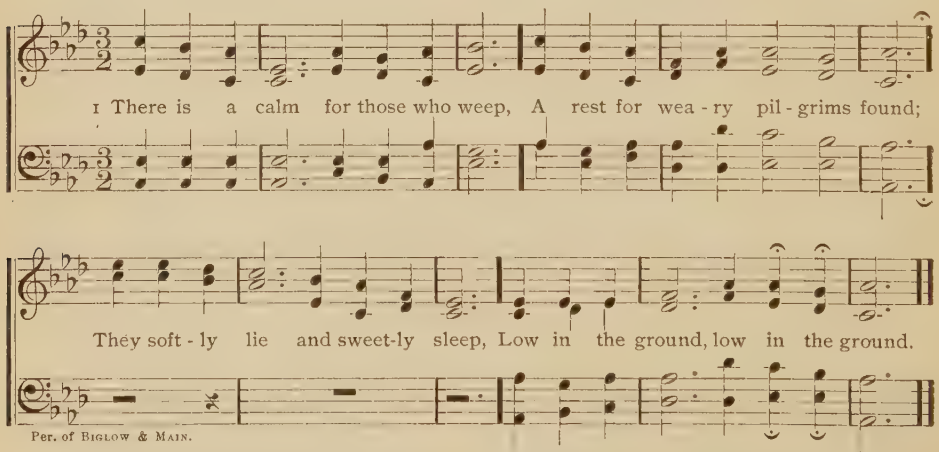
5 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

6 There is no death in heaven;
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul
And waft it to the skies.

F. W. Knollis.

581 ORIEL. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose, that shuts the rose.

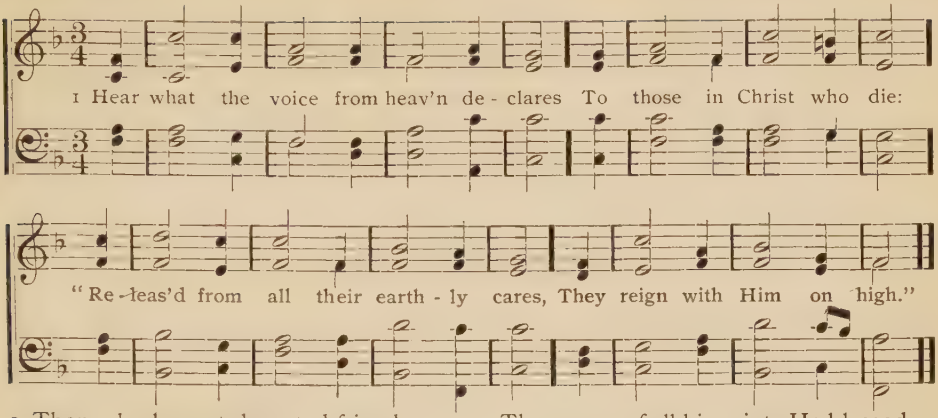
3 Then, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight, pursue thy flight.

4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine
In God's own image, freed from clay
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day, a star of day.

James Montgomery.

582 MEAR. C. M.

AMERICAN TUNE, 1740.



2 Then why lament departed friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.

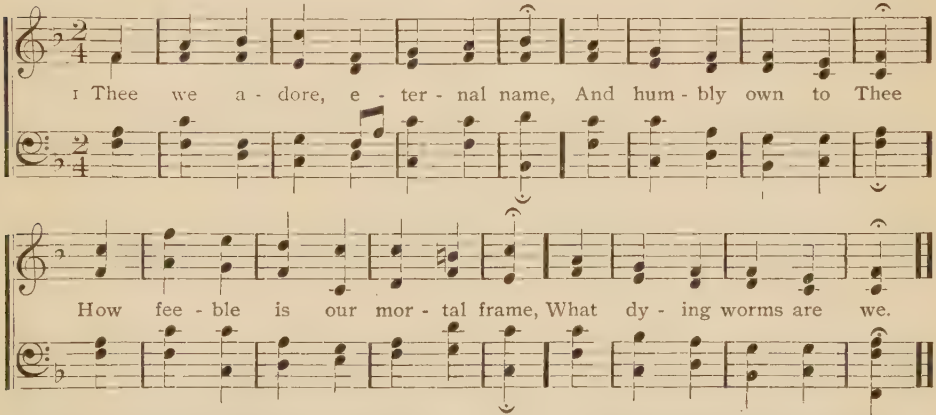
3 If sin be pardoned we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and power,
But Christ, our ransom, died.

4 The graves of all his saints He blessed,
When in the grave He lay;
And rising thence their hopes He raised
To everlasting day.

5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing:
"Where is thy victory, O grave,
And where, O death, thy sting?"

583 DUNDEE. C. M.

G. FRANC.



2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves the small number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath at first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things,
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

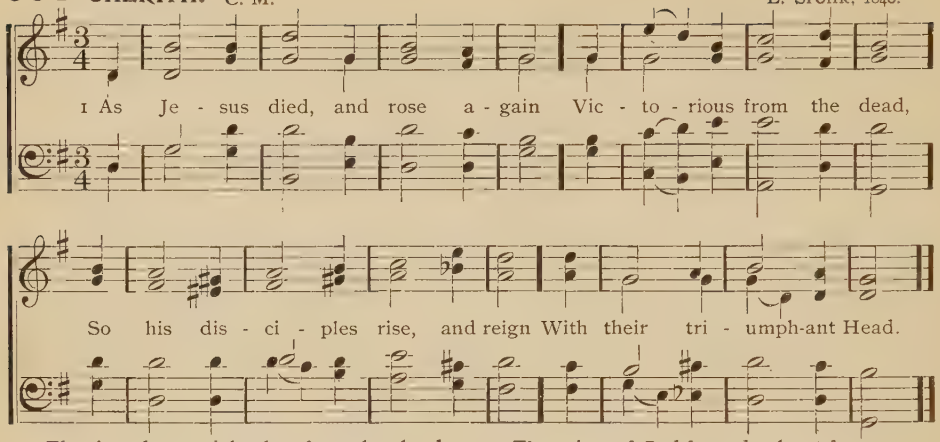
6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath,
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Isaac Watts.

584 CHERITH. C. M.

L. Spohr, 1840.



2 The time draws nigh when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 Then they who live shall changéd be
And they who sleep shall wake,
The graves shall yield their ancient charge
And earth's foundations shake.

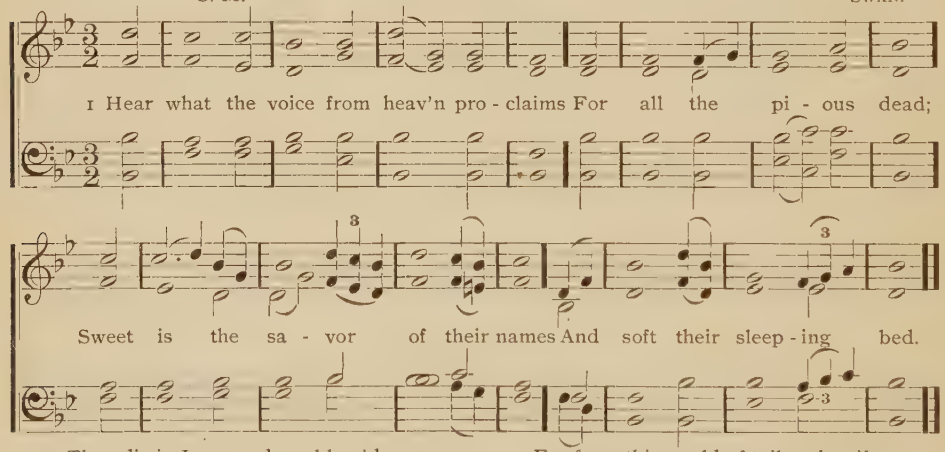
4 The saints of God from death set free
With joy shall mount on high,
The heavenly host with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

5 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell forever with the Lord
Beyond the reach of woe.

Michael Bruce, 1768.

585 CHINA. C. M.

Swan.



2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd,
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sin released
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts.

586

1 MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave
And trample on the tomb;
I know that my Redeemer lives
And on the clouds shall come.

2 I know that He shall soon appear
In power and glory meet,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

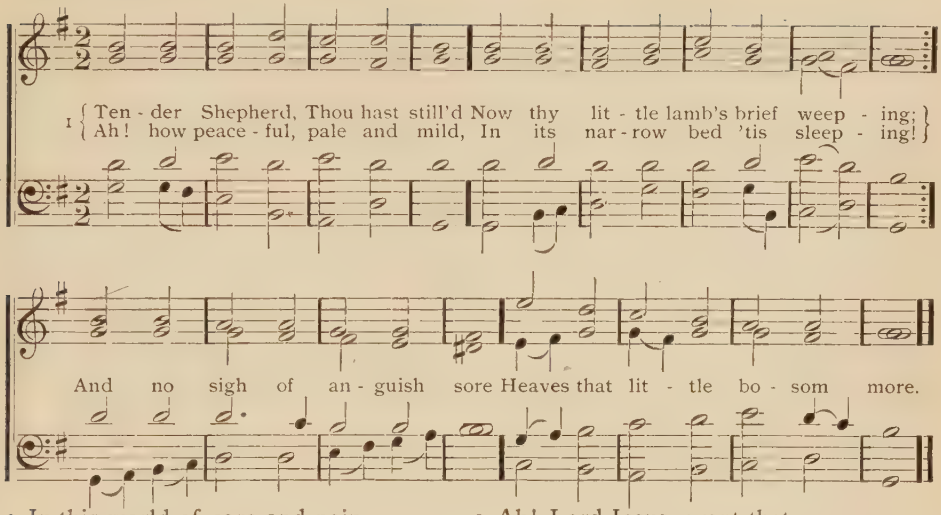
3 Then, though the grave my flesh devour
And hold me for its prey,
I know my sleeping dust shall rise
On the last judgment-day.

4 I in my flesh shall see my God,
When He on earth shall stand;
I shall with all his saints ascend
To dwell at his right hand.

5 Then shall He wipe all tears away
And hush the rising groan,
And pains and sighs and griefs and fears
Shall ever be unknown.

587 MEINHOLD. 7s, 8s & 7s.

BACH.

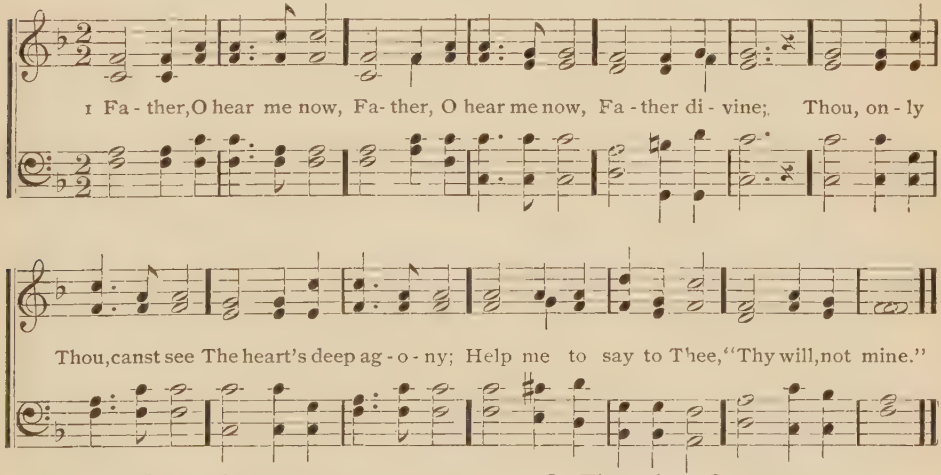


2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah! Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

588 CRAIG. 6s & 4s.

THOS. O'NEILL.



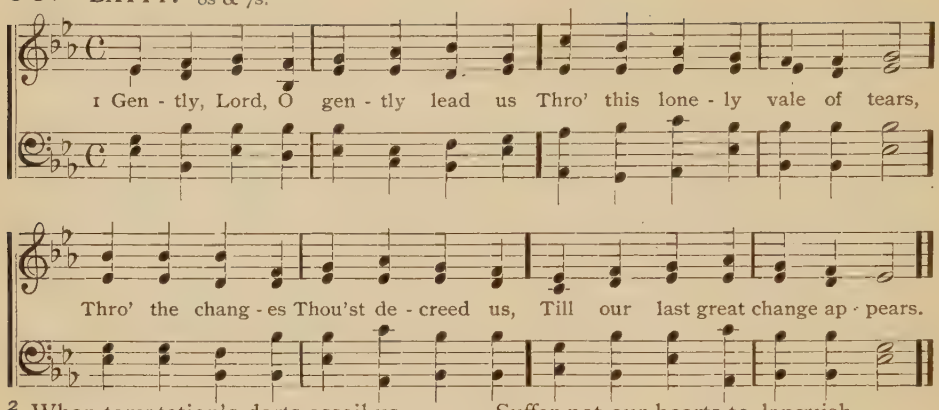
2 O God, be Thou my stay,
O God, be Thou my stay
In this dark hour;
Kindly each sorrow hear,
Hush every troubled fear,
Then let me still revere,
Still own thy power.

3 In Thee alone I trust,
In Thee alone I trust,
Thou holy One;
Humbly to Thee I pray
That through each troubled day
Of life I still may say,
"Thy will be done."

E. M. Hall.

589 BATTY. 8s & 7s.

GERMAN.



2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And when mortal life is ended
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

Thos. Hastings.

590

1 EVERY thing we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
Time can nothing, nothing save.

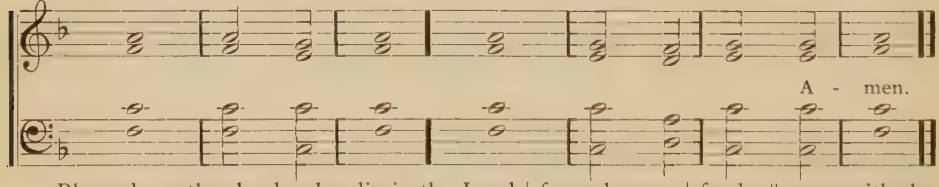
2 All is fading, all is fleeing;
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

3 Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jesus lives, the first, the last,
Lean on Me alone, He sayeth,
Hope and love and firmly trust.

4 O abide, abide with Jesus,
Who Himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us
And who life eternal gives.

591 BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

THOS. TALLIS.



1 Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord | from hence- | forth; || yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

2 Our days on earth are as a shadow and there is | none a- | biding; || we are but of yesterday; there is but a | step between | us and | death.

3 Man's days are as grass; as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth; || he appeareth for a little time, then | van-ish- | eth a- | way.

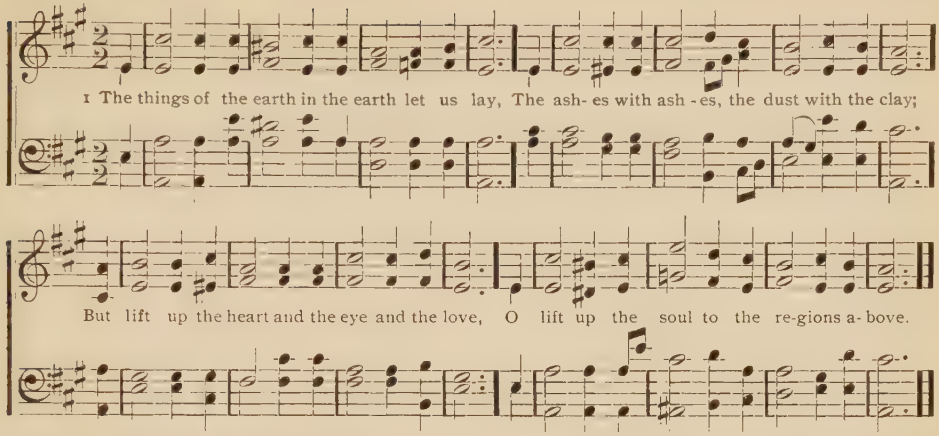
4 Watch, for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come; || be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man — | cometh.

5 It is the Lord; let Him do what | seemeth Him | good; || the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and | blessed be the | name of the | Lord.

6 Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord | from hence | forth; || yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

592 PAULINA. 11s.

Donizetti. Arr. by L. W. Bacon, 1866.



2 Since He the immortal hath entered the gate,
So too shall we mortals, or sooner or late;
Then stand we on Christ; let us mark Him ascend,
For his is the glory and life without end.

3 On earth with his own ones, the giver of good, [stood,
Bestowing his blessing, a little while
Now nothing can part us, nor distance nor foes,
For lo, He is with us and who can oppose?

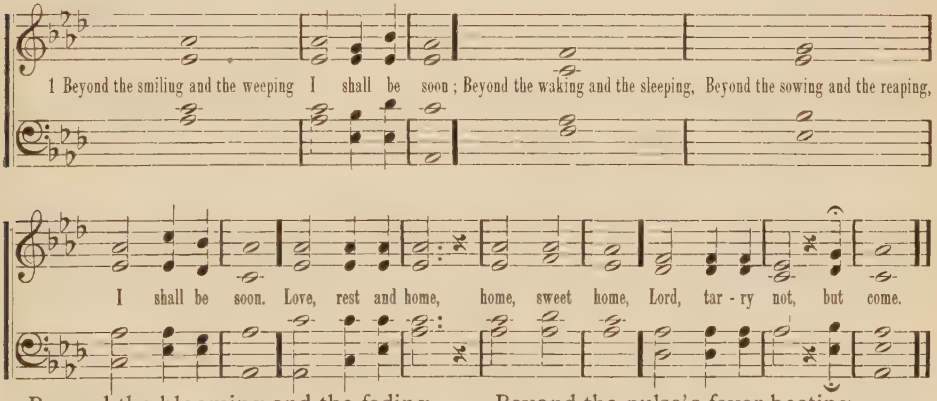
4 So, Lord, we commit this our *brother* to Thee, [free;
Whose body is dead, but whose spirit is
We know that through grace, when our life here is done,
We live still in Thee and forever in one.

5 All glory to Thee, Father, Spirit and Son,
Who Three art in person, in substance but One,
In whom we have victory over the grave,
Who lovest thy people to pardon and save.

From the Greek. Tr. by Jno. M. Neale, 1864.

593 CHANT.—Beyond the Smiling.

W. A. Tarbutton.



2 Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Horatius Bonar.

594 CHANT.—Gathering Home.

W. O. PERKINS.

1 They're gathering homeward from ev-'ry land. One by one, one by one, And their weary feet touch the
2 Before they rest, they pass..... thro' the strife, One by one, one by one, Thro' the waters of death they.
3 We too shall come to the ..... riv - er side, One by one, one by one, We are nearer its waters each..
4 Jesus, Redeemer, we..... look to Thee. One by one, one by one, We lift up our voices.....

shining strand, Yes, one by one. Their brows are enclosed in a gold- en crown, Their
en - ter life, Yes, one by one. To some are the floods of the riv - er still, As they
e - ven-tide, Yes, one by one. We can hear the noise and the dash of the stream
trem-bling-ly, Yes, one by one. The waves of the river are... dark and cold, We

travel-stained garments are.. all laid down, And clothed in white raiment they...rest in the mead,
ford on their way to the..... heav'nly hill, To others the waves run.....fierce-ly and wild,
Now and again through our..life's deep dream; Some times the floods all the .....banks o - ver-flow,
know not the place where our feet may hold, May Thou who didst pass through in.. deep mid-night,

rit.

REFRAIN.
Andante.

Where the Lamb of God his.....saints doth lead. Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home,
Yet they reach the home of the ..... un - de - filed.
And sometimes in ripples and small waves go.
Stand by us and guide us, our..... staff and light.

Fording the riv - er one by one, Gath- er- ing home, gath - er- ing home, Yes, one by one.

Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

Harvest and Thanksgiving.

595 THANKSGIVING HYMN. 10s.

OLEN S. CARTER.

1 Thanks be to God for his won-der-ful love; Praise ye his name for the gifts from a-bove;

Anthems of gladness peal forth on the breeze, Ech-o his greatness o'er land and o'er seas.

Praise Him, ye sons of the bless-ed and good, Praise Him, ye mountains and valleys and flood,

Praise Him, ye daughters and children of men, Praise Him from hill-top and forest and glen.

Copyright, 1885, by PHILIPS & HUNT. Used by per.

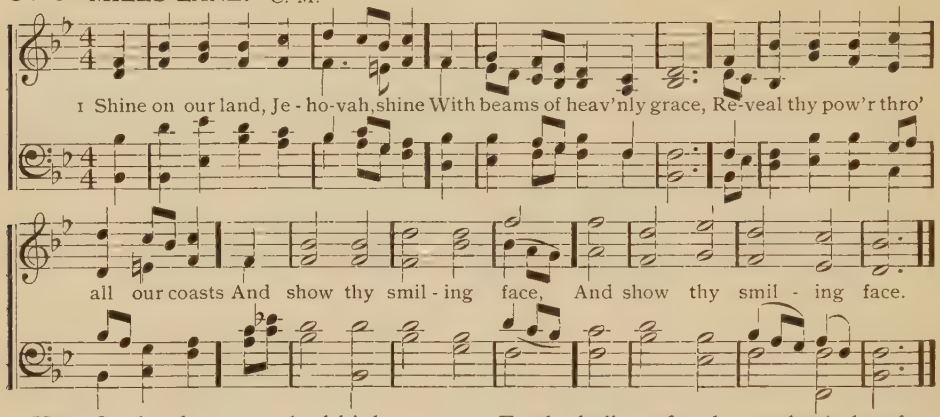
2 Thanks for the gift of his only dear Son,
Thanks for his goodness life's journey to run,
Thanks for the summer and winter between,
Thanks for the autumn and spring ever green,
Thanks for the air and for winds and for sky,
Thanks for the sun and for stars upon high,
Thanks for the moon and for day and for night,
Thank Him for dew and for rain and for light.

3 Praise his great name, let the nations adore,
Redeemer and Saviour, God evermore,
Enthroned with the angels, blesséd above;
Praise Him, O earth, for his wonderful love,
Praise Him, ye smallest and greatest of all,
Praise Him, ye kindred that rise from the fall,
Praise Him, ye children of weakness and death,
Praise Him, O praise Him, all ye that have breath.

George D. Emerson.

596 MILES LANE. C. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE.



2 Here fix thy throne exalted high
And here our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround thy favorite land.

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Earth shall confess her maker's hand
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore and fear.

Isaac Watts.

597

1 O BLESSED Lord, the earth is thine;
By thy creative hand
The golden harvests crown the year
And deck the fertile land.

2 O blessed Lord, Thou bread of life
That cometh down from heaven,
Supplies of everlasting food
By Thee to man are given.

3 Thy Godhead is the well-spring, Lord,
The pure, exhaustless source
From which they flow through age to [age,
In never-ending course.

4 In channels formed by Thee they flow
In rivulets of grace,
Refreshing all who wander here
In this world's desert place.

5 O feed us, weary pilgrims, Lord,
And to thy Zion bring,
To keep a heavenly feast with Thee,
Our Prophet, Priest and King.

C. Wordsworth.

598

1 LORD, in thy name thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee;
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer;

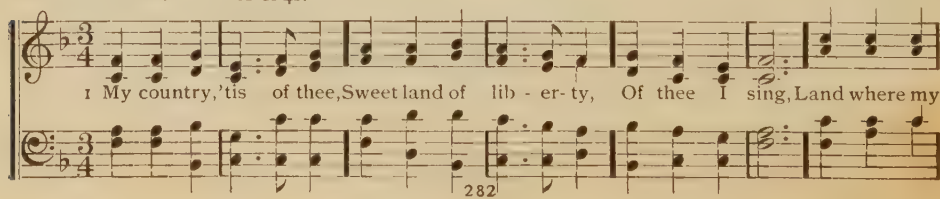
4 Thine too by right and ours by grace,
The Spirit's growth unseen, [brace,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that
The love that shines serene.

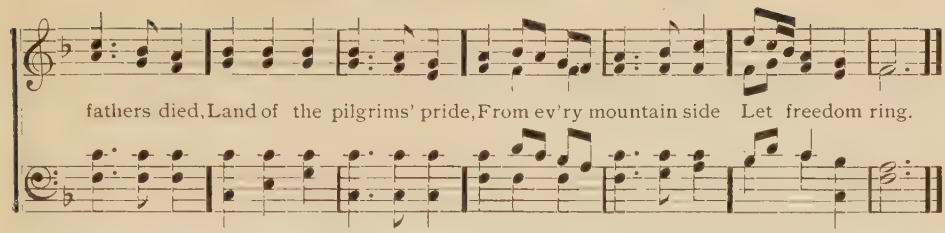
5 So grant the precious fruits brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

John Keble, 1857.

599 AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

H. CAREY.





2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

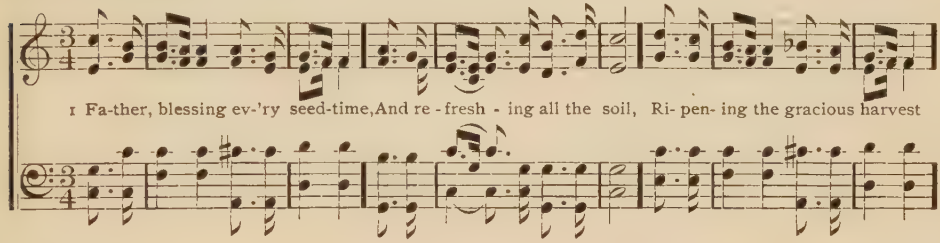
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

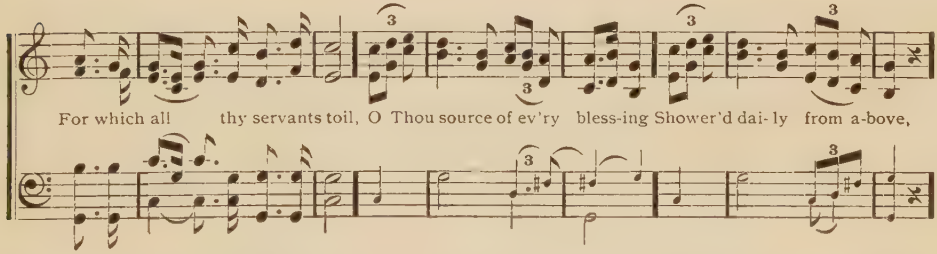
4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

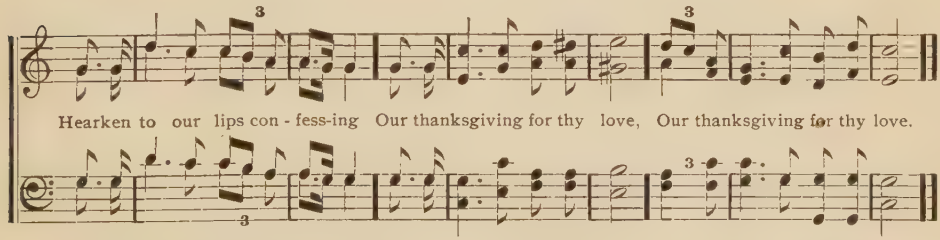
S. F. Smith.

600 SCHUBERT. 8s & 7s.

Arr. from SCHUBERT.







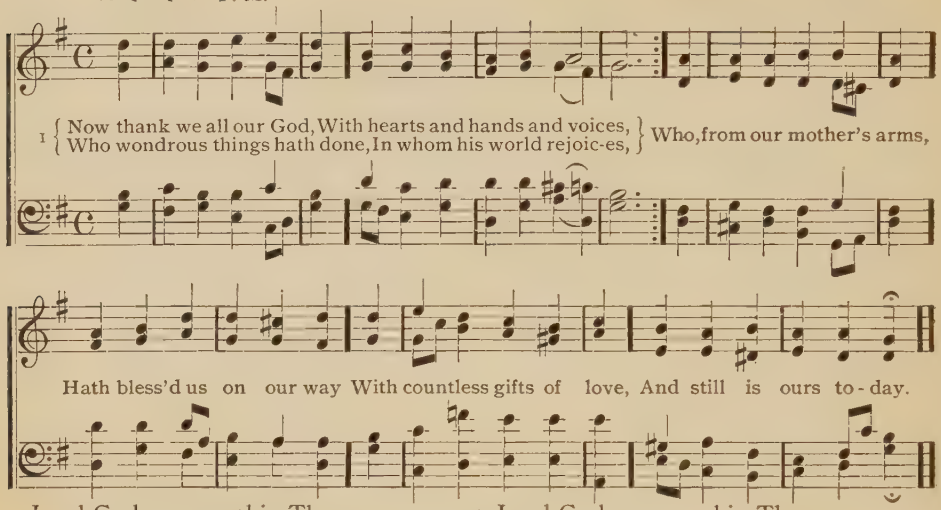
2 Here we bless thy hand that gave us
Thought and feeling, life and limb,
Bless thy Son, who died to save us,
In our glad and joyous hymn,
Bless thy Spirit, who doth make us
Fit to worship as we ought;
Father, leave not nor forsake us,
Till into thy garner brought.

3 With thy dews and sunshine tend us,
Through life's long and changeful year;
From the enemy defend us,
Lest the tares of sin appear;
Let thine eye and hand the keepers
Of our souls for ever be,
Till thine angel harvest reapers
Sheaves of glory bind for Thee.

Judith Madan.

601 EBRARD. P. M.

Arr. by SCHWING. GERMAN CHORAL.



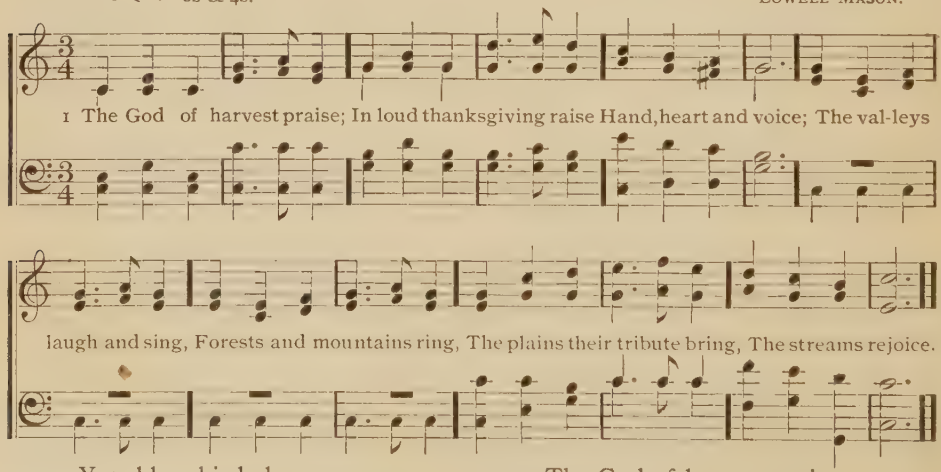
2 Lord God, we worship Thee,
Thou didst indeed chastise us;
Yet still thy goodness spares
And still thy mercy tries us.
Once more our Father's hand
Has bid our sorrows flee
And peace rejoice our land;
Lord God, we worship Thee.

3 Lord God, we worship Thee
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us,
We praise thy love and power;
In loud and happy chorus
To heaven our song shall soar;
Forever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er;
Lord God, we worship Thee.

M. Rinkart. 1644. Tr. by Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

602 DORT. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

J. Montgomery.

603 DORT. 6s & 4s.

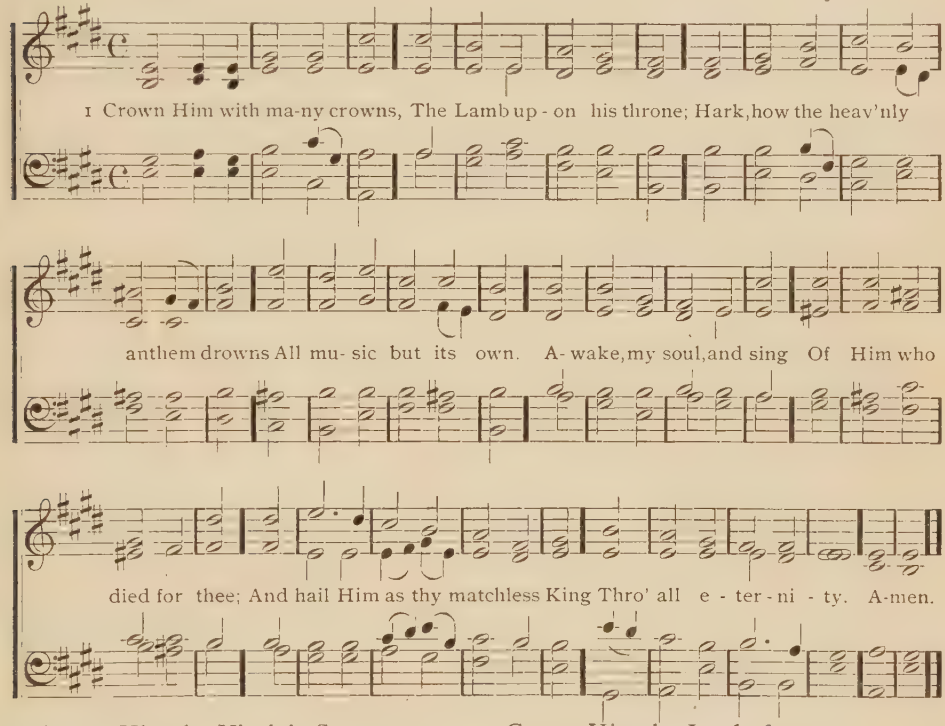
1 GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies,
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

John S. Dwight, 1844.

604 DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

G. J. Elvey.



2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn,
Fruit of the mystic rose,
True branch of Jesse's stem,
The root whence mercy ever flows,
The babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold his hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

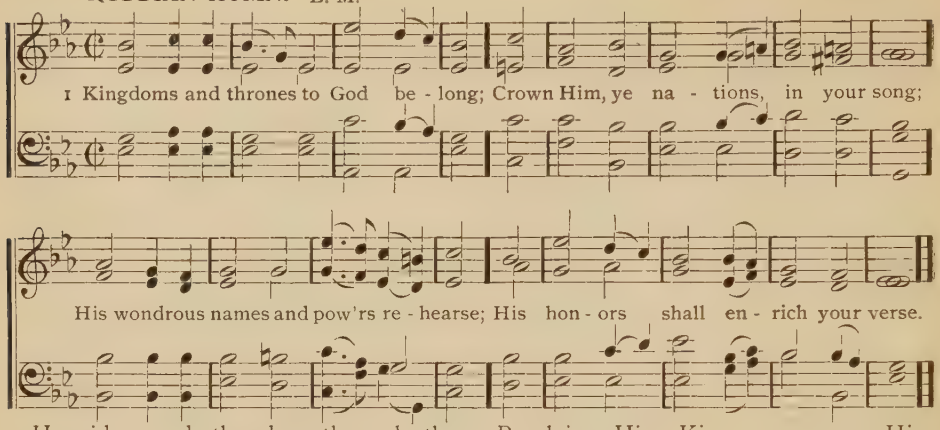
4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a scepter sways
In heaven and earth, that wars may cease
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round his piercéd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit, through Him given
From yonder triune throne.
All hail, Redeemer, hail,
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.

605 RUSSIAN HYMN. L. M.

Arr. by C. EVEREST.



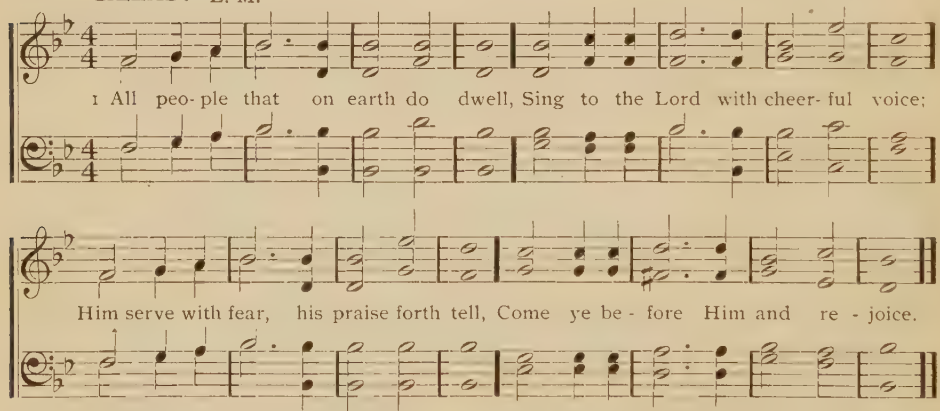
2 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest,
He's your defence, your joy, your [rest;
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts.

606 GILEAD. L. M.

ETIENNE HENRI MEHUL.



2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

John Hopkins or Wm. Kethe, about 1562.

607

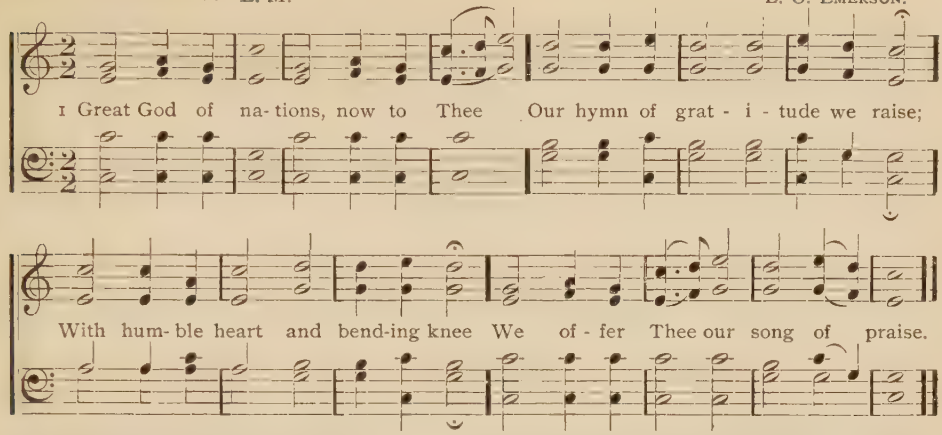
1 LET Zion praise the mighty God
And make his honors known abroad,
For sweet the joy our songs to raise
And glorious is the work of praise.

2 Our children live secure and blest,
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat
And adds his blessings to their meat.

3 Through all our coasts his laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land; praise ye the Lord.

608 SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here Thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

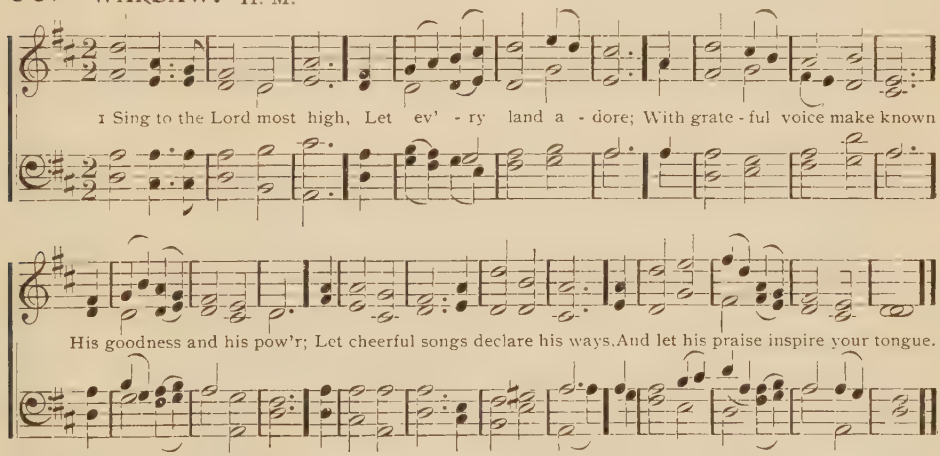
4 We praise Thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear,
In dangers still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship Thee.

Alfred Alexander Woodhull, 1829.

609 WARSAW. H. M.

THOS. CLARK.



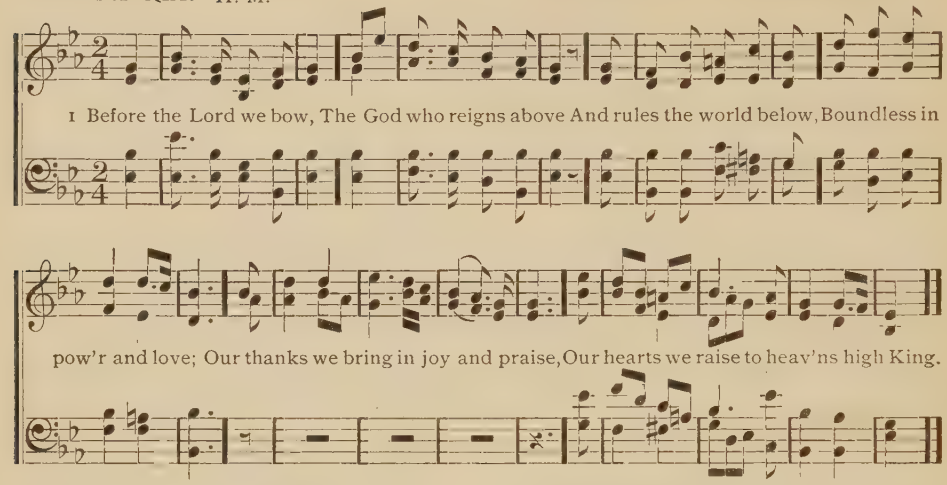
2 Enter his courts with joy,
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word.
With wide command He spreads his [sway
O'er every sea and every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon his care,
And in his pastures live.
With cheerful songs declare his ways,
And let his praise inspire your tongues.

4 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
While earth and heaven shall last
His promises endure.
With bounteous hand He spreads his [sway
O'er every sea and every land.

610 PATRIA. H. M.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1809—1847.



2 The nation Thou hast blessed
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care;
For this fair land, for this bright day,
Our thanks we pay, gifts of thy hand.

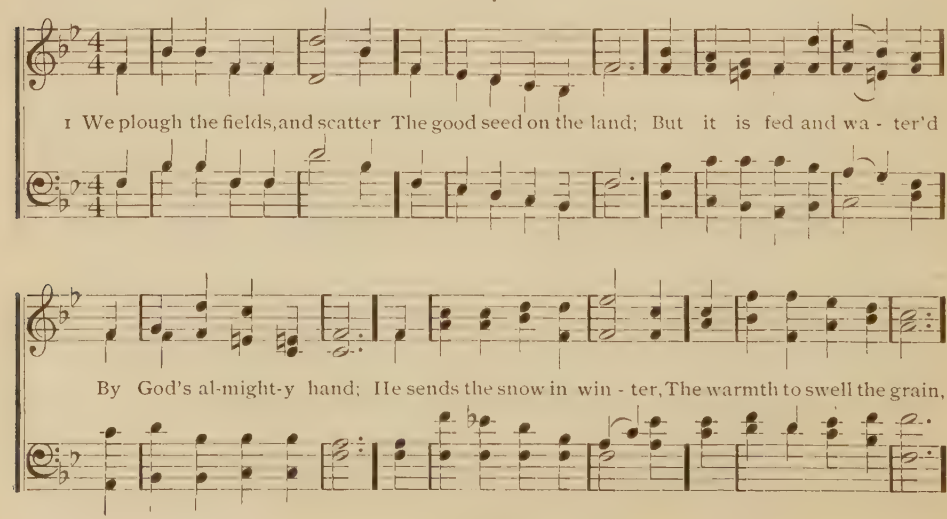
3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen;
May every tongue be tuned to praise
And join to raise a grateful song.

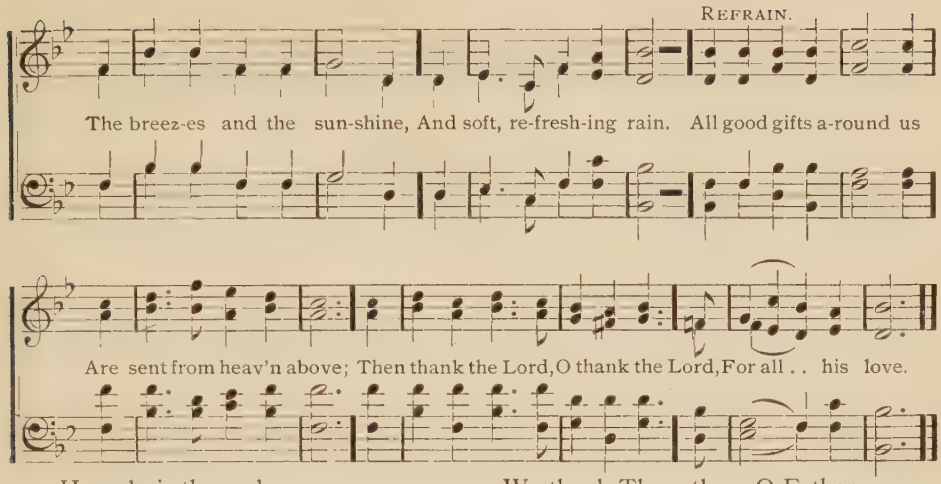
4 Earth, hear thy maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship Him alone;
Cast down thy pride, thy sin deplore,
And bow before the crucified.

5 And when in power He comes,
O may our native land
From all its rending tombs
Send forth a glorious band,
A countless throng, ever to sing, [song.
To heav'n's high King, salvation's

Francis Scott Key, 1837

611 ALL GOOD GIFTS AROUND US. 7s & 6s.



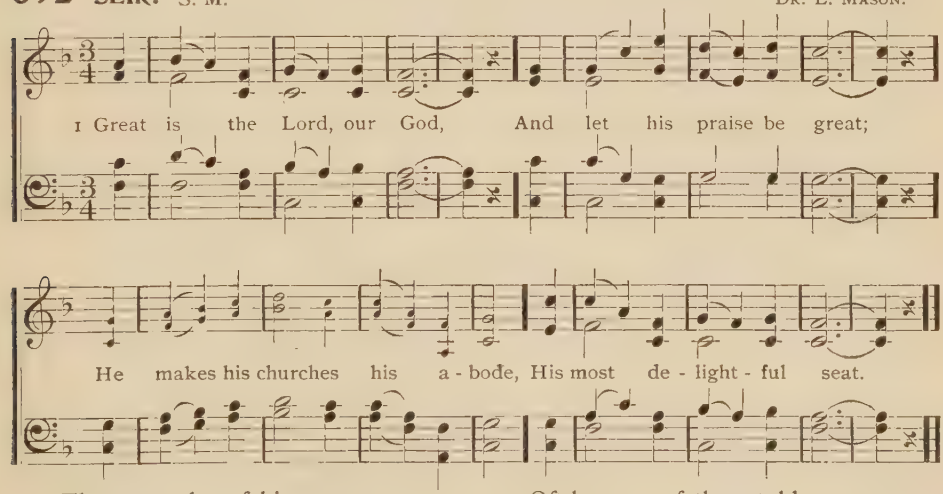


2 He only is the maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.—REF.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.—REF.

Matthias Claudius, 1740—1815. Tr. by Miss J. M. Campbell, 1861.

612 **SEIR.** S. M. DR. L. MASON.



2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

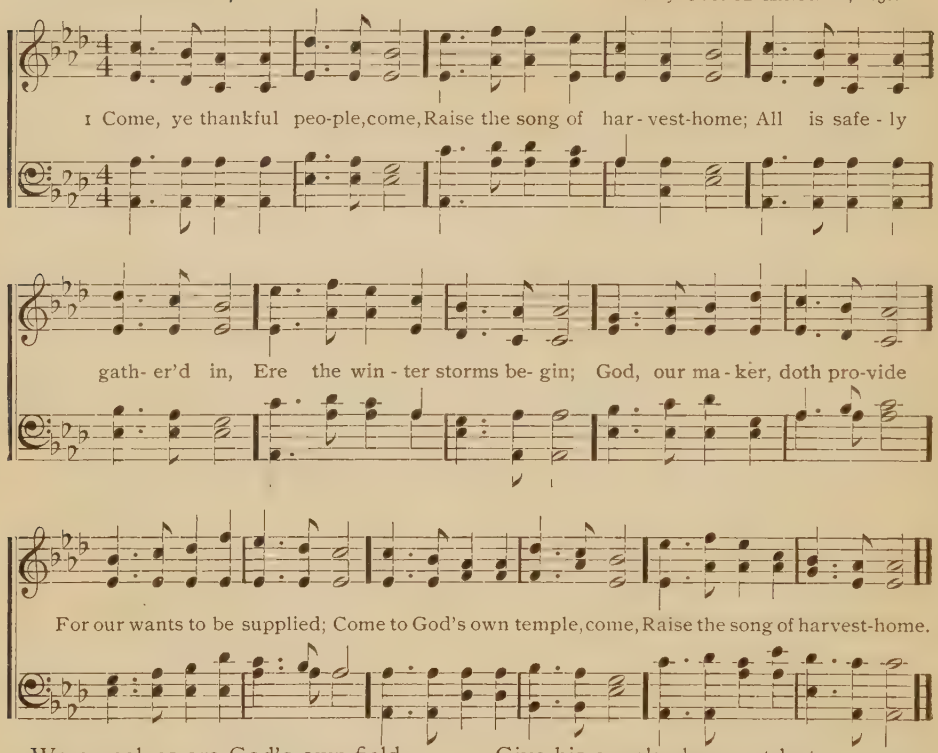
3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace
And seek deliverance there.

613 MESSIAH. 7s. D.

Arr. by George Kingsley, 1838.



2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield,
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

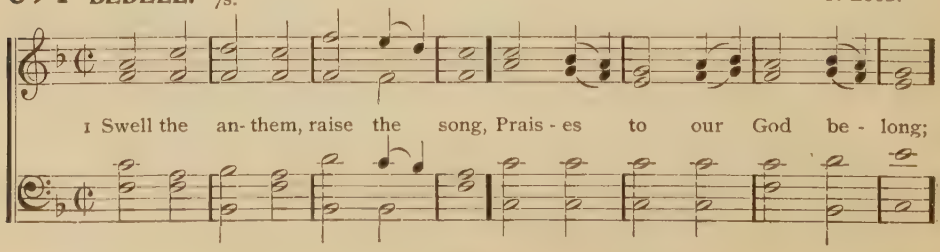
3 For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take his harvest home,
From his field shall in that day
All offenses purge away,
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

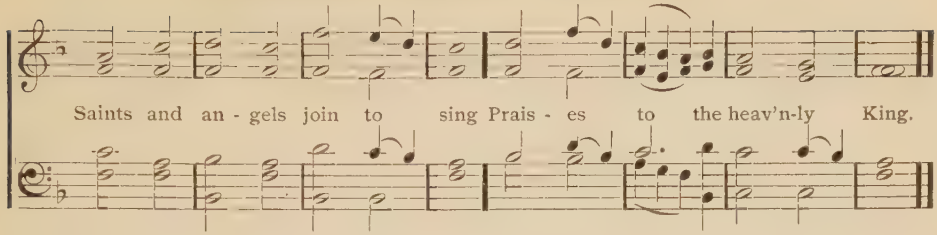
4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home;
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, forever purified,
In God's garner to abide;
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Henry Alford.

614 BEDELL. 7s.

T. Loud.





2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by Him, no foes annoy,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

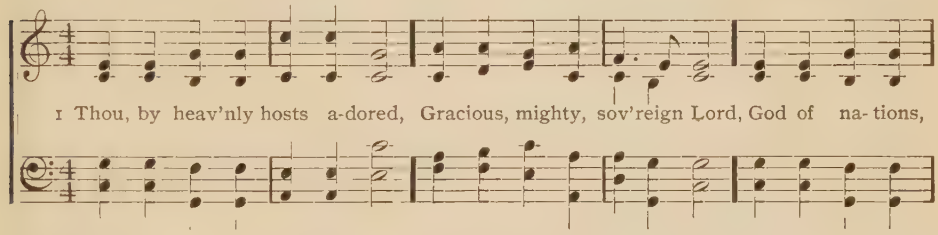
3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

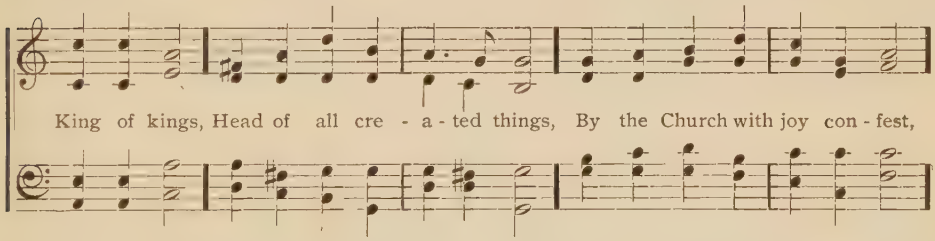
4 Hark, the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song
And the grateful notes prolong.

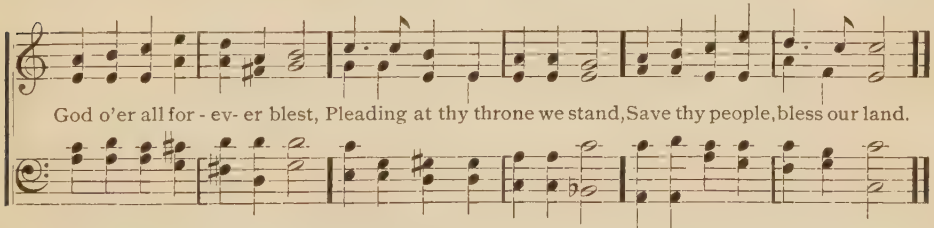
Nathan Strong.

615 TULFORD. 7s. D.

E. J. Hopkins.







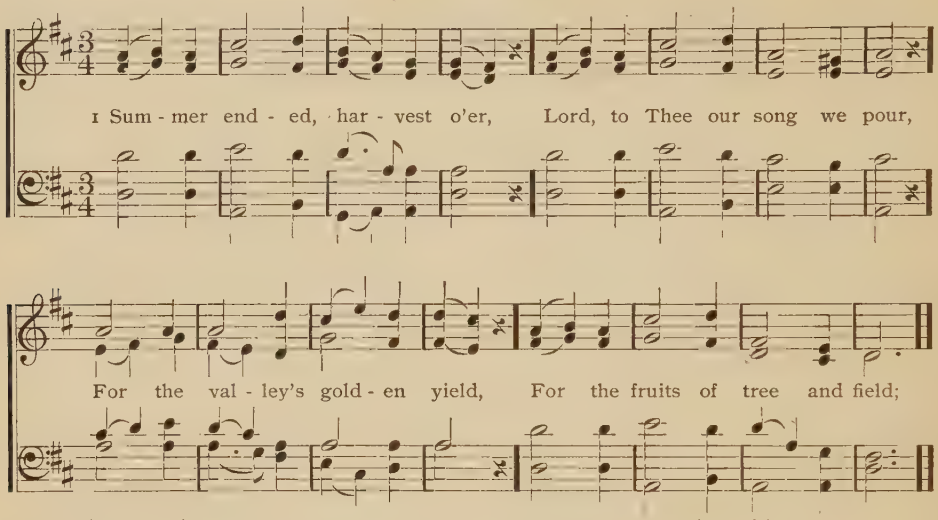
2 From all public sin and shame,
From ambition's grasping aim,
From rebellion, war and death,
From the pestilential breath,
From dread famine's awful stroke,
From oppression's galling yoke,
From the judgments of thy hand,
Spare thy people, spare our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free and happy land.

Henry Harbaugh, 1860.

616 DALLAS. 7s.

From M. L. Cherubini.



2 For the promise ever sure
That while heaven and earth endure
Seed-time, harvest, cold and heat
Shall their yearly round complete;

3 For the care which, while we slept,
Watch o'er field and furrow kept,
Watch o'er all the buried grain
Soon to burst to life again.

4 When the reaping angels bring
Tares and wheat before the King,
Jesus, may we gathered be
In the heavenly barn to Thee.

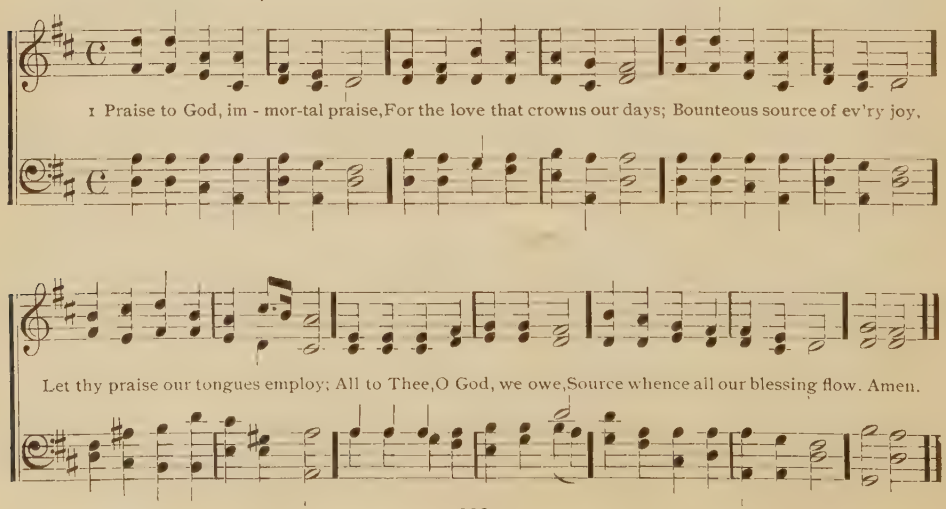
5 Then the angel cry shall sound,
Praise the Lamb, the lost are found;
And the answering song shall be,
Alleluia, praise to Thee,

6 Praise to Thee, the toil is o'er,
Blight and curse shall be no more;
Lo, the mighty work is done,
Glory to the Three in One.

G. Phillimore.

617 DAYSPRING. 7s.

Prussian Air.



2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

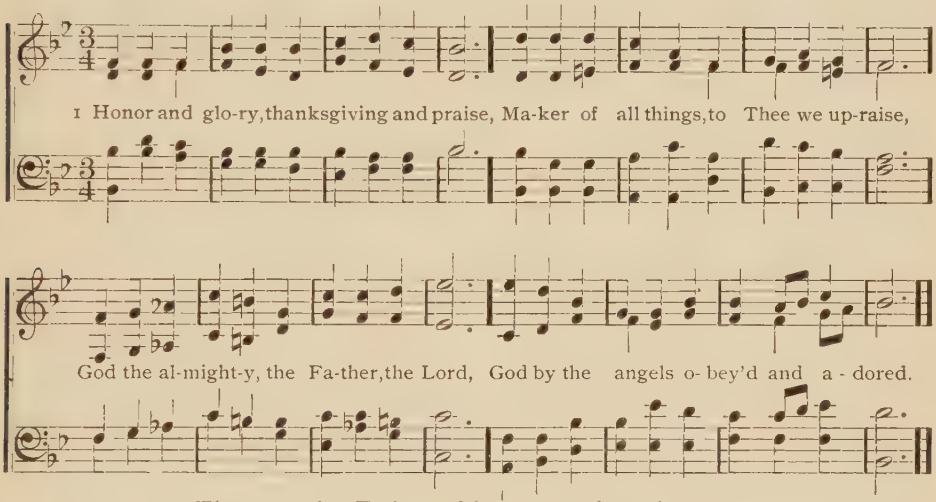
3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores,
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams,
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

618 DAYMAN. 10s.

J. Barnby, 1870.



2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;
Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth;
All the creation, thy voice when it heard,
Started to life and to light at thy word.

3 Onward the sun and the moon on their march
Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;
Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to come,
Find in creation their place and a home.

4 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,
Sky with the dewdrop, the wind and the rain,
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
All are thy creatures and all are thy care.

5 Ocean the restless and waters that swell,
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
Own Thee the Master almighty, and call
Thee the Creator, the Father of all.

6 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and thy love
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;
Guide us in life and protect to the last,
And at thine advent, Lord, pardon the past.

E. A. Dayman.

619 NEANDER. P. M.

GERMAN CHORAL. Arr. by SCHWING.

1 Praise to the Lord; He is King o - ver all the cre - a - - tion; Praise to the Lord, O my soul, as the God of sal - va - tion; Join in the song, Psal - t'ry and harp, roll a - long Praise in your sol - emn vi - bra - - tion.

2 Praise to the Lord, who in glorious majesty reigning,
Beareth thee upward, on wings like the eagles' sustaining;
Thee to uphold,
Arms of his mercy enfold,
Faithful 'mid all thy complaining.

3 Praise to the Lord, who with honor and blessings hath crowned thee,
Pouring his gifts out of heaven like showers around thee;
Think of it too,
What the Almighty can do,
How by his love He hath bound thee.

4 Praise to the Lord, and let all that is in me adore Him;
All that hath breath sing, with Abraham's children before Him;
He is our light,
Fountain of glory and might,
Come, let us kneel and adore Him.

Joachim Neander. Tr. by Thomas C. Porter.

620 LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

1 Awake, my soul, to grateful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,

His loving kindness, O how free! His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

5 Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley, 1787.

621 MEDWAY. L. M.

G. B. PERGOLESI, 1730.

1 Great God, at - tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;

To spend one day with Thee on earth Ex - ceeds a thous-and days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, He makes our day;
God is our shield, He guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

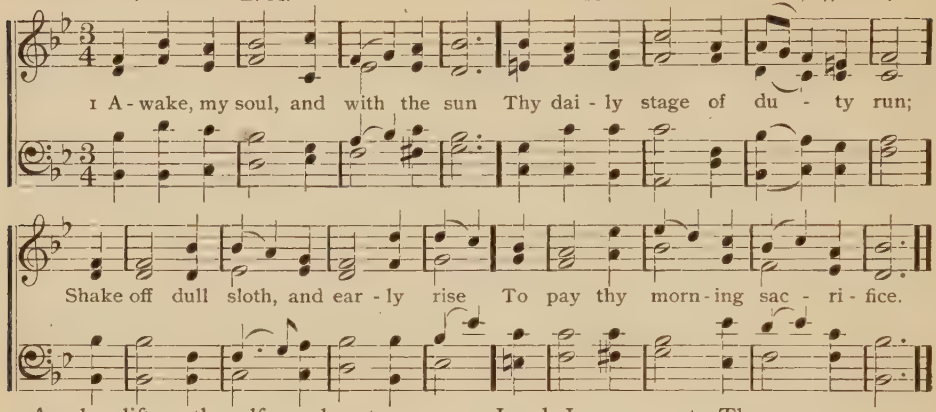
4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and witholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power.
Till all on earth thy name adore.

Isaac Watts.

622 GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, 1770—1827.



2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall [wake,
I may of endless life partake.

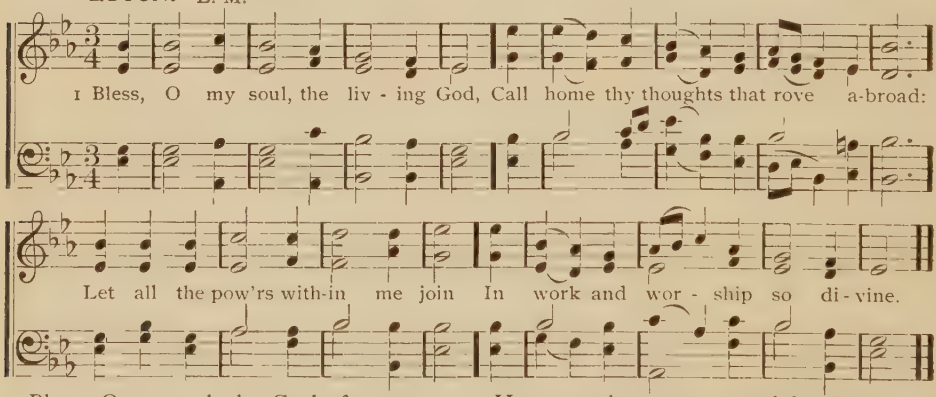
4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and [will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design or do or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken, 1697.

623 LUTON. L. M.

G. BURDER.



2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath [wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess,
Let all the earth adore his grace;
My heart and tongue with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

624

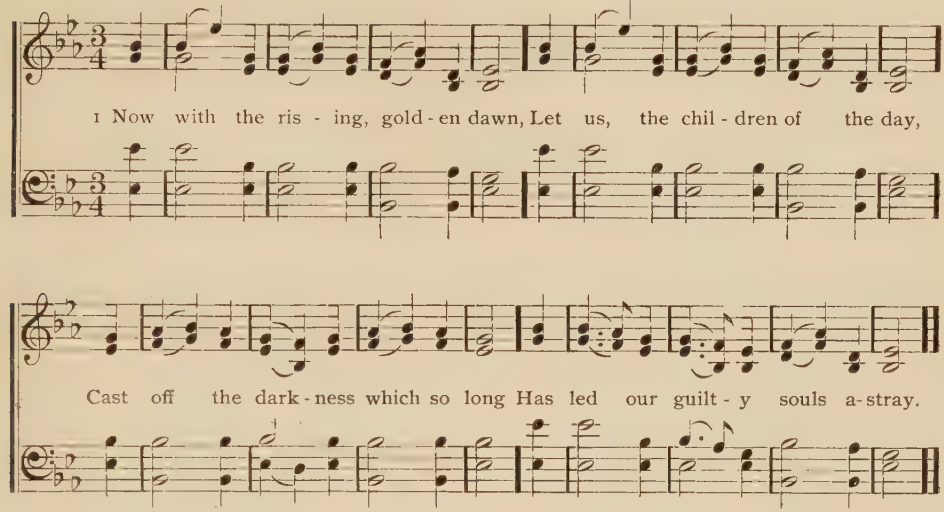
1 GIVE thanks to God, He reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guides us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

3 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great his works, how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

625 GRATITUDE. L. M.

A. Bost. Arr. by T. Hastings, 1837.



2 O may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil,
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein,
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.

4 Grant us a body pure within,
A wakeful heart, a ready will,
That no dark deed nor cherished sin
The fervor of the soul may chill.

5 Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true,
With thy most pure, celestial ray;
So may we walk in safety through
All the temptations of this day.

6 Upon our fainting souls distil
The grace of thy celestial dew;
Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,
No former sin revive anew.

7 Grant us the grace, for love of Thee,
To scorn all vanities below,
Faith to detect each falsity,
And knowledge Thee alone to know.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by E. Caswall.

626

1 MY God how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

627

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

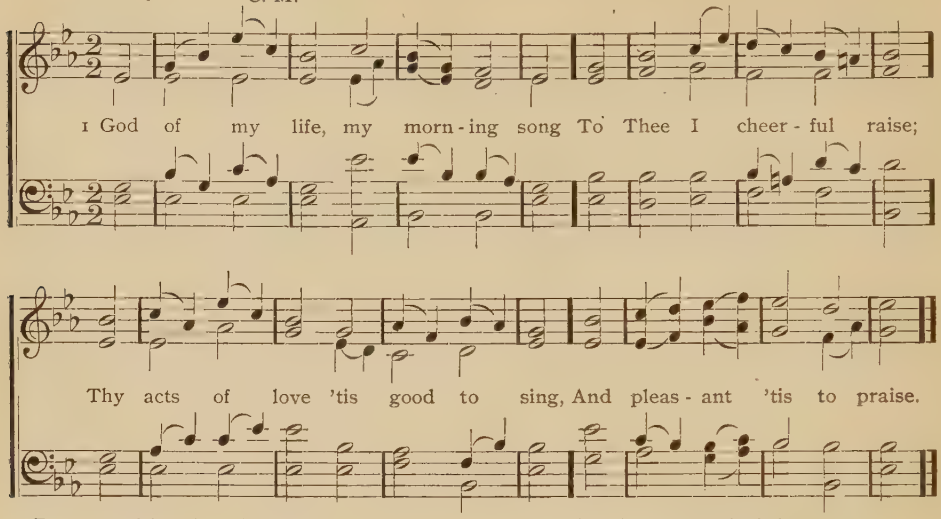
2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Wm. Cowper.

628 WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY, 1767—1822.



2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent their nights in sighs
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes
And rose from sweet repose.

4 O let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll
And guide my future days,
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

629

1 O GOD, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 Th' apostles' glorious company
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou th' eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

630

1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye,

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

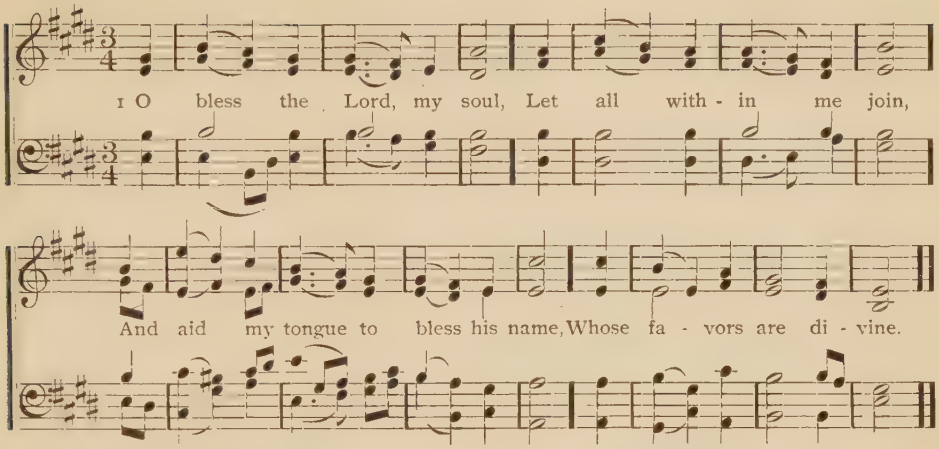
3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house I will resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

631 GRING. S. M.

D. S. HOLLINGSHEAD.



2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts.

632

1 COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon beneath the Rock
Of Ages rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

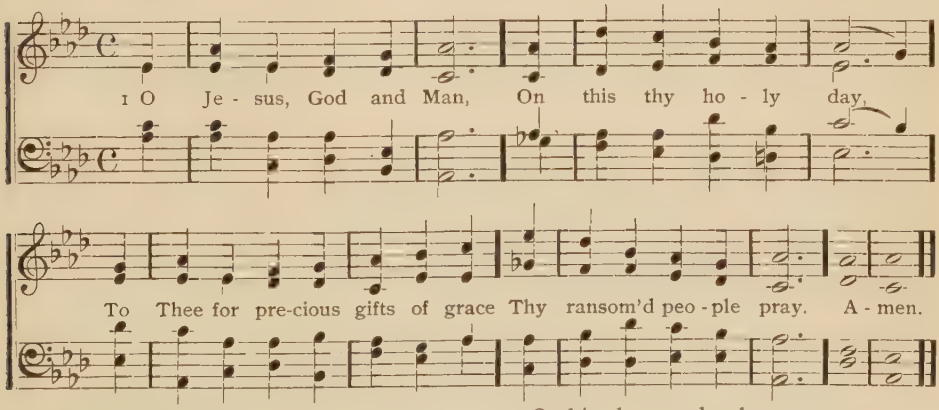
3 At evening in thy home,
Around its altar, pray,
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With Thee to watch and pray.

James Montgomery, 1853.

633 SCHUMANN. S. M.

Arr. from SCHUMANN.



2 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do thy will below
As angels do above.

3 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all thy blessed saints.

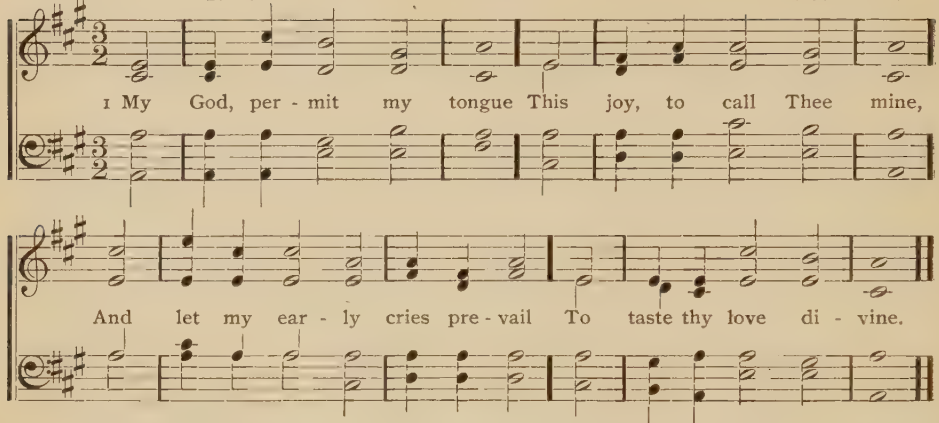
4 On friends around us here
O let thy blessing fall;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

5 O joy to live for Thee!
O joy in Thee to die!
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally!

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

634 OSMAN. S. M.

M. G. Bisbee.



2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are
And all thy dealings kind.

5 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

Isaac Watts.

635

1 WE lift our hearts to Thee,
Thou day-star from on high;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night,
And let the glories of thy love
Come like the morning light.

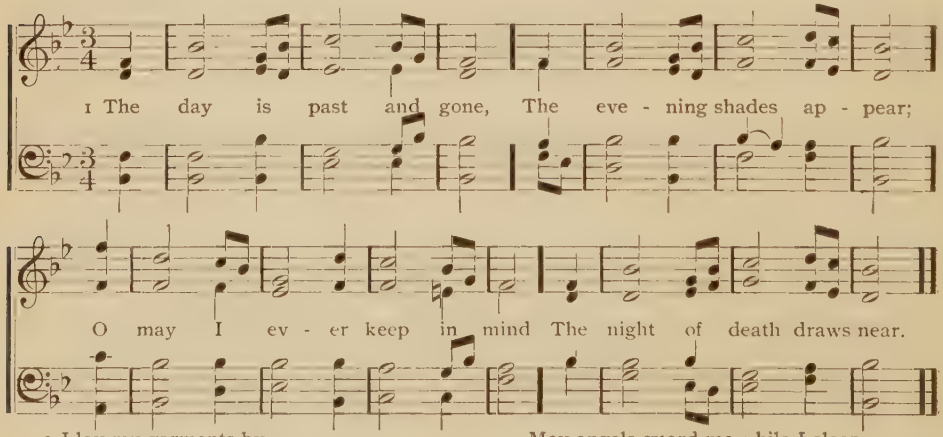
3 How beauteous nature now,
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

J. Wesley.

636 KENTUCKY. S. M.

A. Chopin.



2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence
And leave my soul undressed.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when my days are past
And I from time remove,
Lord, may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

J. Leland.

637 SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines.

LOWELL MASON.

1 Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day,

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciléd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

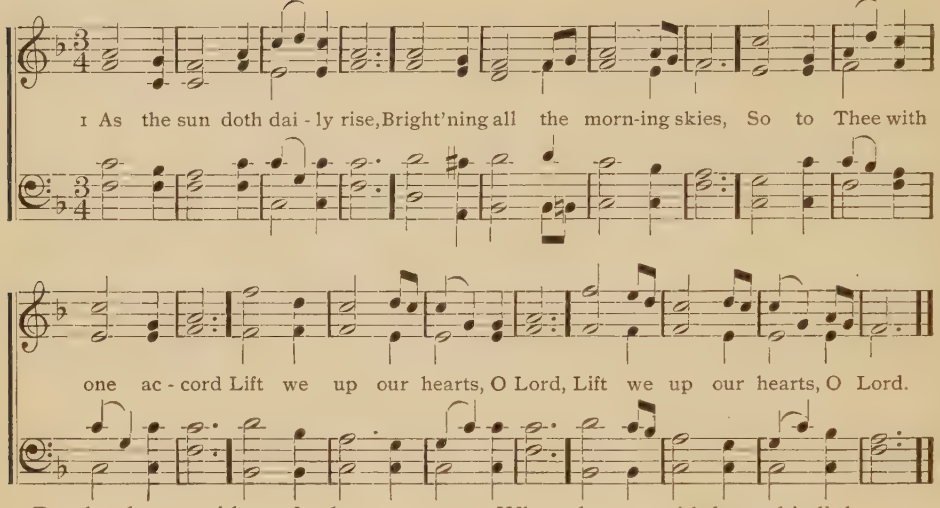
3 Here we come thy name to praise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1779.

638 KUECKEN. 7s.

Arr. from KUECKEN.



2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good;
Strength unto our souls afford
From thy living bread, O Lord.

3 Be our guard in sin and strife,
Be the leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord,

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.

5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.

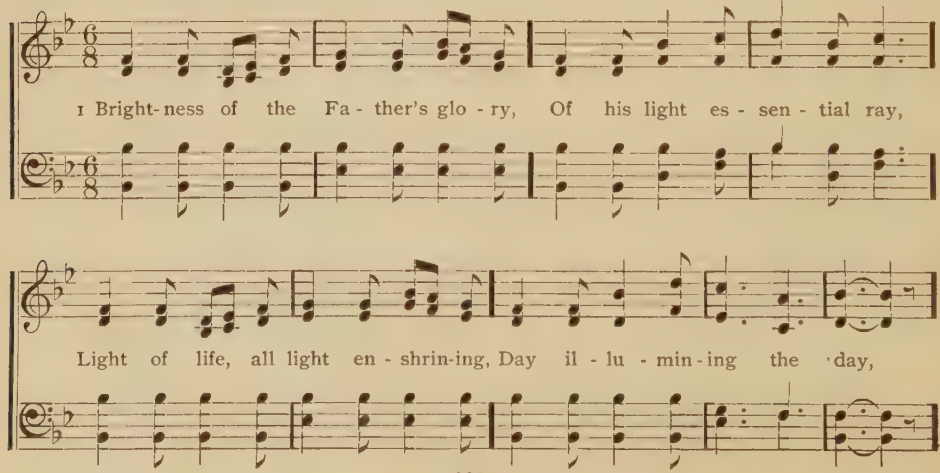
6 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
Be thy strength'ning grace outpoured,
Save the tempted ones, O Lord.

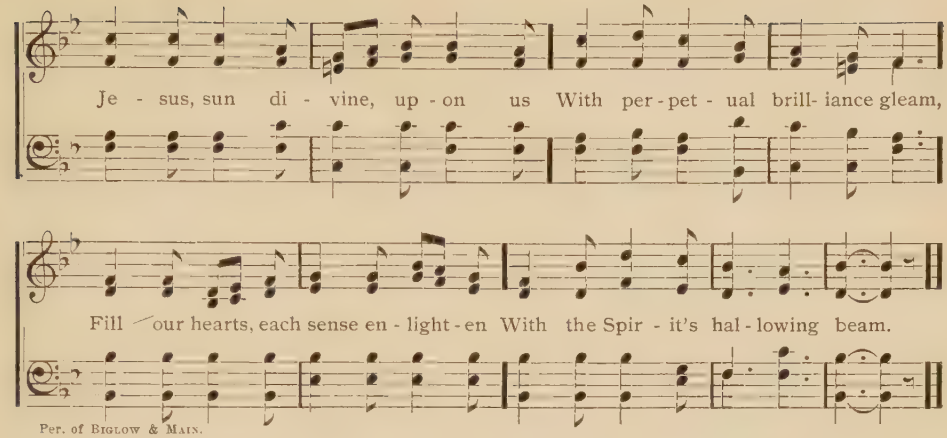
7 Praise we with the heavenly host
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord.

King Alfred, 900. Tr. by Earl Nelson, 1864.

639 PHILBROOK. 8s & 7s. Double.

J. H. TENNEY.





Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 Thee we pray, too, holy Father,
Fount of life and source of grace,
By the cleansing of thy Spirit
Taint of sin from us efface;
In each strong resolve be with us
And the tempter's rage subdue;
Turn to good each sad misfortune,
Be our guide in all we do.

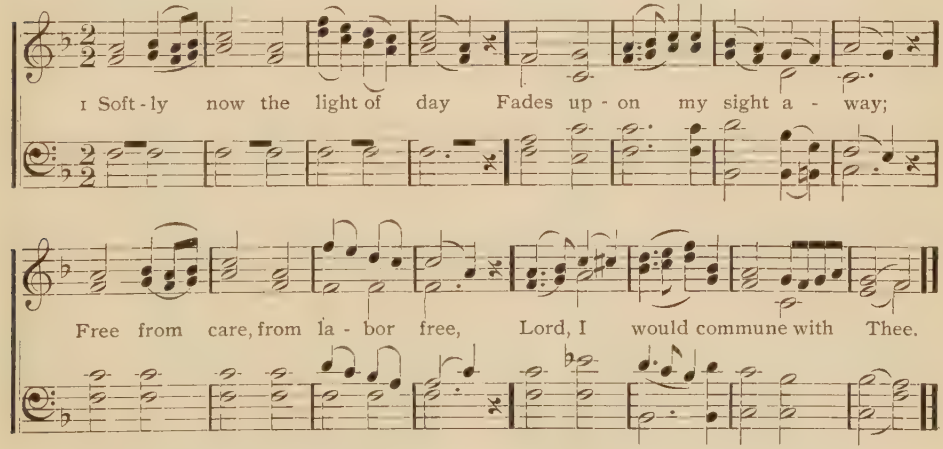
3 Rule our inmost thought and action,
Grant us heavenly purity,
Faith that glows with holy fervor,
Incorrupt simplicity;
Feed us with the bread from heaven,
And that drink that cannot cloy,
Comfort us in all our weakness
With the Spirit's holy joy.

4 Thus shall speed the day in gladness,
Modesty like dawn shall glow,
Faith shall shine as light at noonday,
And the soul no night shall know.
Praise and glory to the Father,
Praise and glory to the Son,
Praise and glory to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

Ambrose, 340—397. Tr. by W. S. Copeland.

640 KOZELUCH. 7s.

G. Kozeluch.



2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

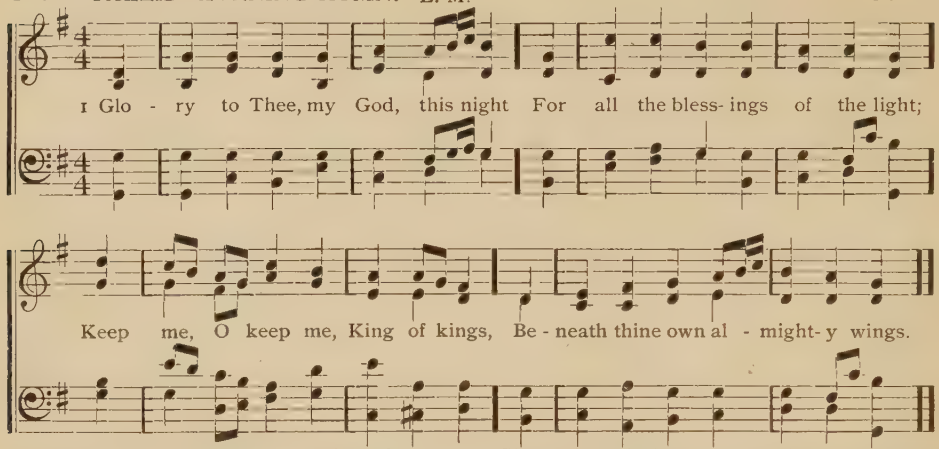
3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee;

4 Thou, who sinless yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George W. Doane, 1824.

641 TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1567.



2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself and Thee
I ere I sleep at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed,
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

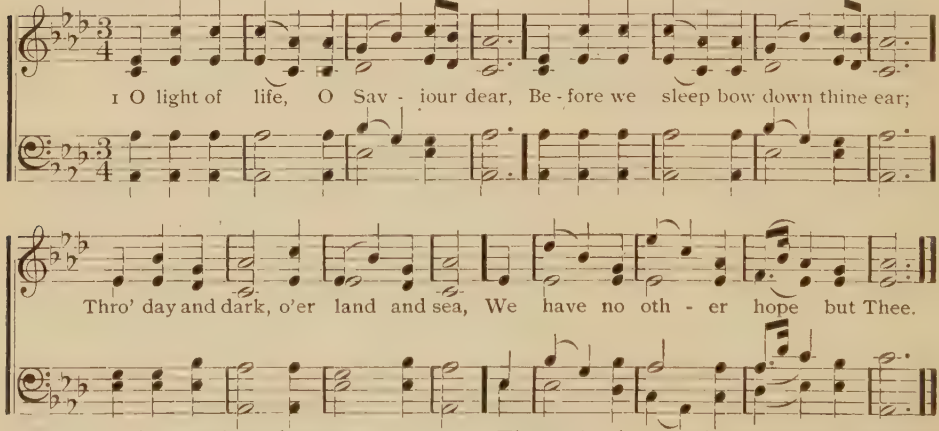
5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No power of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And praise with the angelic choir
Incessant sing and never tire?

Thomas Ken, 1697.

642 OBERLIN. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS. Arr.



2 Oft from thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God and find Him not.

3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.

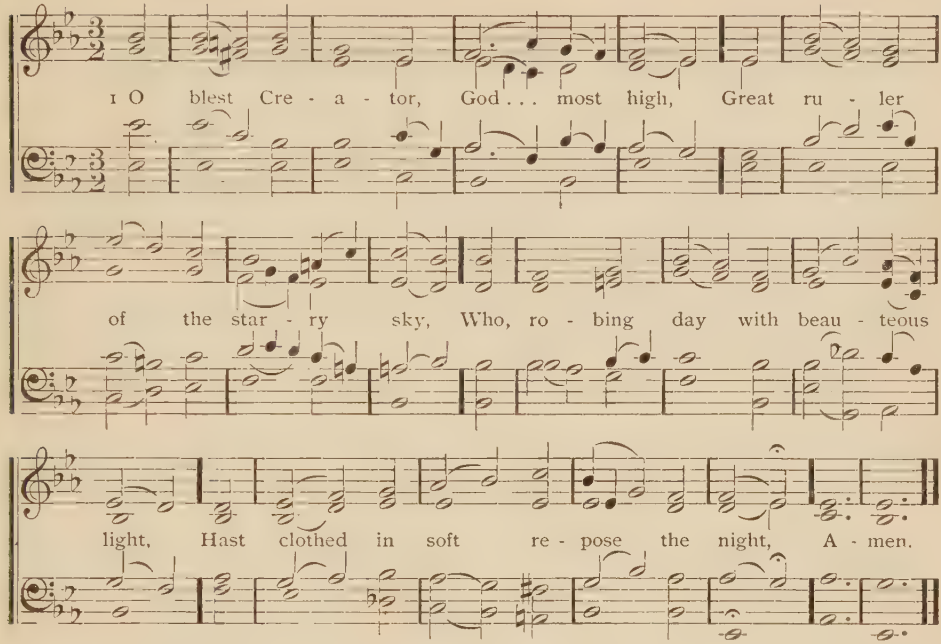
4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near,
Till on thy face we lift our eyes,
The sun of God's own Paradise.

5 Praise God, our maker and our friend,
Praise Him through time, till time shall end,
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

Francis T. Palgrave.

643 ST. VINCENT. L. M.

THEO. NEUKOMM.



2 That sleep may wearied limbs restore,
And fit for toil and use once more,
May gently soothe the careworn breast,
And lull our anxious griefs to rest,

3 We thank Thee for the day that's gone;
We pray Thee, now the night comes on,
O help us sinners as we raise
To Thee our votive hymn of praise.

4 To Thee our hearts their music bring,
To Thee our lips in concord sing,
To Thee our rapt affections soar,
And Thee our chastened souls adore.

5 Lord, when the parting beams of day
In evening's shadows fade away,
Let faith no wildering darkness know,
But night with faith's own splendor glow.

J. D. Chambers.

644

1 GREAT God, to Thee my ev'ning song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from Thee depart,
And fond of trifles vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And find acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

Anne Steele.

645

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

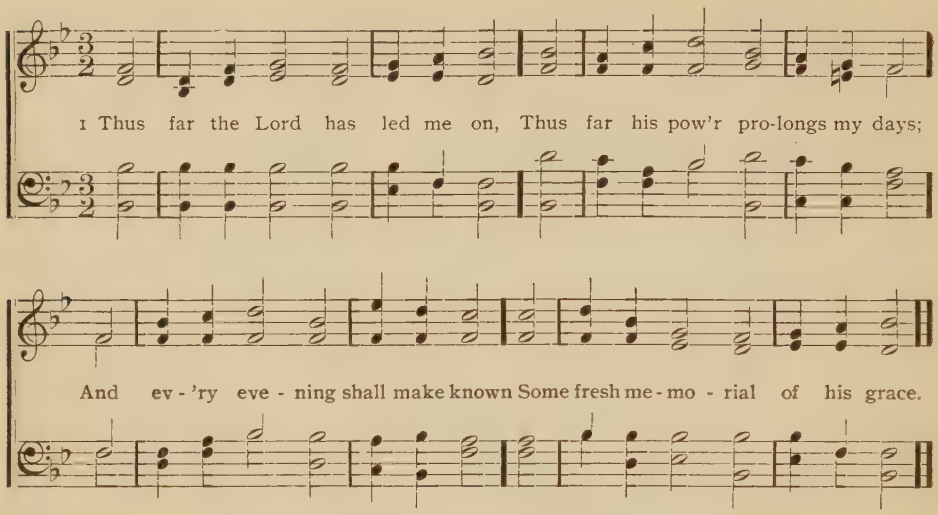
2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

646 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Much of my time has run to waste
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

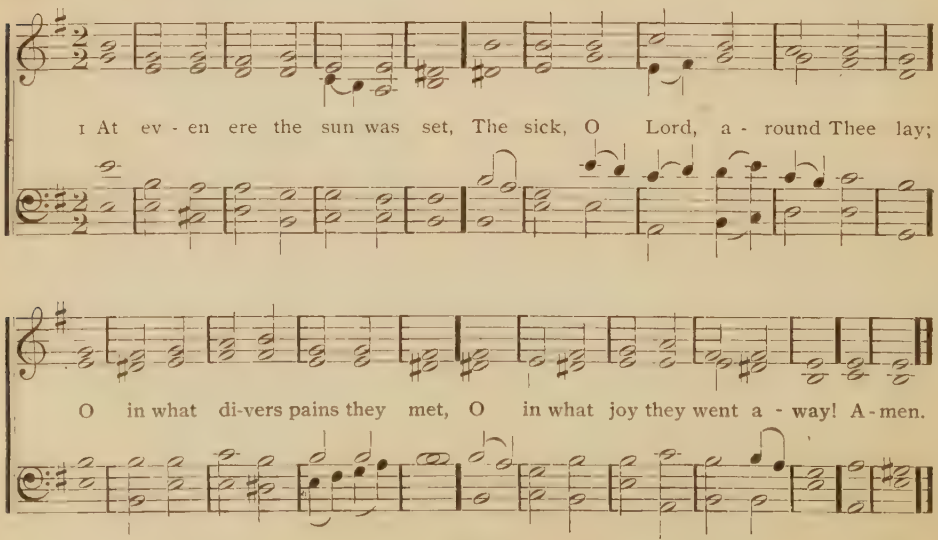
4 Faith in his name forbids my fear,
O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

647 ST. JEROME. L. M.

C. H. GRAUN, 1720.



2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour, Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

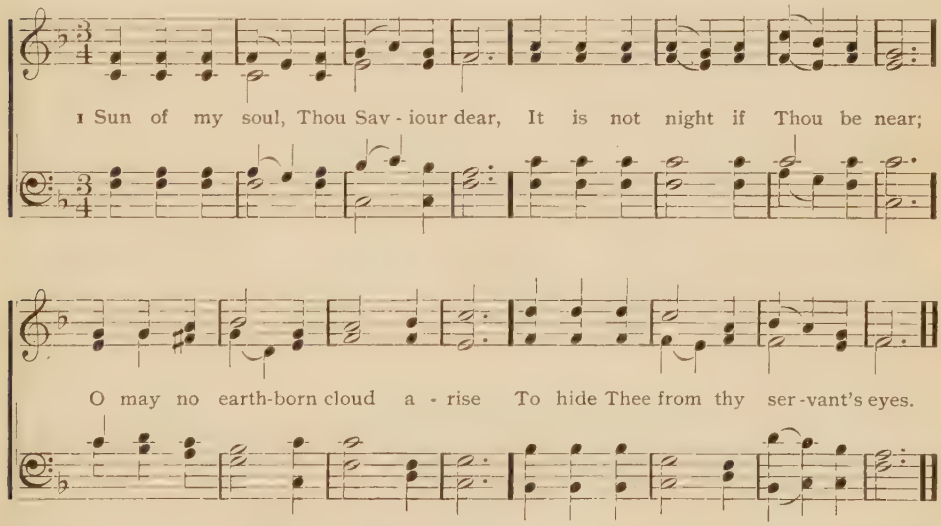
6 O Saviour, Christ, Thou too art man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour
And in thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells.

648 HURSLEY. L. M.

HAYDN. Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1801.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

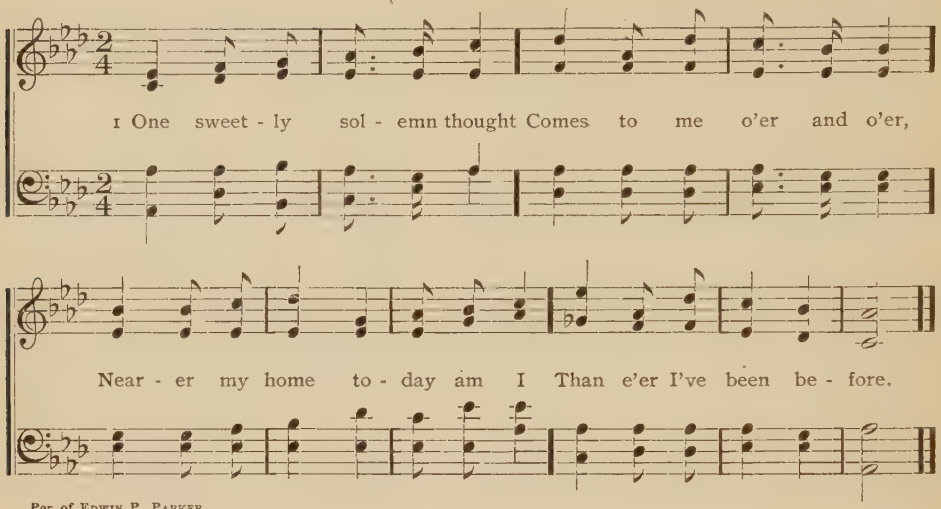
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1827.

649 DAWN. S. M.

EDWIN P. PARKER, 1871



Per. of EDWIN P. PARKER.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea,

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Nearer to leave the heavy cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

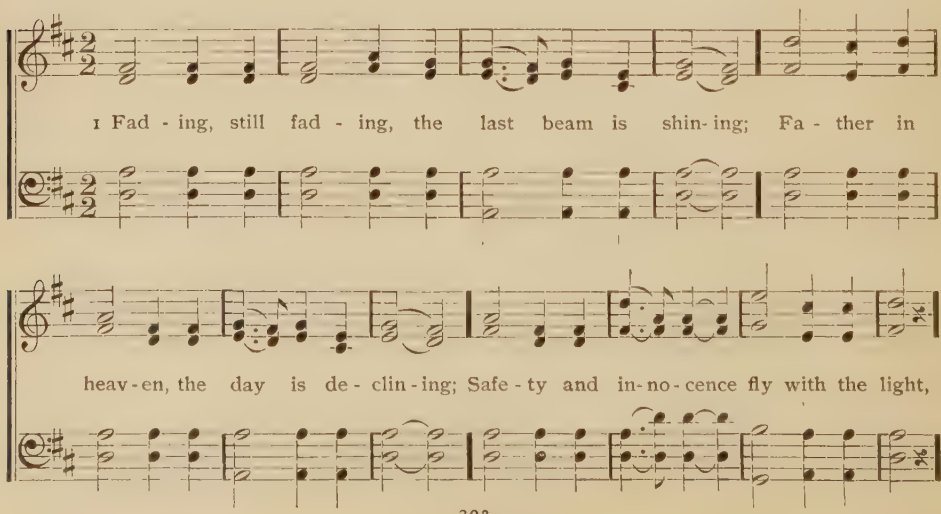
4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown
That leads at last to light. [stream

5 E'en now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I to-day am nearer home,
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my power of faith,
Nor let me stand at last alone
Upon the shore of death.

650 LAST BEAM. P. M.

T. V. WEISENTHAL.



Temp - ta - tion and dan- ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the

morn-ing bells chime, Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime. Fa - ther, have

2d verse.

mer - cy, Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Father, have mer-cy, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord. A - men.

2 Father in heaven, O hear when we call,
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;
Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in thine arms when morning returns.—REF.

651 HERMON. C M.

DR. L. MASON.

1 Far from these narrow scenes of night, Unbounded glo - ries rise, And realms of in-fi - nite delight, Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

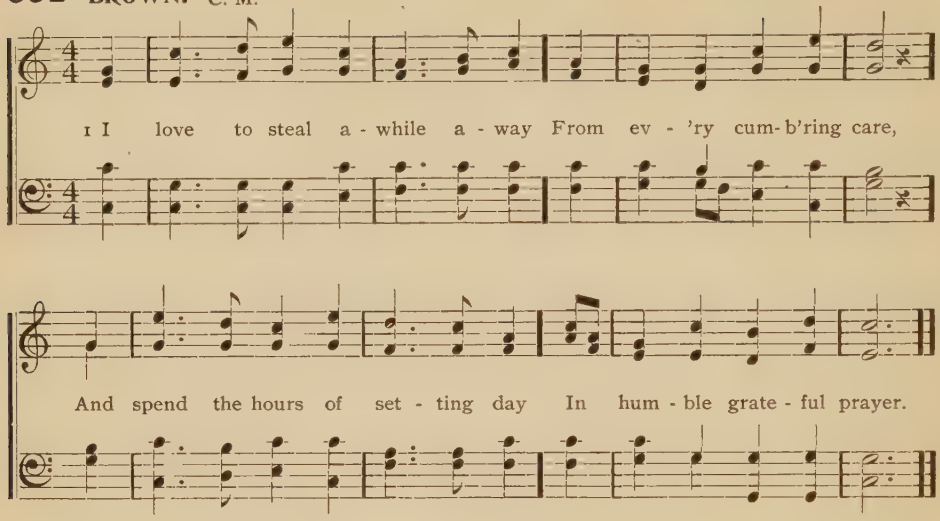
4 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine
For thy bright courts on high,
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele.

652 BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour
And lead to endless day.

P. H. Brown.

653

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment as it flies
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

654

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

J. Mason, 1683.

655 THE ROSEATE HUES. C. M. D.

FREDERICK A. J. HERVEY.

1 The rose - ate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright- ness of the day,

The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!

O for the pearl - y gates of heav'n, O for the gold - en floor,

O for the sun of right - eous - ness, That set - teth nev - er - more!

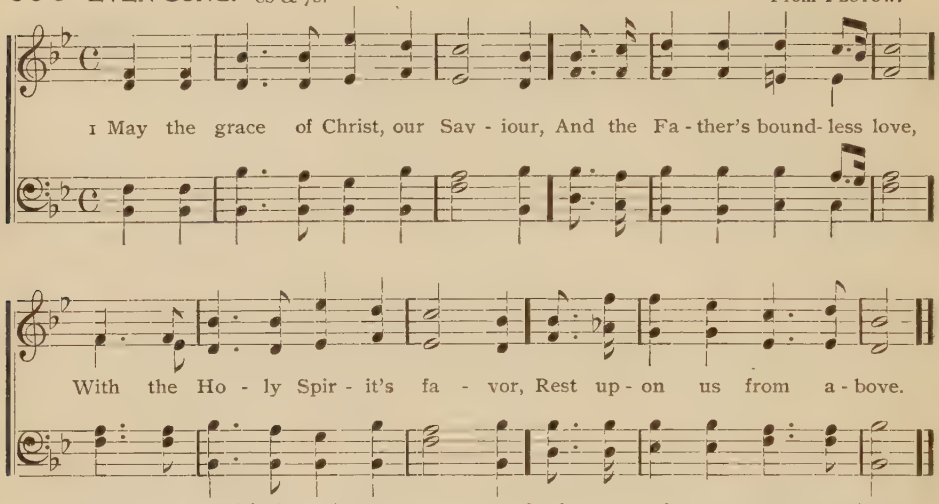
2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint,
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1853.

656 EVEN SONG. 8s & 7s.

From FLOTOW.



2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton.

657

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

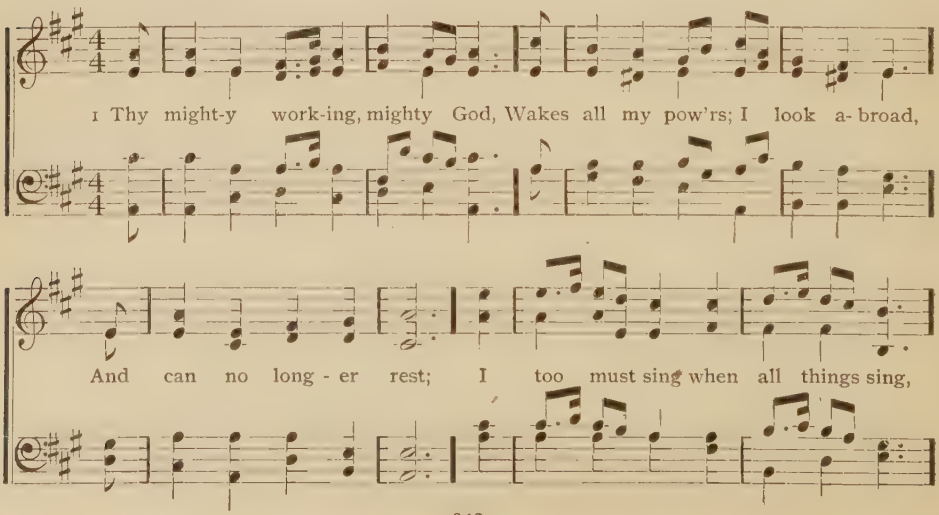
3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

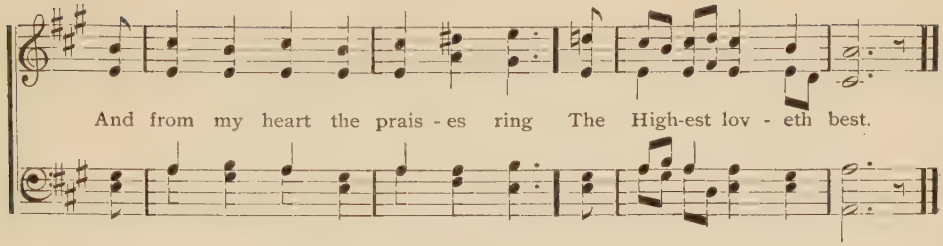
4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify his name.

Richard Mant.

658 RAPTURE. C. P. M.

EDWARD HARWOOD, 1760.





2 If Thou, in thy great love to us,
Wilt scatter joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours,
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers!

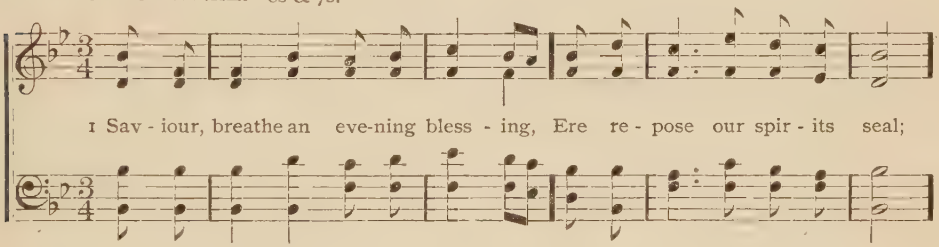
3 What thrilling joy, when on our sight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light
Where all the air is sweet,
Still laden with th' unwearied hymn
From all the thousand seraphim
Who God's high praise repeat!

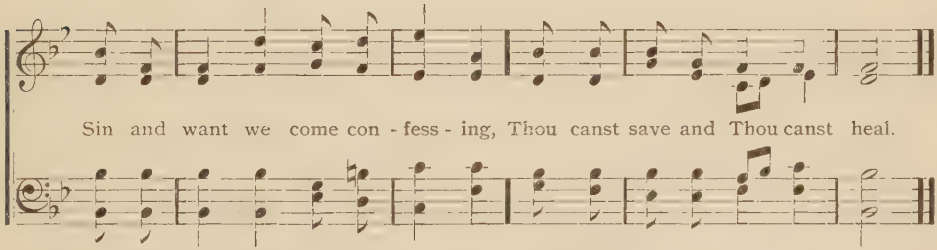
4 O were I there! O that I now
Before thy throne, my God, could bow,
And bear my heavenly palm!
Then, like the angels, would I raise
My voice, and sing thine endless praise
In many a sweet-toned psalm.

Tr. by Catharine Winkworth.

659 STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

Rev. D. E. Jones, 1815—1881.





2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

660 ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.

HENRY HILES.

1 The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky,
Up-on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie;
Be-fore thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day; . . . .
Look on thy chil-dren from on high And hear us while we pray. A-men.

2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthy love and joy
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide Proctor.

661 VARINA. C. M. D.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

1 There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign,

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night And plea - sures ban - ish pain;

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with - 'ring flow'rs;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;
But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

662 VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1 How sweet, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord

cres.

In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil his word,

When each can feel his bro - ther's sigh And with him bear a part,

ff

When sor - row flows from eye to eye And joy from heart to heart,

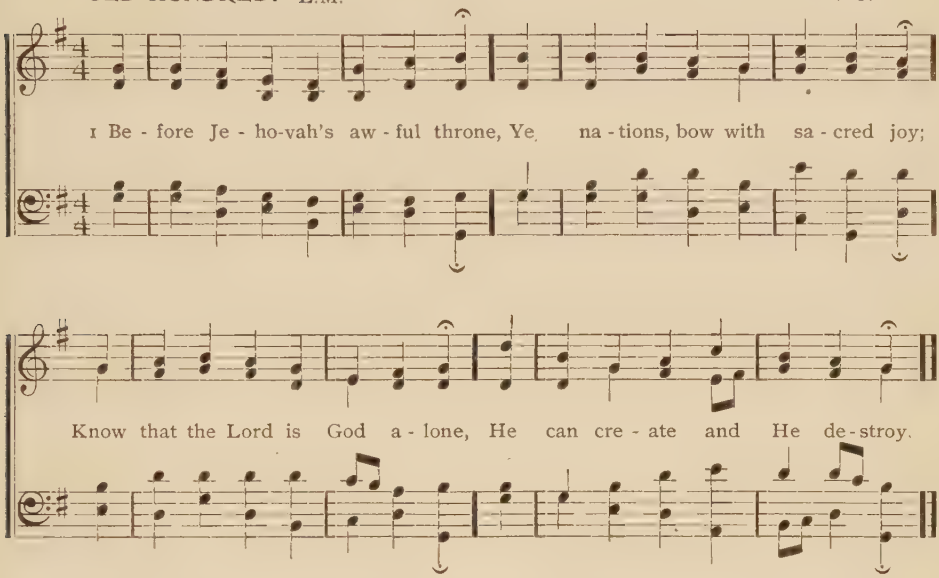
2 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

663 OLD HUNDRED. L.M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1541—.



2 His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts.

664

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; all nature join
In work and worship so divine;
Let heaven and earth unite, and raise
High hallelujahs to his praise.

2 While realms of joy and worlds around
Their hallelujahs high resound,
Let saints below and saints above
Exulting sing redeeming love.

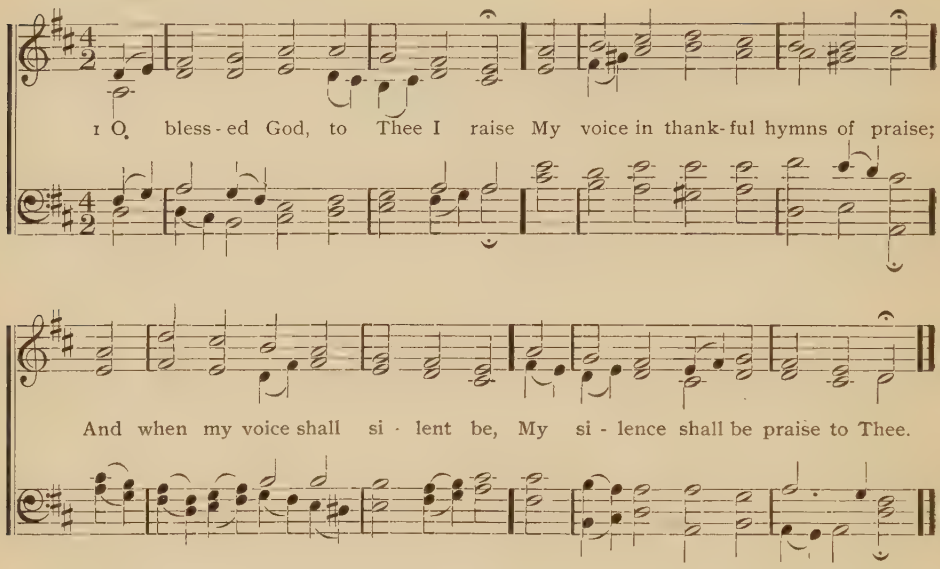
3 As instruments well tuned and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue;
While life remains we'll loud proclaim
High hallelujahs to his name.

4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin and pains,
Eternally the Church will raise
High hallelujahs to his praise.

Isaac Watts.

665 WARTBURG. L. M.

J. H. Schein, 1628.



2 For voice and silence both impart
The filial homage of my heart;
And both alike are understood
By Thee, Thou parent of all good,

3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
Who loves my loudest praise to hear
And loves to bless my voiceless prayer.

Greek Hymn.

666

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

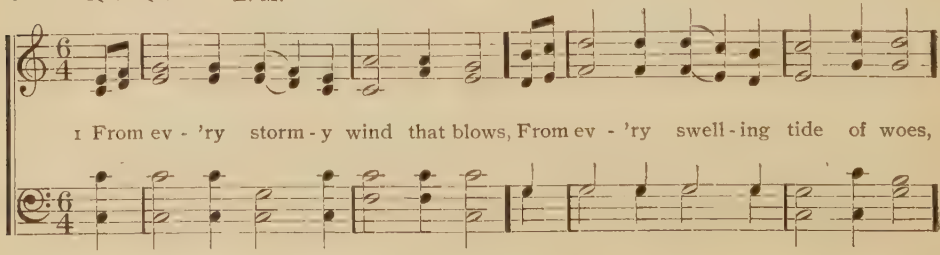
2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

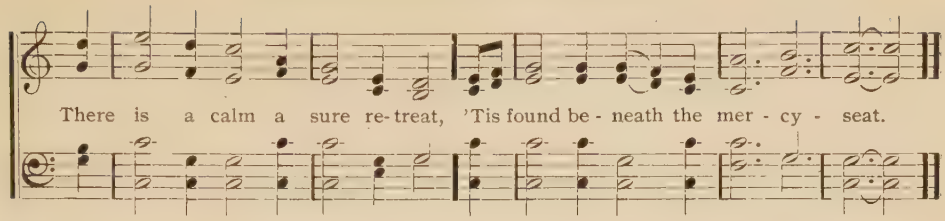
3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy forever reigns.

667 RETREAT. L. M.

Thos. Hastings.





2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

668

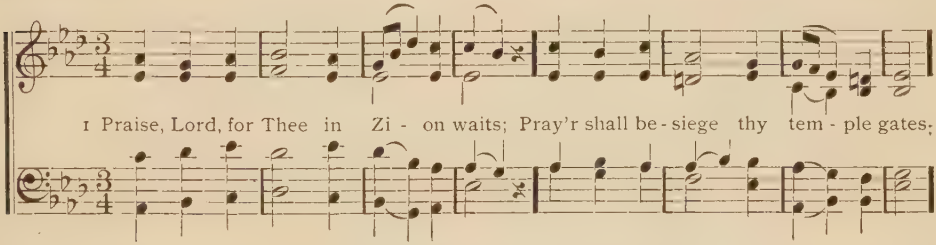
1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

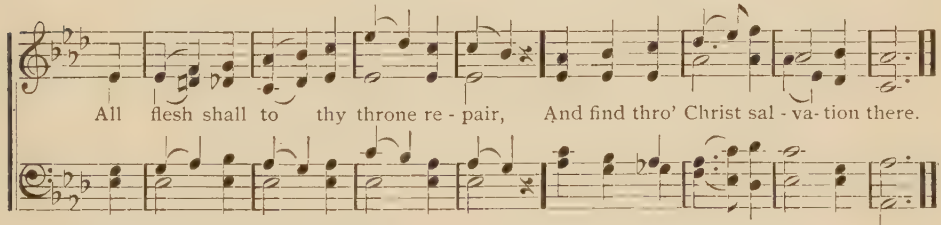
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word; [shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

669 BOWEN. L. M.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.





2 How blest thy saints, how safely led,
How surely kept, how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn thy praise
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

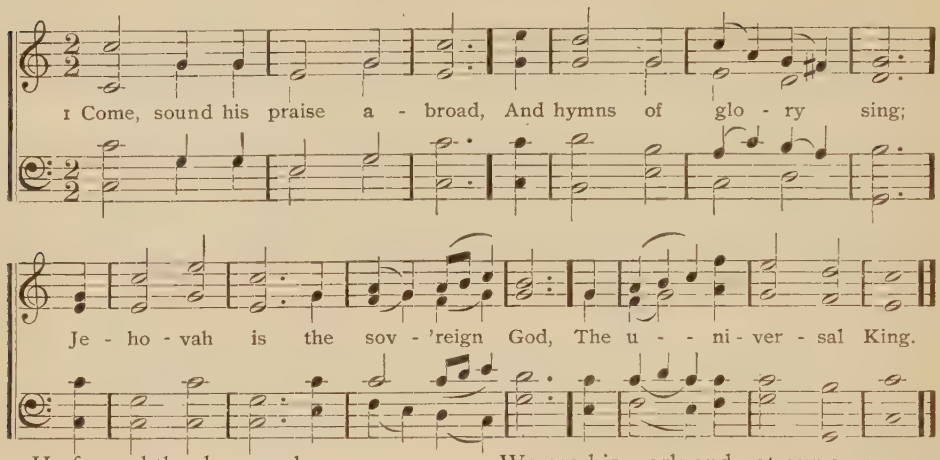
4 The year is with thy goodness crowned,
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing
And nature smiles and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour,
The moral waste within restore;
O let thy love our springtide be
And makes us all bear fruit to Thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

670 SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. Smith, 1770—1800.



2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

James Montgomery, 1825.

671

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see Him here
And love and praise and pray.

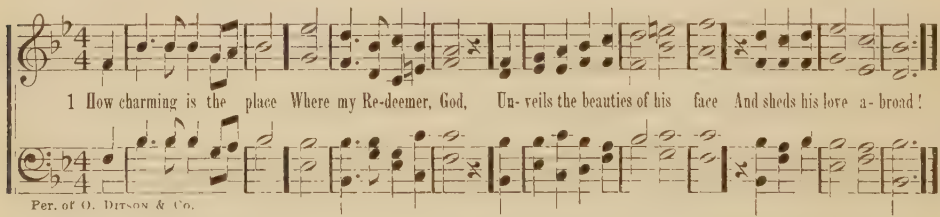
3 One day amidst the place
Where my great God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sing, and bear herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Wm. Brown, 1831.

672 ALEXANDER. S. M.

H. C. Zeuner.



Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs
And grants them all their wants.

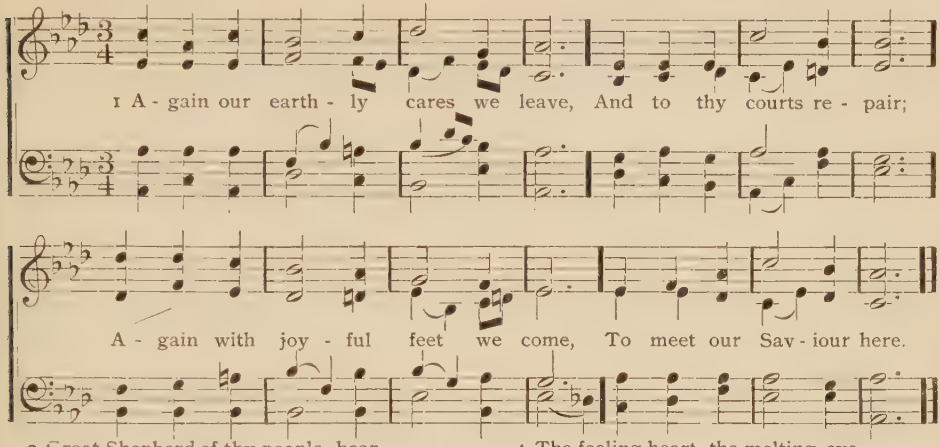
5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts with smiles
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

S. Stennett, 1787.

673 SCHAEFFER. C. M.

J. B. DYKES. Arr. by SCHWING.



2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
We bow within thy house of prayer,
O give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which veil Thee from our sight
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

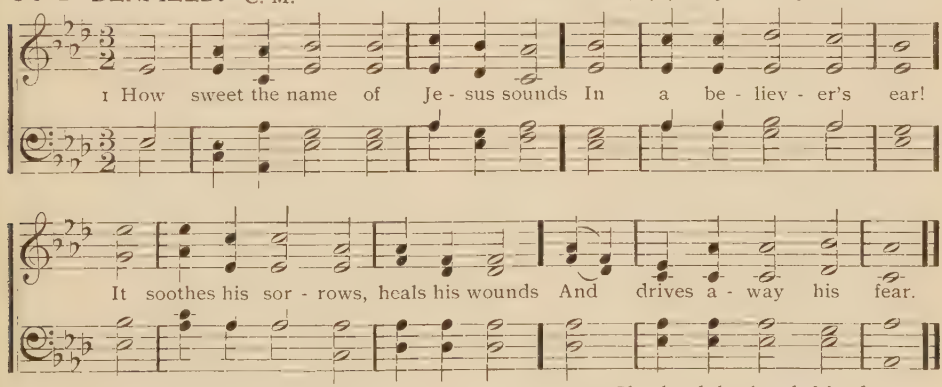
4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 Show us some token of the love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
To aid our feeble praise.

John Newton, 1779.

674 DENFIELD. C. M.

C. G. GLASER, 1784—1829. Arr. by L. MASON.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, husband, friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

John Newton. 1779.

675

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry,
"Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

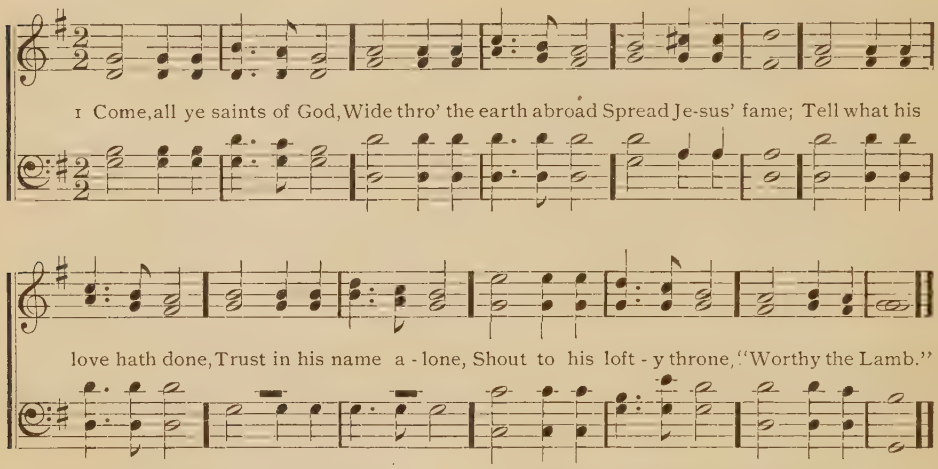
3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please Him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight
And they thy face shall see.

J. Needham, 1763.

676 NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.



2 Hence gloomy doubts and fears,
Dry up your mournful tears,
Swell the glad theme;
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark, how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name;
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

Jas. Boden.

677

1 JESUS, thy name I love
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord;
O Thou art all to me,
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord.

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord;
O how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord.

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord;
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord?

4 Soon Thou wilt come again,
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord;
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord.

J. G. Deck.

678

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

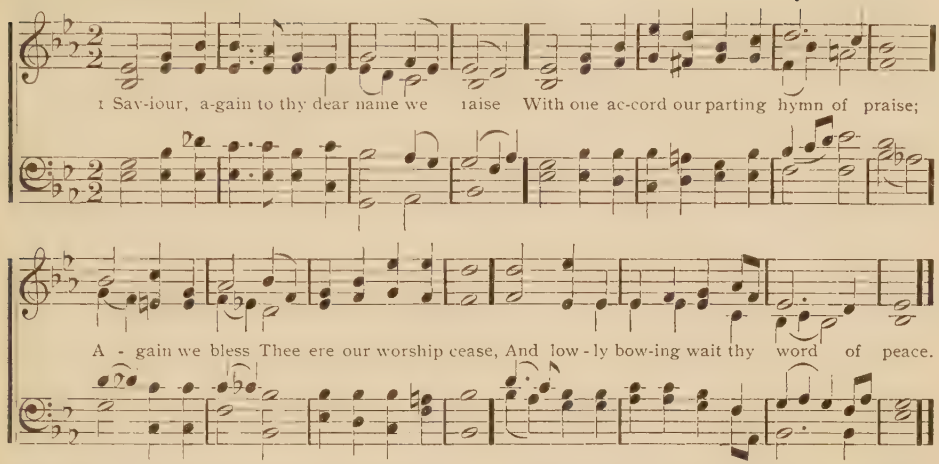
2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found,
Organs, with solemn sound
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise you sing,
Shake every sounding string,
Sweet the accord;
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose,
Praise ye the Lord.

Wm. Goode.

679 PAX DEI. 10s.

J. B. DYKES.



2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

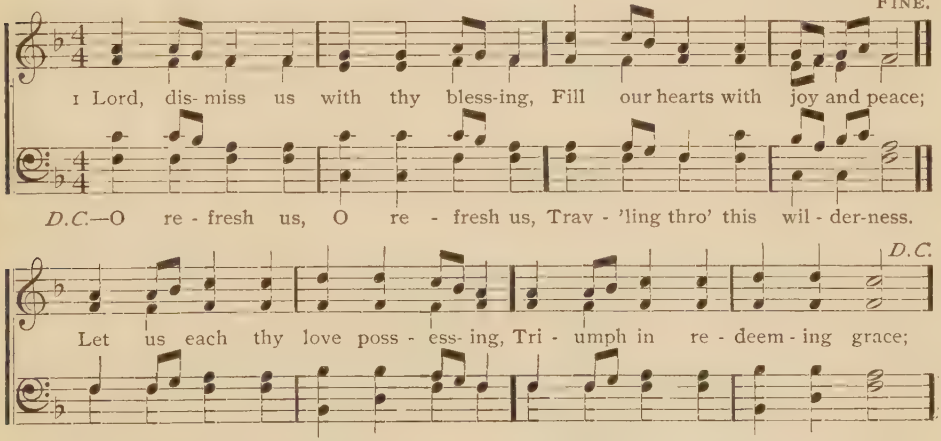
3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthy life,
Our balm in sorrow and our peace in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

680 GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ROUSSEAU, 1753.



2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

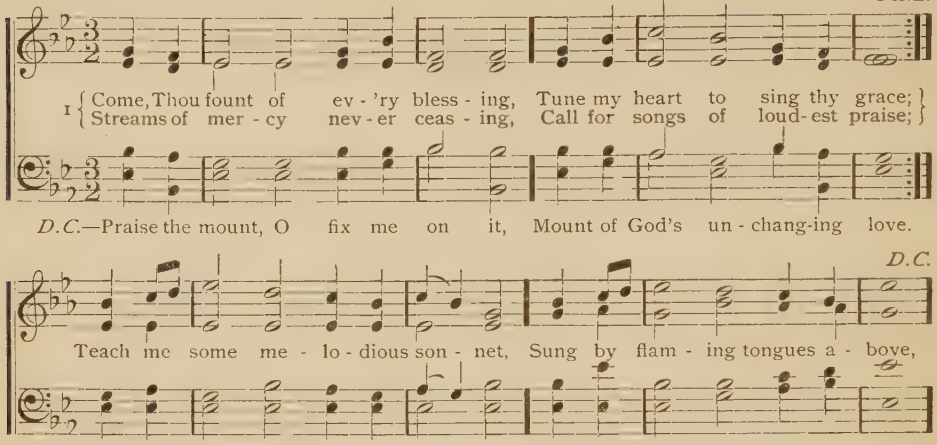
3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Robert Hawker, 1774.

681 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH, 1812.

FINE.



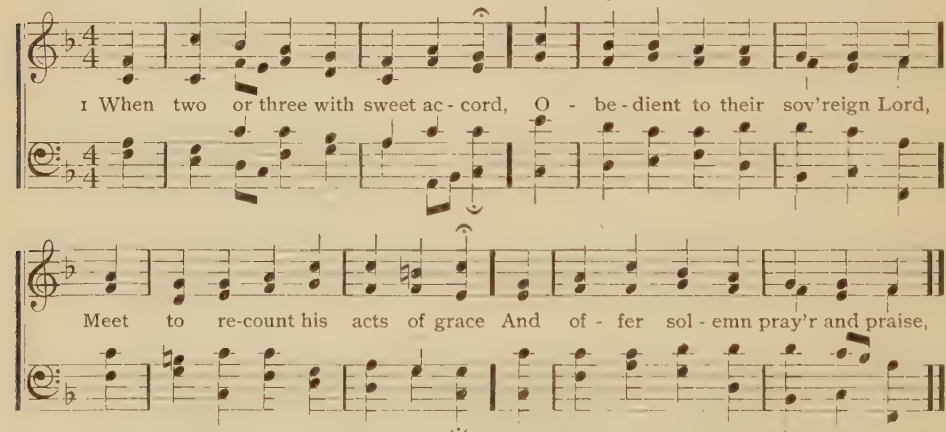
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now like a fetter
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from the courts above.

Robert Robinson.

682 ANASTASIUS. L. M.

JOHANN A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company,
There to unveil his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Samuel Stennett

683

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart.

684 COMPLINE. L. M. 6 lines.

1 Dear Sav - iour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our
minds in - stil, And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With
low - ly love and fer - vent will; Through life's long day and
death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall;
Through life's long day and death's dark [night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace;
Through life's long day and death's dark [night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee;
Through life's long day and death's dark [night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared;
Through life's long day and death's dark [night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O, let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our all;
Through life's long day and death's dark [night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

Children's Service.

685 ANGEL VOICES. P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1 An - gel - voic- es, ev - er sing- ing Round thy throne of light, An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring-ing,

Rest not day nor night; Thousands only live to bless Thee, And confess Thee, Lord of might. A - men.

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yes, we can.

3 Yes, we know thy love rejoices
O'er each work of thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For thy praise combine,
Poet's art and music's measure
For thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 In thy house, great God, we offer
Of thine own to Thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity;
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

F. Pott, 1861.

686 MAUD. P. M.

A. S. GATTY.

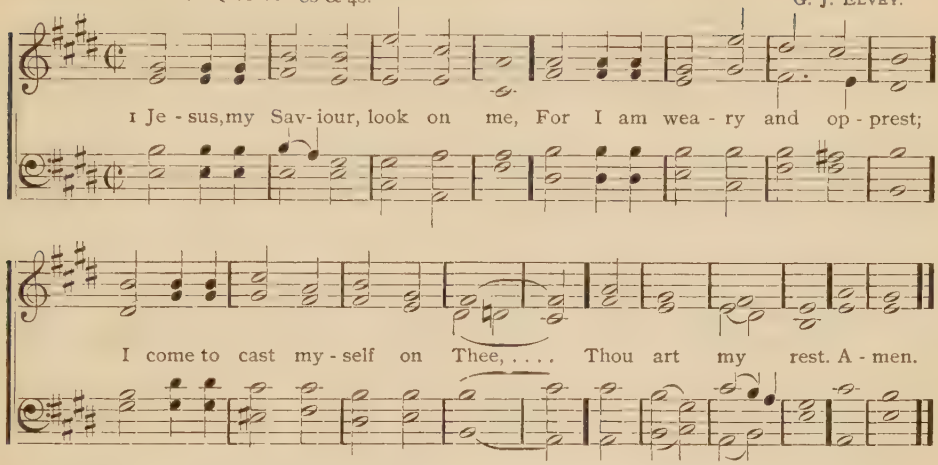
1 { Ho - ly Je - sus, be my light, Shine up-on my way
Thro' this tempting, changing life Lead me day by (*Omit. . .*) } day. A - men.

2 As the wise men came of old,
Traveling afar,
Guided to thy cradle throne
By a wondrous star,

3 So be Thou my constant guide,
Lead me all the way,
Till I reach thy home at last,
Never-more to stray.

687 ELVEY'S REST. 8s & 4s.

G. J. Elvey.



2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek,
Thou art my strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray,
Thou art my light.

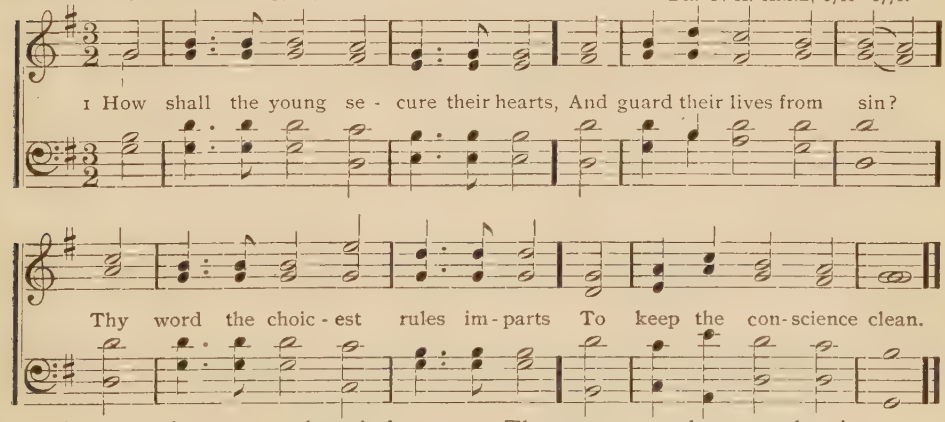
4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee, my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts,
Thou art my peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink,
Thou art my life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

688 ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. T. A. Arne, 1710—1778.



2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise,
I hate the sinner's road,
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

689 CRUSADER'S HYMN. P. M.

Arr. by R. S. Willis.

1 Beau-ti-ful Sav-iour, King of cre-a-tion, Son of God and Son of Man,

Tru-ly I'd love Thee, Tru-ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my joy, my crown. A-men.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
He makes our sorrowing spirits sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer the moonlight
And the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

4 Beautiful Saviour,
Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of Man,
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and forevermore be thine.

Tr. by R. S. Willis.

690 JESUS LOVES ME. 8s & 7s.

1 Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, He is al-ways, al-ways near;

If I try to please Him tru-ly, There is naught that I can fear. A-men.

2 Jesus loves me; well I know it,
For to save my soul He died;
He for me bore pain and sorrow,
Nailéd hands and piercéd side.

3 Jesus loves me; night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray,
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

4 Jesus loves me, and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends his holy angels
Safe to keep me till I die.

5 Jesus loves me; O Lord Jesus,
Now I pray Thee by thy love
Keep me ever pure and holy
Till I come to Thee above.

691 OUR LEADER. 6s & 5s.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1871.

1 Je-sus Christ, our Saviour, Once for us a child, In thy whole behavior, Meek, obedient, mild,

In thy footsteps treading We thy lambs will be, Foe nor danger dreading, While we follow Thee.

2 For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till in heavenly places
We thy face shall know,
We, thy children, raising
Unto Thee our hearts,
In thy constant praising
Bear our duteous parts.

3 Let thine angels guide us,
Let thine arms enfold,
In thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
As thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still thy hands put on us,
Bless us day by day.

W. Whiting.

692 THE STORY OF LOVE. 7s & 6s. D.

George F. Root.

Fine.

1 I love to hear the sto - ry Which an-gel voic-es tell, How once the King of glo - ry

D.C.—The Lord came down to save me, Because He loves me so.

D.C.

Came down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and sinful, But this I sure-ly know,

Per. of Jno. Church & Co.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones should be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
I know he hears my praise;
And He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among his angels,
Because He loves me so.

Emily Huntington Miller

693 ST. GERTRUDE. 6s & 5s.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore;

Christ, the roy-al Mas- ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat - tle, See, his banners go.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on be - fore.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ, the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865.

694 PRUDENT. 8s & 7s.

F. T. S. DARLEY.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night; Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.

Per. of O. DITSON & CO.

2 All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for thy care; [me,
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer:

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary Lundie Duncan, 1839.

695 THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

1 There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky, A friend that nev - er chan - ges,

D.S.—This friend is al - ways wor - thy

FINE. *D.S.*

Whose love will nev - er die; Our earth - ly friends may fail us And change with changing years; A - men.

Of that dear name He bears.

2 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

3 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by,
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found his favor
And loved his name below.

4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
And palms of victory;
All, all above is treasured
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant thy little children
To know Thee as their own.

696 I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

FINE.

1 I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, There - fore glad and gay I am;

D.C.—Tends me ev - 'ry day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.

D.C.

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus knows me, All that's good and fair He shows me, A - men.

2 Out and in I safely go,
Want and hunger never know;
Soft green pastures He discloseth,
Where his happy flock reposeth;
When I faint or thirsty be,
To the brook He leadeth me.

3 Should not I be glad and gay,
In this blessed fold all day,
By this holy Shepherd tended,
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
Bear me to the world of light?
Yes, O yes, my lot is bright.

697 CHRISTMAS EVE. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

D. S. HOLLINGSHEAD.

1 No more sad - ness now nor fast - ing, Now we put our grief a - way;

God came down, the ev - er - last - ing, Tak - ing hu - man flesh to - day;

God came down on earth - a stran - ger, Work - ing out his might - y plan;

God was cra - dled in a man - ger, Ver - y God and ver - y Man.

2 There were shepherds once abiding
In the field to watch by night,
And they saw the clouds dividing,
And the sky above was bright;
And a glory shone around them
On the grass as they were laid,
And a holy angel found them
And their hearts were sore afraid.

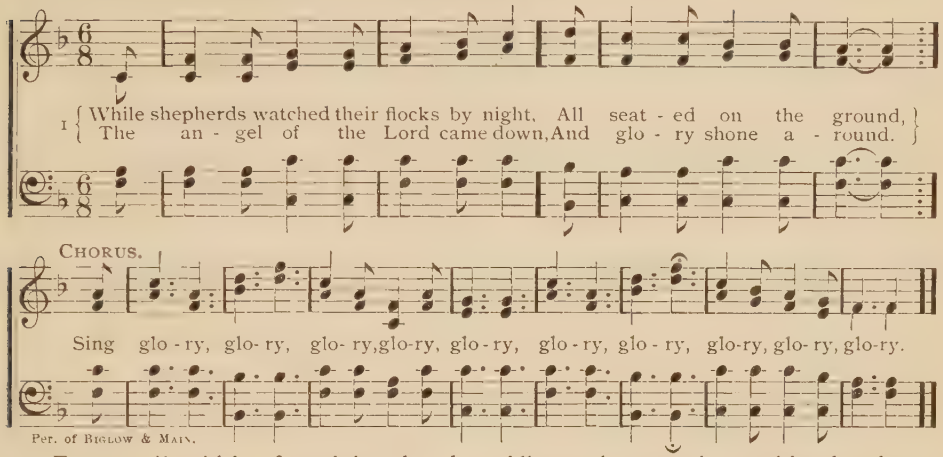
3 "Fear ye not," he said, "for cheerful
Are the tidings that I bring
Unto you so weak and fearful,
Christ is born, the Lord and King."
As the angel told the story
Of the Saviour's lowly birth,
Multitudes were singing "Glory
Be to God, and peace on earth."

4 Since thy love for our salvation,
Saviour, covered Thee with shame,
Let thy Church in every nation
Sing the glory of thy name;
Let thy Holy Spirit make us
Full of humbleness and love,
Like Thyself, until Thou take us
To our Father's house above.

John M. Neale.

698 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

W. B. Bradbury.



Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.—Cho.

3 "To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:—Cho.

4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands
And in a manger laid."—Cho.

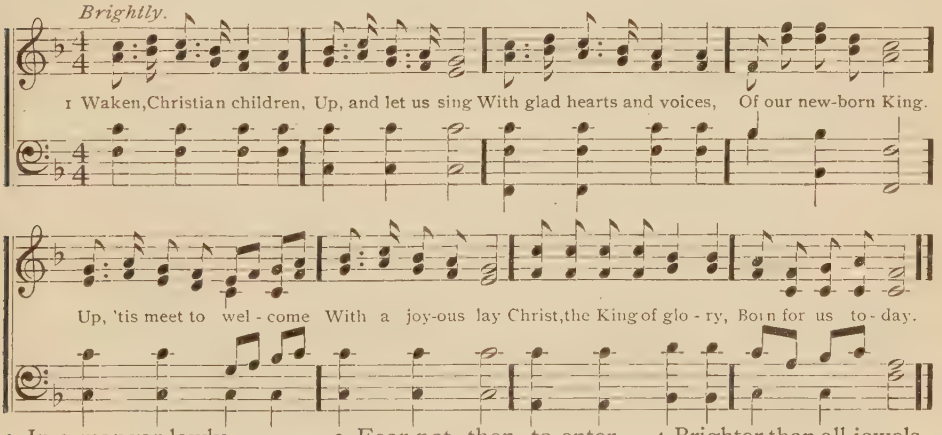
5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:—Cho.

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."—Cho.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

699 WAKEN, CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

Brightly.



2 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the heav'nly child,
O'er him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.
Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.

3 Fear not, then, to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold or myrrh or incense,
Fitting for a King.
Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

4 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, He loveth
Infant purity. [come
Haste we, then, to wel-
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of glory,
Born for us to-day.

S. C. Hamerton.

700 SCHILLING. P. M.

FRED. SCHILLING, 1865.

Allegretto.

1 Hark, a burst of heav'nly mu - sic From a band of seraphs bright, Sudden - ly to earth de-scend-ing In the calm and si - lent night To the shepherds of Ju- de - a, Watch-ing in the earl-iest dawn; So they bear the joy - ful tid-ings, "Je - sus, Prince of Peace, is born." Sweet and clear those an - gel voic - es, Echoing thro' the storm - y sky, As they chant the heav'n- ly mu - sic, "Glo - ry be to God on high."

CHORUS.

Per. of FRED. SCHILLING.

2 Slumbering in a lowly manger
Lies the mighty Lord of all,
And before the holy stranger
See the trembling shepherds fall.
He has come, the long expected,
Full of wisdom, love and grace,
To redeem his ruined creatures,
To restore our fallen race.

CHO.—So let angels wake the chorus,
So let ransomed men reply,
Chanting the celestial anthem,
"Glory be to God on high."

3 And this joyful Christmas morning,
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago.
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blesséd angels taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?

CHO.—Hark, we hear again the chorus
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heav'nly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high."

Mrs. M. N. Meigs.

701 ANGELIC SONG. P. M.

J. E. Roe.

1 Hark, hark, my soul; an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and

Org. Ped.

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

Chorus.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. A - men.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—Cho.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—Cho.

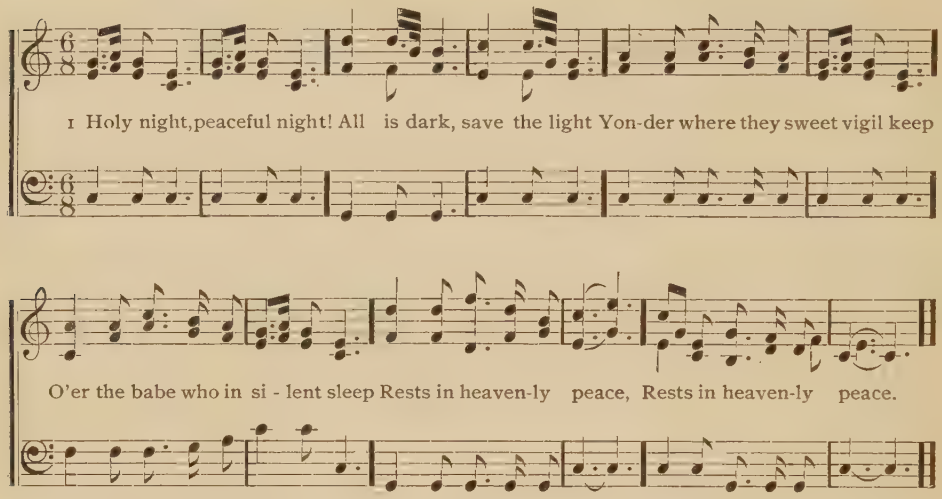
4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—Cho.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—Cho.

F. W. Faber.

702 HOLY NIGHT, PEACEFUL NIGHT!

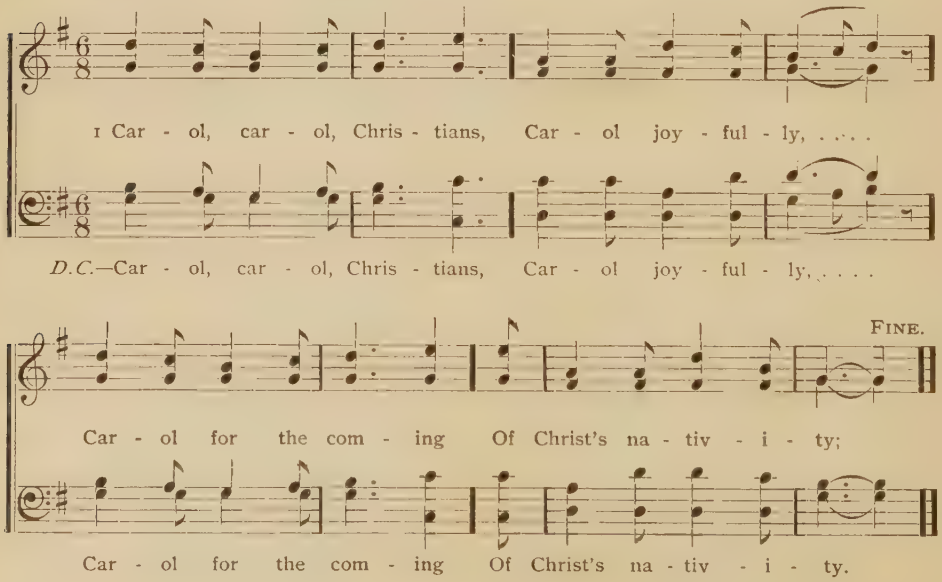
FRANZ GRUBER, 1818.

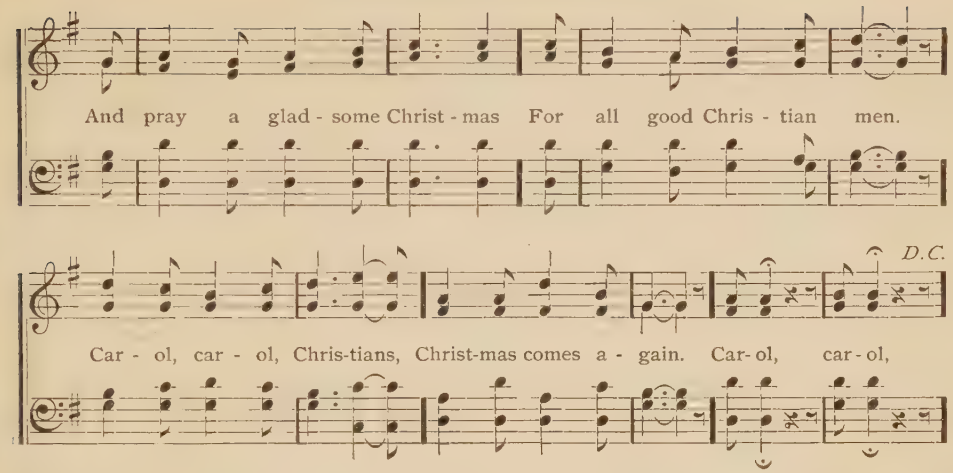


2 Holy night, peaceful night!
Only for shepherds' sight
Came blest visions of angel throngs
With their loud alleluia songs,
Saying, Jesus is come,
Saying, Jesus is come.

3 Holy night, peaceful night!
Child of heaven, O how bright [born!
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast
Blest indeed was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy,
Full of heavenly joy.

703 CAROL, CAROL, CHRISTIANS.



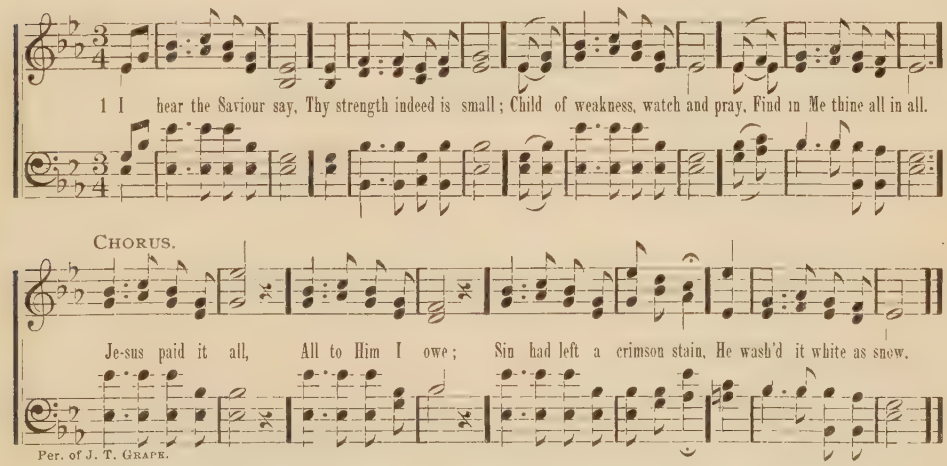


2 Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow,
And gather them for Jesus,
Wreathe them for his shrine,
Make his temple glorious
With the box and pine.—Carol, etc.

3 Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness
For the robes of light,
That we may live as lowly
As Thyself with men,
So to rise in glory
When Thou com'st again.—Carol, etc.

704 ALL TO CHRIST. P. M.

J. T. GRAPE.



Per. of J. T. GRAPE.

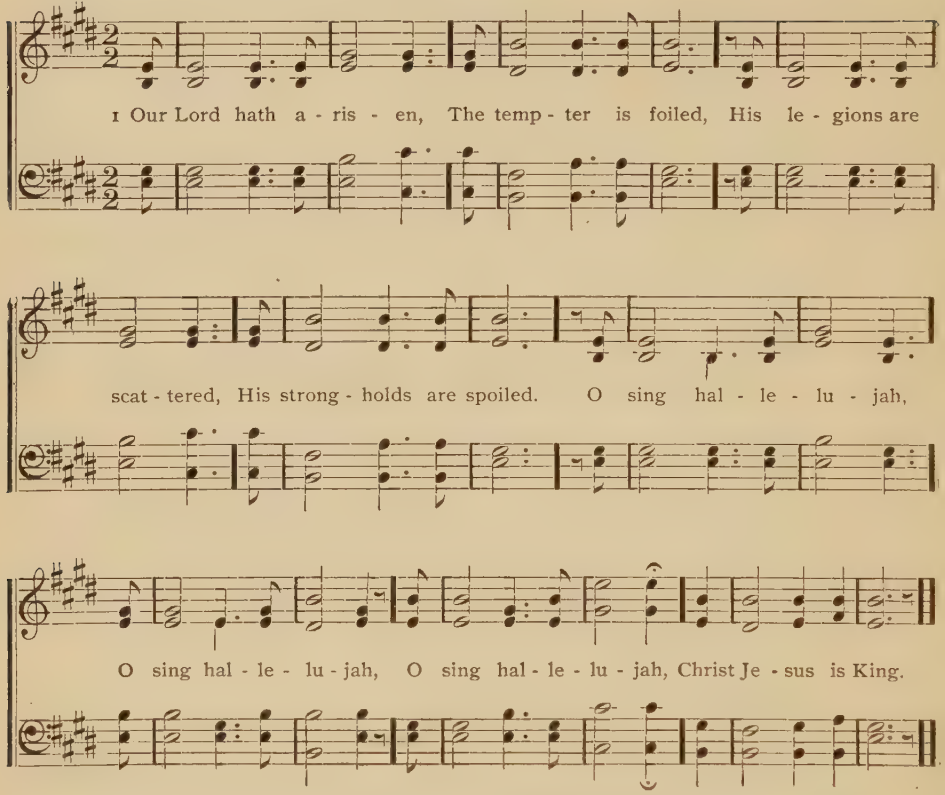
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power and thine alone
Can change the leper's spots
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garment white [CHO.
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

705 OUR LORD HATH ARISEN.

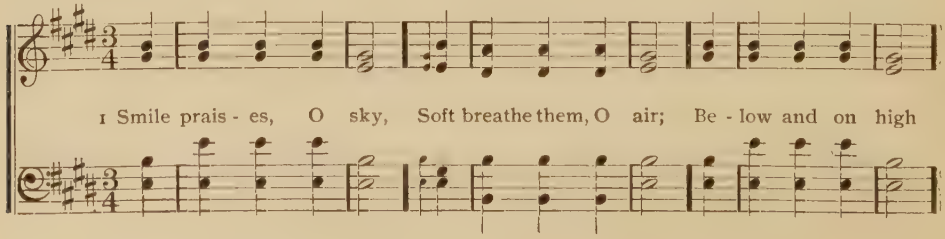


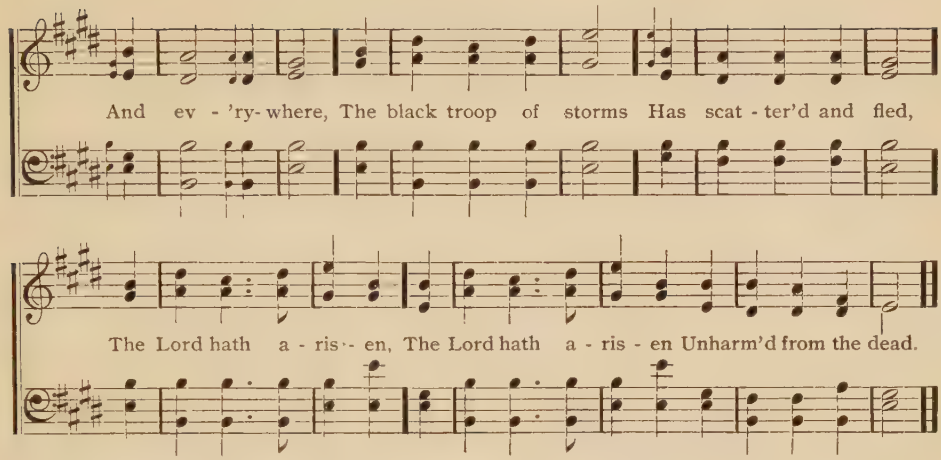
2 O death, we defy thee;
A stronger than thou
Hath entered thy palace,
We fear thee not now.
O sing, etc.

3 O sin, thou art vanquished,
Thy long reign is o'er,
Though still thou dost vex us,
We dread thee no more.
O sing, etc.

4 Our Lord hath arisen,
Day breaketh at last;
The long night of weeping
Is now well-nigh past. O sing, etc.

706 SMILE PRAISES, O SKY.





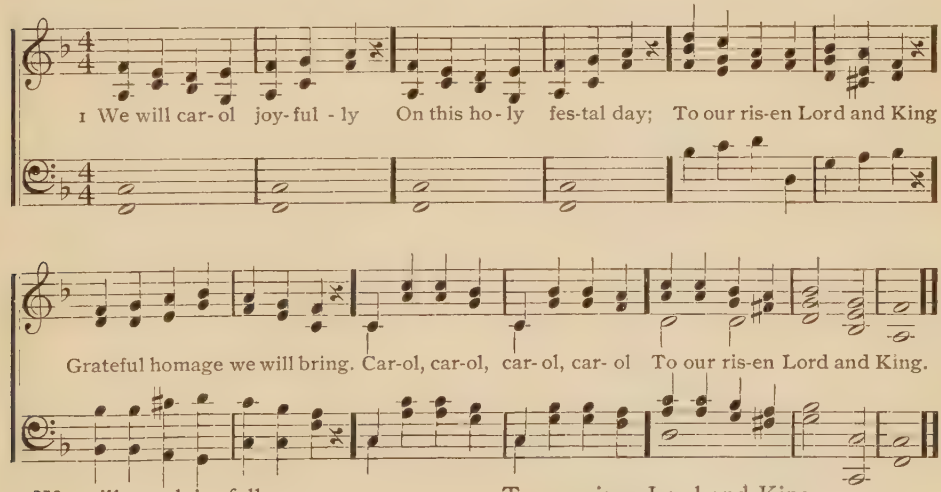
2 Sweep tides of rich music
The new world along,
And pour in full measure,
Sweet lyres, your song.
Sing, sing, for He liveth,
He lives, as He said,
The Lord hath arisen
Unharmed from the dead.

3 Clap, clap your hands, mountains,
Ye valleys, resound;
Leap, leap for joy, fountains,
Ye hills, catch the sound;
All triumph! He liveth,
He lives, as He said,
The Lord hath arisen
Unharmed from the dead.

Tr. by Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

707 WE WILL CAROL JOYFULLY.

Arr. from KULLAR.



2 We will carol joyfully
As with sweet accord we bring
Praise from every heart and voice
To our risen Lord and King.
Carol, carol, etc.

3 We will carol joyfully
While our love and thanks we give
To our risen Lord and King,
Him who died that we might live.
Carol, carol, etc.

4 We will carol joyfully,
And to Him our offerings bring,
Grateful hearts, with love and praise,
To our risen Lord and King.
Carol, carol, etc.

708 THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

R. S. WILLIS, 1849—1860.

Andante.

1 There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear, But we believe it was for us He hung and suffer'd there. Amen.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was none other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

3 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do;
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

709 ENDLESS PRAISES TO OUR LORD.

GREGORIAN.

1 End-less praises to our Lord, Ev-er be his name adored; Angels, crown Him, crown the Lamb; He is worthy, praise his name. Amen.

2 Now adore Him for his grace
To our guilty, fallen race;
Come, then, children, join to sing,
"Glory to our God and King."

710 THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7s & 6s. D.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je- sus and his glo - ry,

Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry sim-ply, As to a lit- tle child,

For I am weak and wea - ry And helpless and de-filed. CHORUS. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je- sus and his love.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.—CHO.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—CHO.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story, [CHO.
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—
K. Hankey.

711 TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. D.

W. G. FISCHER.

1 I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things above, Of Je - sus and his glo-ry,
Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true;
It sat - is-fies my longings As noth-ing else can do. I love to tell the sto- ry,
'Twill be my theme in glo- ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je-sus and his love.

CHORUS.

Per. of W. G. FISCHER.

2 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

3 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.—CHO.

K. Hankey.

712

1 I SAW the cross of Jesus,
When burdened with my sin;
I sought the cross of Jesus,
To give me peace within;
I brought my soul to Jesus,
He cleansed it in his blood,
And in the cross of Jesus
I found my peace with God.

CHO.—No righteousness, no merit,
No beauty can I plead;
Yet in the cross I glory,
My title there I read.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus;
There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace unshaken,
Till with Him, ne'er to part;
And then in strains of glory
I'll sing his wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter
And death is known no more.

CHO.—I love the cross of Jesus;
It tells me what I am,
A vile and guilty creature,
Saved only through the Lamb.

713 WONDERFUL WORDS. P. M.

P. P. Bliss.

1 Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonderful words of life, Let me more of their

beau - ty see, Wonderful words of life; Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and

CHORUS.

du - ty. Beau - ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of life,

Beau - ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life.

By per. of The Jno. Church Co.

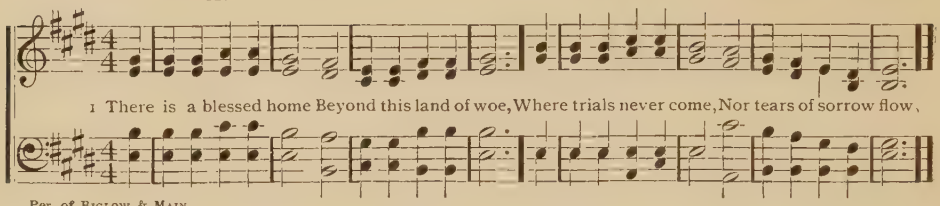
2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life;
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.—Cho.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life;
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever.—Cho.

P. P. Bliss.

714 RIPPLE. 6s.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

3 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell.

4 Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one
And Spirit, evermore.

5 O joy of joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side,

6 To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

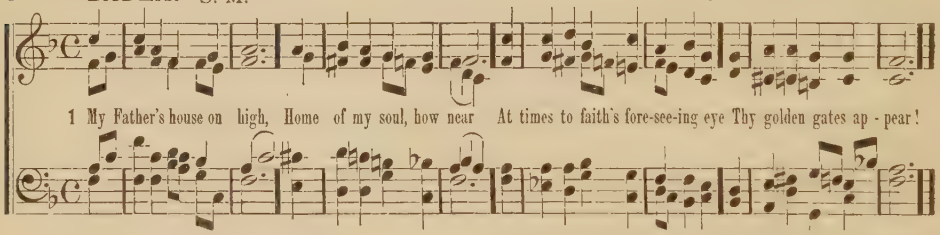
7 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod,
Of daily toil and woe.

8 Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Henry W. Baker, 1861.

715 BADEA. S. M.

Arr. by Schwing. Choral.



2 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

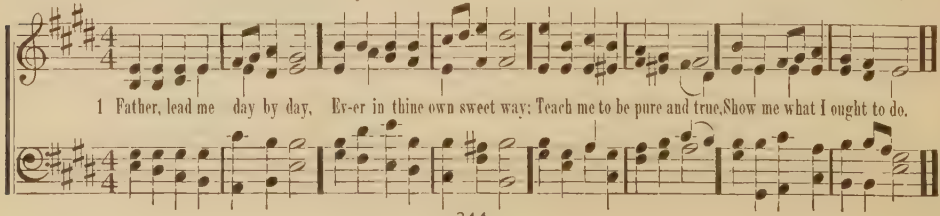
4 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven,
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

6 Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

716 FATHER, LEAD ME. 7s.

German.



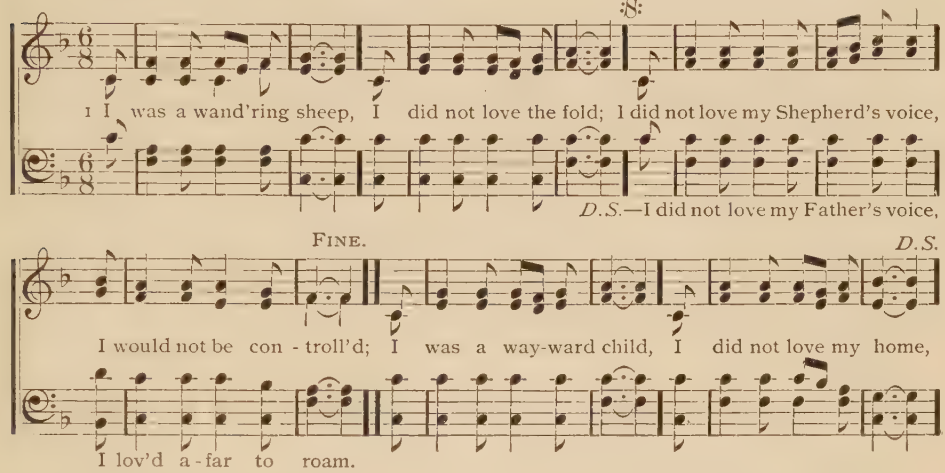
2 When in danger make me brave,
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by thy dear side,
Let me in thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with thy mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

717 LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1855.



2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

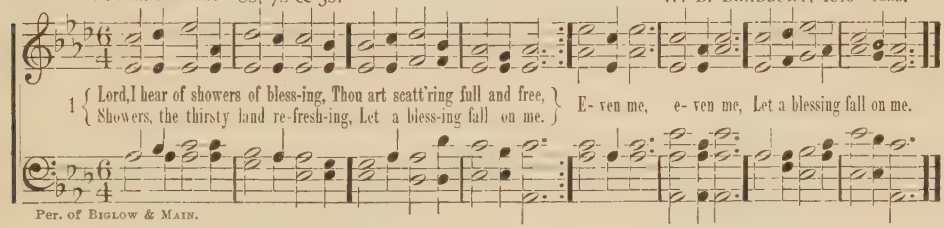
3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in his blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold;
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar, 1844.

718 EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 3s.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816—1868.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.—REF.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
For I am longing for thy favor; [REF.
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.—

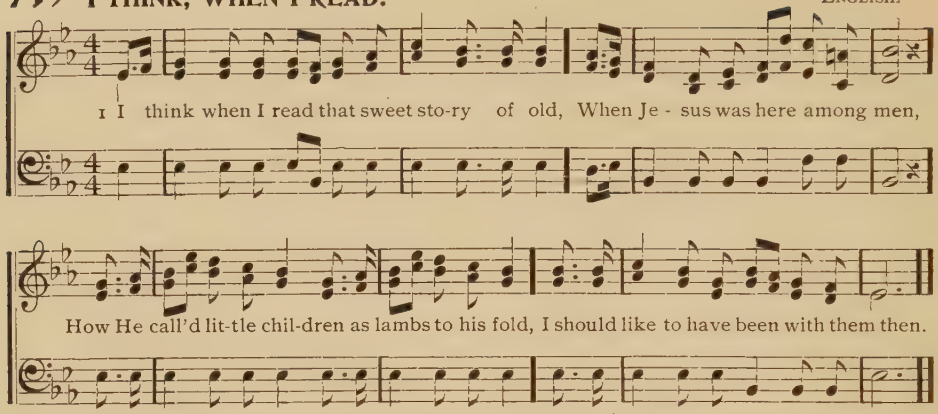
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit, [REF.
Speak some word of power to me.—

5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me.—REF.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860.

719 I THINK, WHEN I READ.

ENGLISH.



2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind looks when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

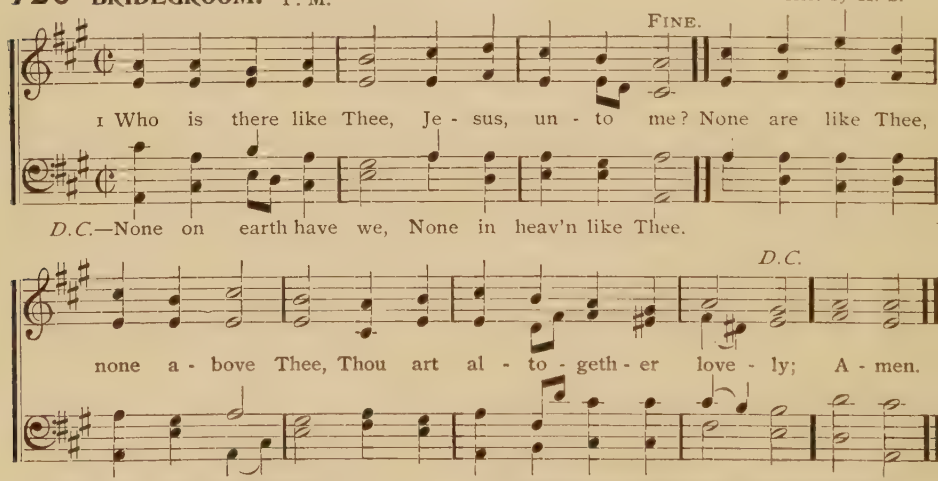
3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mrs. Jemima Luke.

720 BRIDEGROOM. P. M.

Arr. by H. S.



2 Love that warmly glowed,
Blood that freely flowed,
Life that stooped to death to save me,
And a deathless being gave me,
Bore my guilty load,
Brought me back to God.

3 Plant Thyself in me;
I will learn of Thee
To be holy, meek and tender;
Wrath and pride and self-surrender,
Nothing shouldst Thou see
But Thyself in me.

4 When on death's cold strand
I one day shall stand,
Let thy presence go beside me,
Through the gloomy waters guide me;
Grant me then to stand,
Lord, at thy right hand.

721 NEAR THE CROSS. P. M.

W. H. Doane.

1 Je - sus keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's mount - ain.

Chorus.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.—Cho.

3 Near the cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.—Cho.

Fanny J. Crosby.

722 I AM COMING. P. M.

L. HARTSOUGH.

1 I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in thy

CHORUS.

precious blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry. I am com - ing, Lord,

Com - ing now to Thee; Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal-va - ry.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.—CHO.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.—CHO.

4 All hail, atoning blood,
All hail, redeeming grace,
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.—CHO.

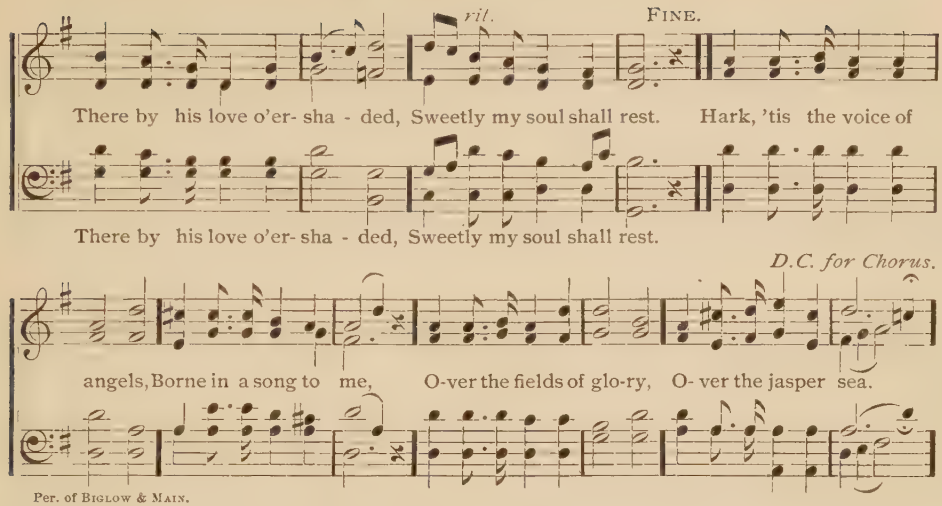
L. Hartsough.

723 SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

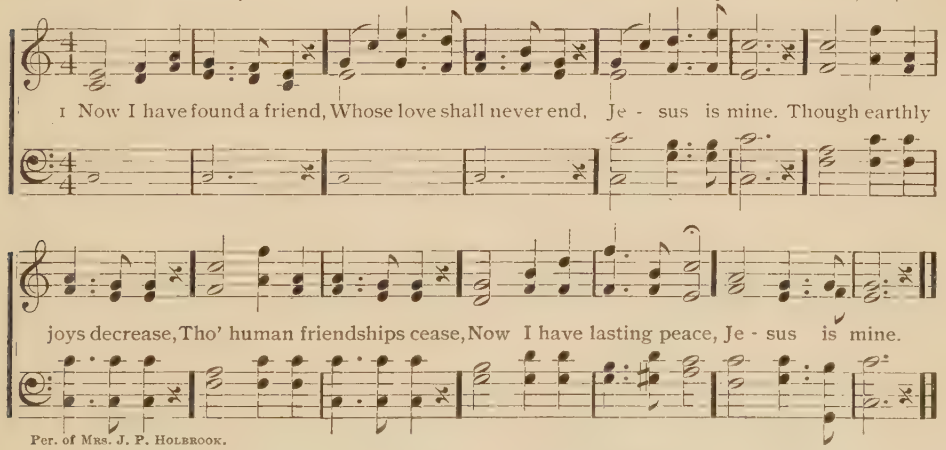
2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.—CHO.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

724 LYTE. 6s & 4s.

J. P. HOLBROOK, 1864.



Per. of MRS. J. P. HOLBROOK.

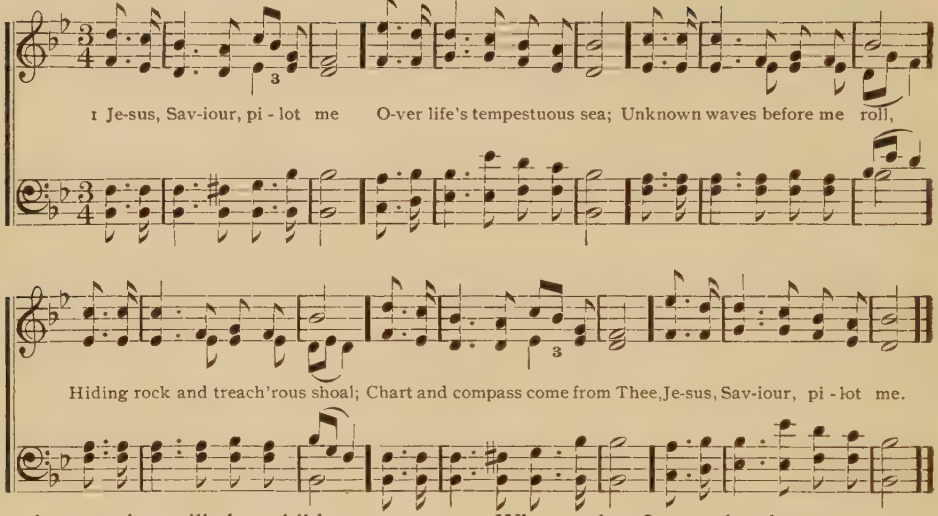
2 Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment-day,
Jesus is mine.
O what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,
Jesus is mine!

Henry J. M. Hope

725 PILOT. 7s. 6 lines.

J. E. Gould.



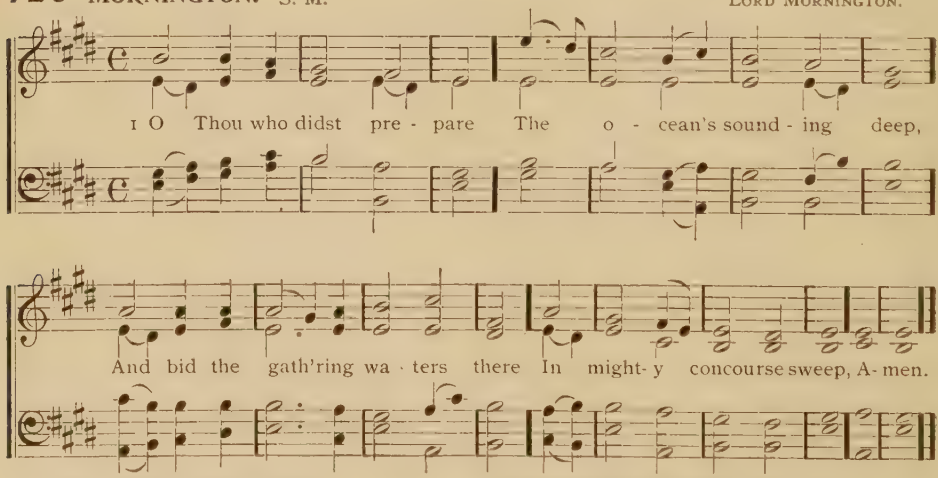
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still;"
Wondrous sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

E. Hopper, 1818.

726 MORNINGTON. S. M.

Lord Mornington.



2 Toss'd in our reeling bark
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And lift our hearts to Thee.

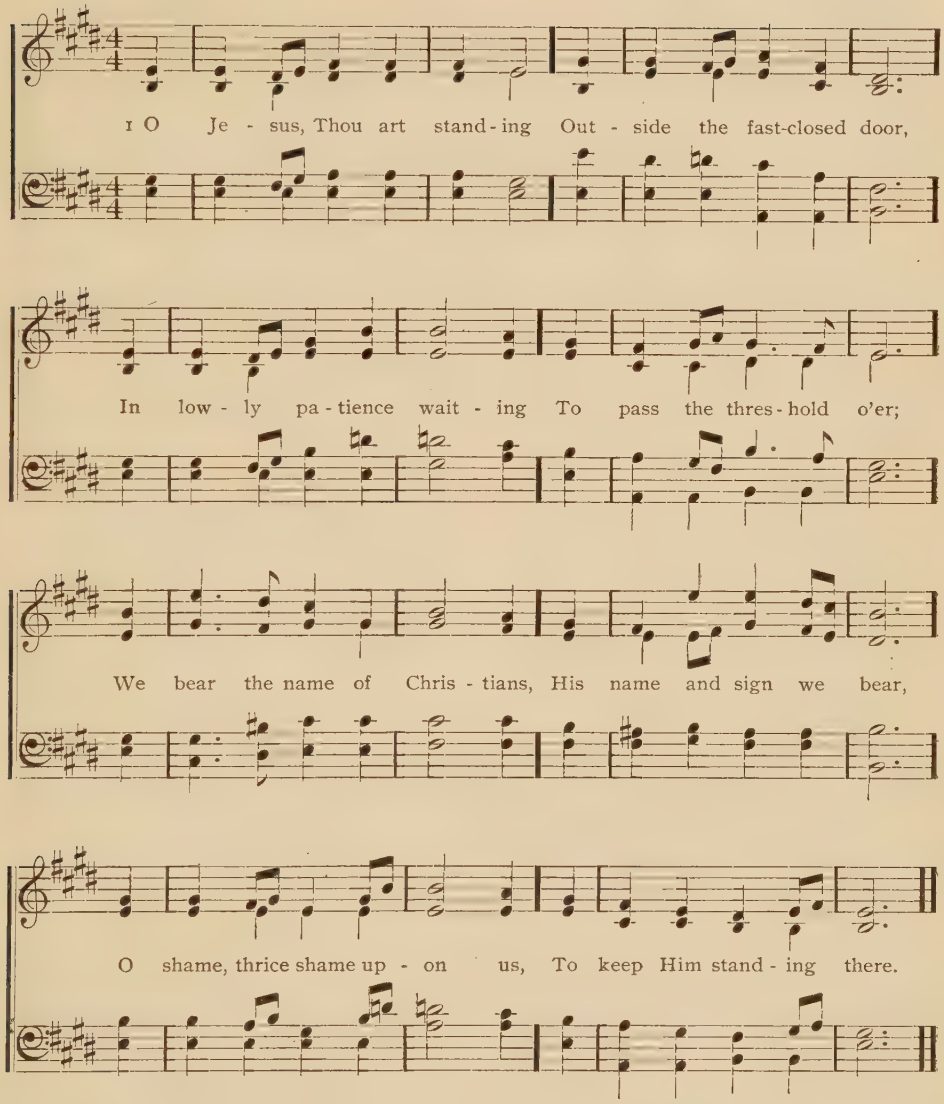
3 Jesus is nigh, who trod
Of old that foaming spray,
Whose billows owned th' incarnate God
And died in calm away.

4 Though swells the threatening tide,
Mounting to heaven above,
We know in whom our souls confide
And fearless trust his love.

Charlotte E. Tonali.

727 ST. HILDA. 7s & 6s. D.

E. Husband.



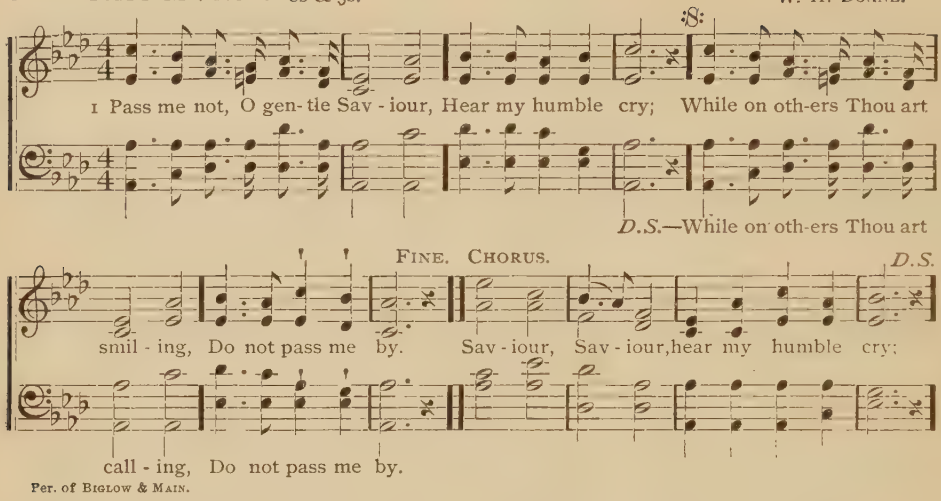
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred;
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never-more.

W. W. How, 1854.

728 PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s.

W. H. Doane.



Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 Let me at thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—Cho.

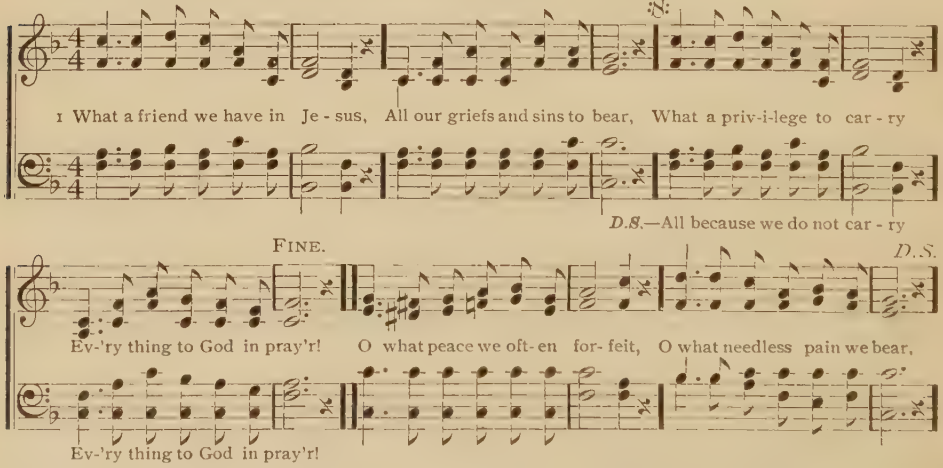
3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace,—Cho.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom on earth have I beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee?—Cho.

Fanny J. Crosby.

729 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 8s & 7s. D.

C. C. Converse.



2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

730 TRUSTING. 7s.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1 I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor and weak and blind;
Ref.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

Per. of Wm. G. Fischer.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—Ref.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be,
Wholly thine forevermore.—Ref.

4 In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied,
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.—Ref.

731 INVITATION. C. M. D.

Louis Spohr.

:S:

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
D.S.—I found in Him a rest-ing-place

Fine. D.S.

Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
And He hath made me glad.

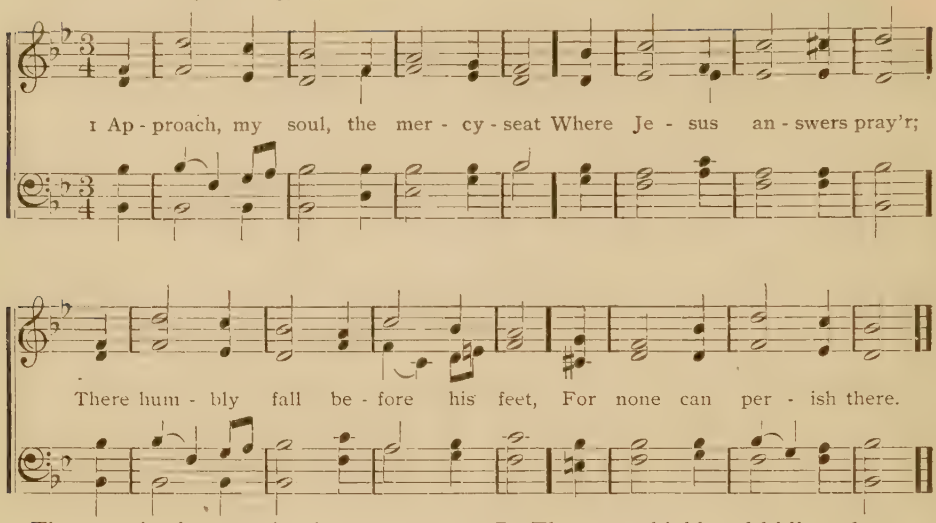
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

732 HOLY CROSS. C. M.

From MENDELSSOHN.



2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fear within,
I come to Thee for rest.

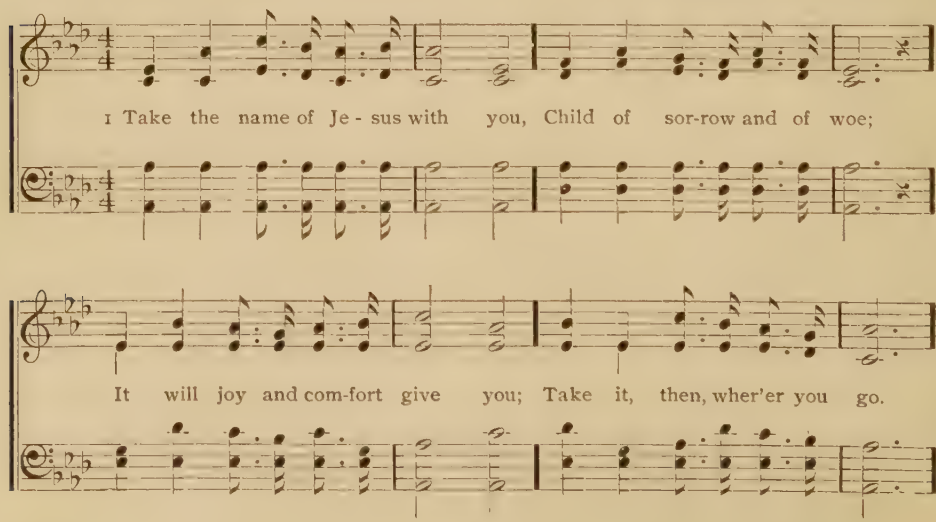
4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

J. Newton.

733 PRECIOUS NAME. 8s & 7s.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.



CHORUS.

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,

Precious name, O how sweet!

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

Copyright, 1871, by BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from ev'ry snare;
If temptations round you gather, [CHO.
Breathe that holy name in prayer.—

3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us [CHO.
And his songs our tongues employ!—

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet, [Him,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown
When our journey is complete.—CHO.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

734 SHINING SHORE. P. M.

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1859.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly,

D.S.—just be-fore; the shin-ing shore

FINE. *D.S.*

Those hours of toil and danger. For O we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over, And

We may al-most dis-cov-er.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—REF.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—REF.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever; [home
Our King says, Come, and there's our
Forever, O forever.—REF.

David Nelson, 1835.

735 MY REDEEMER.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 I will sing of my Re-deem-er And his won-drous love to me;
On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing . . . . . of my Re-deem-er, With his
blood . . . . . .
Sing, O sing of my Redeem-er, Sing, O sing of my Redeem-er, With his
blood He purchased me, He purchased me; . . . . . On the cross . . . . . He sealed my
blood . . . . . He purchased me;
blood He purchased me, With his blood He purchased me, On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the
Repeat pp after last verse.
par-don, Paid the debt . . . . . And made me free, and made me free.
cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt and made me free,

Per. of JNO. CHURCH CO.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin and death and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer
And his heav'nly love to me;
He from death to life hath bro't me,
Son of God, with Him to be.

736 WHITER THAN SNOW.

Wm. G. Fischer, 1872.

1 Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I would Thou for- ever should'st live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Chorus.

Per. of Wm. G. Fischer.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

737 RESCUE THE PERISHING. P. M.

W. H. Doane.

1 Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.

Chorus.

Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently, [Cho.
He will forgive if they only believe.—

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.—Cho.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them, [died.—Cho.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has

Fanny J. Crosby.

738 NONE BUT JESUS. P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1 Weeping will not save me; Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not al-
lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years, Weep-ing will not save me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus wept and died for me, Je - sus suf - fer'd on the tree,
Je - sus waits to make me free, He a - lone can save me.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 Working will not save me;
Purest deeds that I can do,
Honest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew,
Working will not save me.—CHO.

3 Waiting will not save me;
Helpless, guilty, lost I lie,
In mine ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die,
Waiting will not save me.—CHO.

4 Faith in Christ will save me;
Let me trust thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that He has done;
To his arms, Lord, help me run,
Faith in Christ will save me.—CHO.

R. Lowry.

739 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR. P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1 I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like thine

REFRAIN.

Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee.

Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—REF.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me thy will,
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil.—REF.

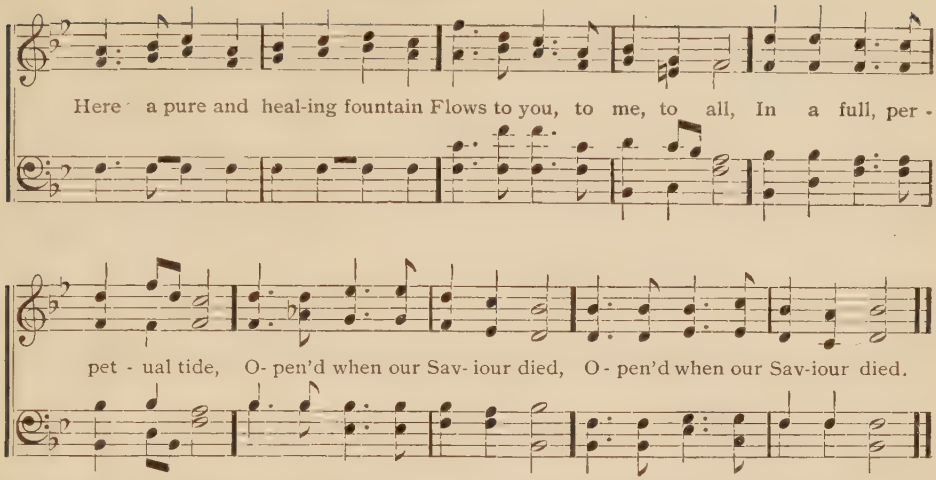
5 I need Thee every hour,
Most holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.—REF.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks

740 LIFE. 8s, 7s & 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1 Come to Cal - vary's ho - ly mount - ain, Sin - ners, ru - ined by the fall;



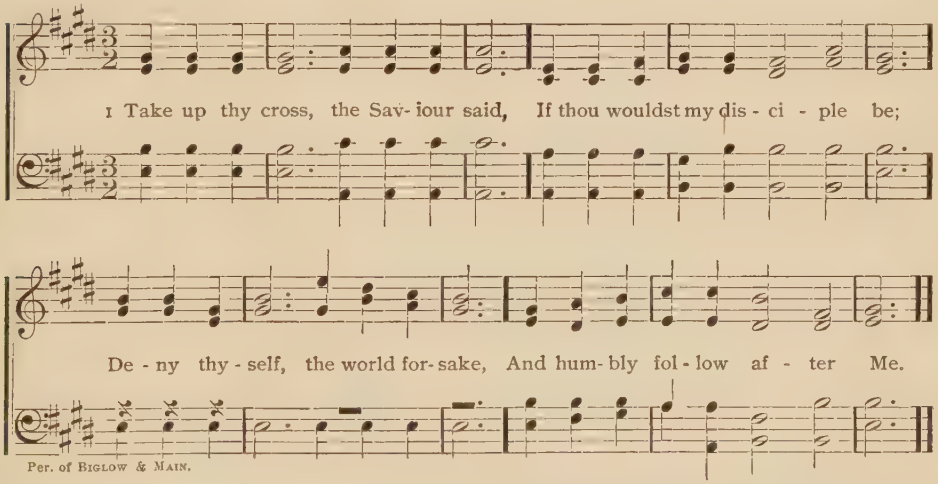
2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 He that drinks shall live forever,
'Tis a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful, God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

J. Montgomery.

741 NESTOR CHANT. L. M.

Wm. B Bradbury.



Per. of Biglow & Main.

2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thine heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross then in his strength
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Him,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles W. Everest, 1833.

742 HOME. 11s.

HENRY R. BISHOP, 1829.

1 'Mid scenes of con - fus - ion and crea-ture complaints, To find at the
How sweet to my soul is com- mun-ion with (*Omit*) saints; And feel in the

ban - quet of mer - cy there's room,
pres - ence of Je - sus at (*Omit.*) home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all mine afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

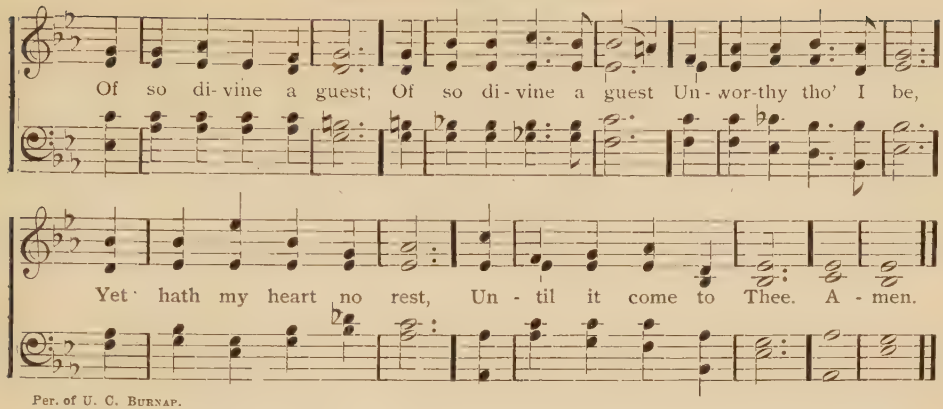
4 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

David Denham, 1837.

743 BAXTER. 6s.

U. C. BURNAP, 1868.

1 My spir - it longs for Thee To dwell with-in my breast, Al-though un-wor- thy I



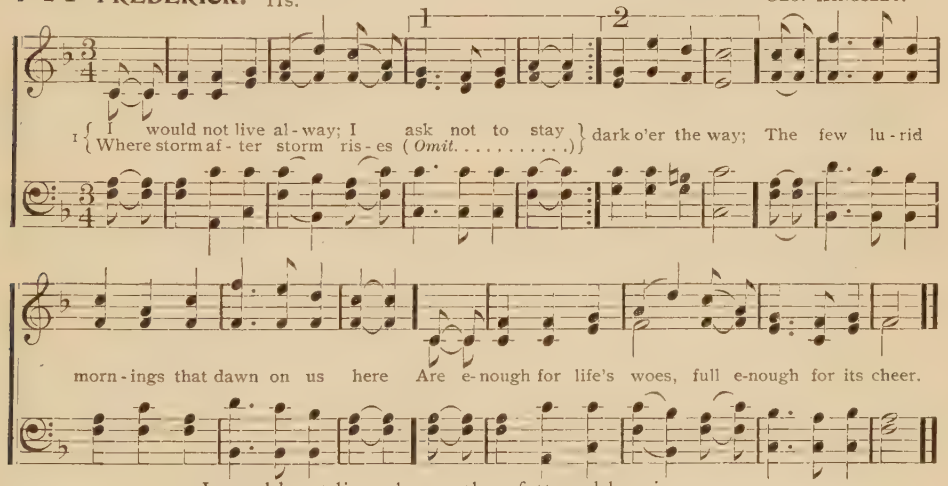
Per. of U. C. Burnap.

2 Until it come to Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,
But in thy bleeding love,
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

744 FREDERICK. IIS.

Geo. Kingsley.



2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

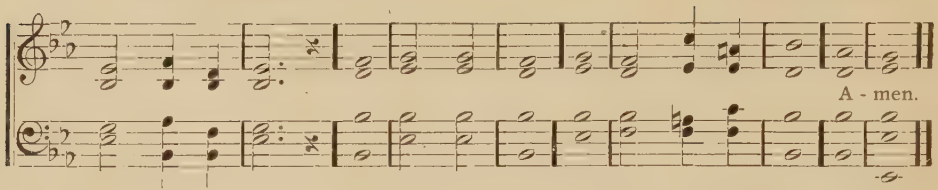
4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

745 CHANT.—THY WILL BE DONE.

LOWELL MASON.



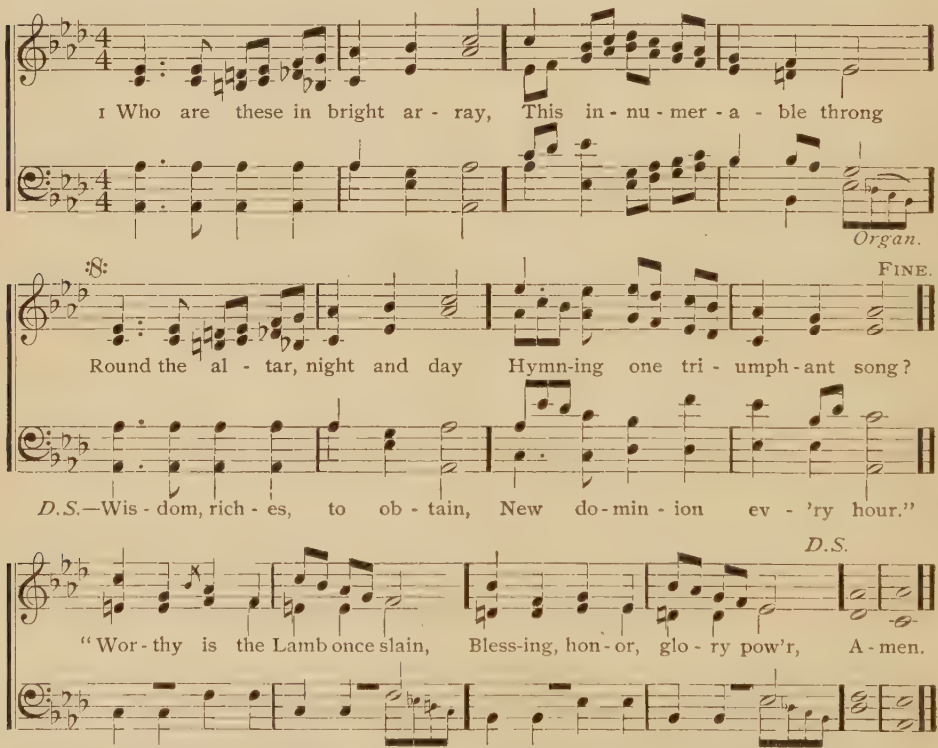
1 "Thy will be | done." || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2 "Thy will be | done." || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine, |
"Thy will be | done."

3 "Thy will be | done." || Tho' shrouded o'er [one
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort,
Is ours, to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

J. Bowring.

746 DAUCHY. 7s. D.



2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amid the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispel all fears,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

J. Montgomery.

747 FABEN. 8s & 7s. D.

J. H. Wilcox.

1 There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;

There's a kind - ness in his jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.

There is wel - come for the sin - ner And more gra - ces for the good,

There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour, There is heal - ing in his blood.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

748 HOUGHTON. 10s & 11s.

WILLIAM GARDINER.

1 Though troubles as - sail and dangers af - fright, Tho' friends should all fail and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be - tide, The prom - ise as - sures us, "The Lord will pro - vide."

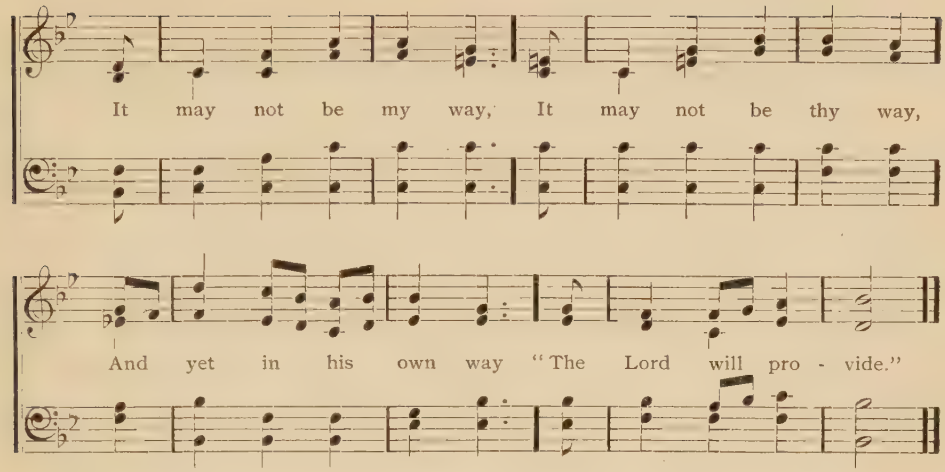
2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

J. Newton.

749 PROVIDENCE. P. M.

1 In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide;



2 At some time or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet in his own time
"The Lord will provide."

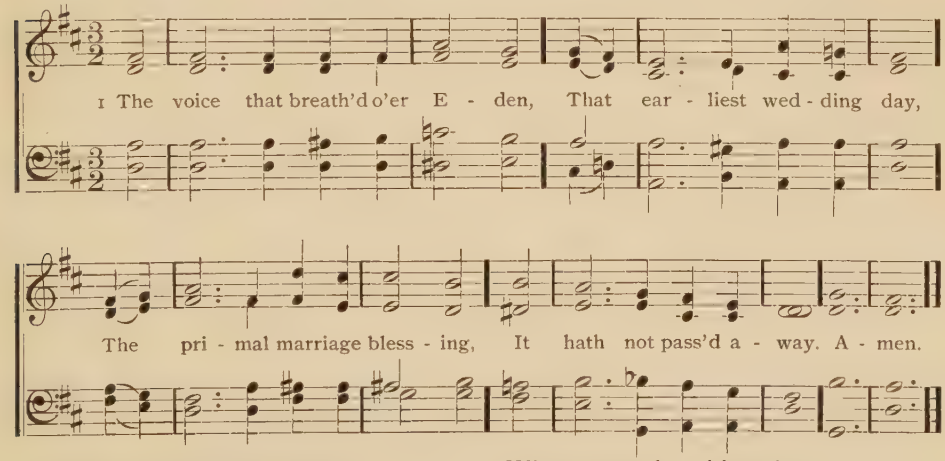
3 Despond then no longer, the Lord will provide;
And this be the token,
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken;
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly, the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Martha Walker Cook, 1864.

750 EDEN. 7s & 6s.

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865.



2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

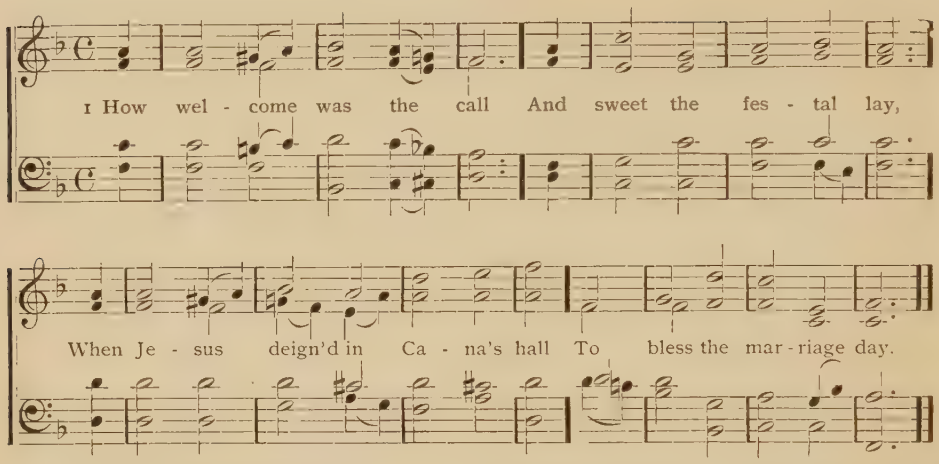
3 O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

4 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise.

John Keble, 1857.

751 HARLEM SQUARE. S. M.

D. S. Hollingshead.



2 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day,
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

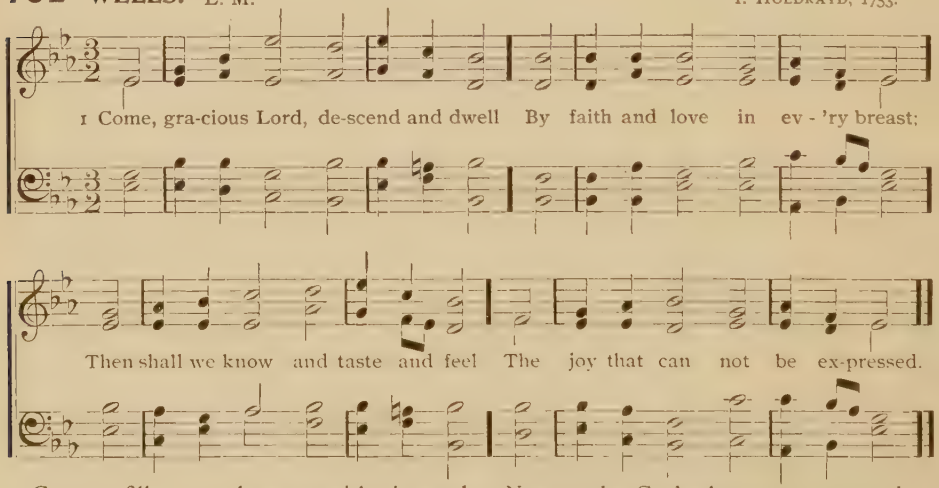
3 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy piercéd side.

4 Before thine altar throne
This mercy we implore,
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

H. W. Baker, 1861.

752 WELLS. L. M.

I. Holdrayd, 1753.



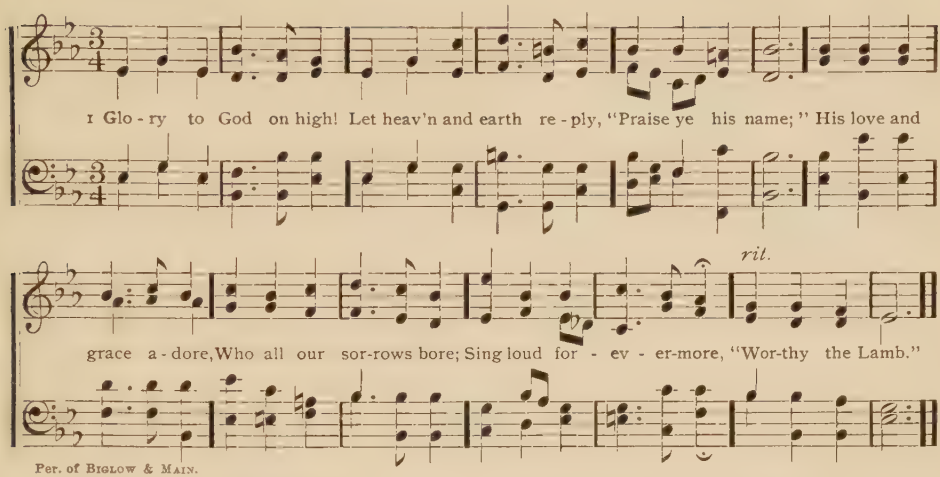
2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

Isaac Watts, 1674—1748.

753 LOGOS. 6s & 4s.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.



Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name,
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye his name;
In Him we will rejoice
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
To Him our songs we bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

J. Allen.

754

1 O HOLY Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray;
To Thee the cherubim,
Angels and seraphim
Unceasing praises bring,
Their homage pay.

2 Here give thy word success,
And this thy servant bless,
His labors own;
And while the sinner's friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send
And make Him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn thy saints with grace,
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

755 L. M.

1 GOD calling yet, shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And will my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet, and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet, and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake.

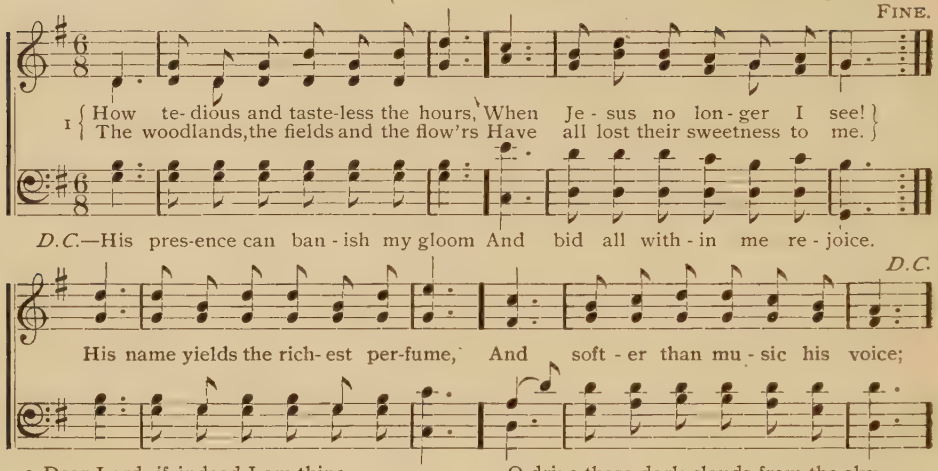
4 God calling yet! I cannot stay,
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart,

Tersteegen, 1730. Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1854.

756 DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

GERMAN.

FINE.



2 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
And Thou art my light and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine
And why are my winters so long?

O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
O bid me soar upward on high,
Where winters and storms are no more.

Newton.

757

1 MY Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power,
Dissolve Thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain
And make me eternally free.

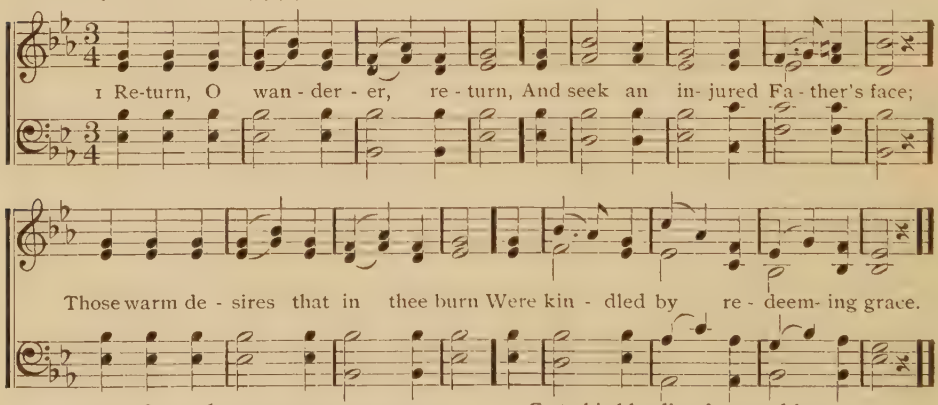
2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline,
O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet Him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

3 And then never-more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose;
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

William Cowper.

758 ROSEDALE. L. M.

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1849.



2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

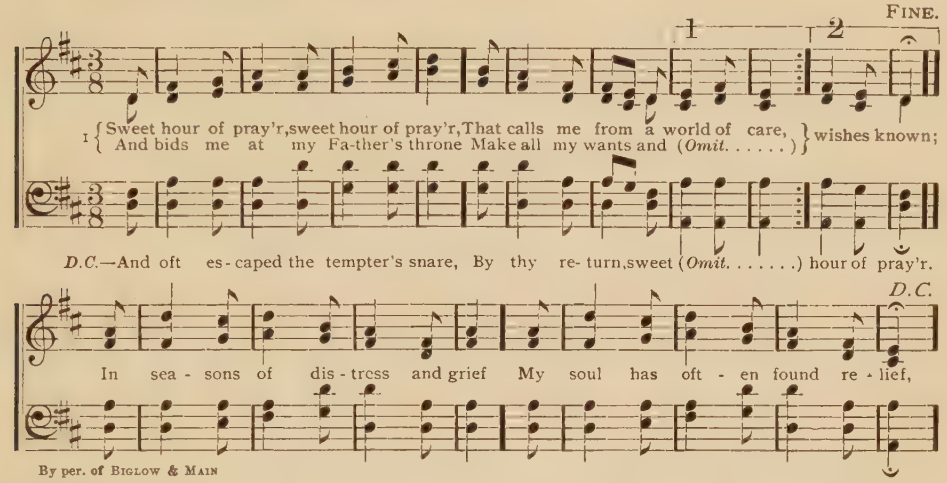
3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

William B. Collyer, 1812

759 SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.

W. B. Bradbury, 1816—1863.



By per. of Biglow & Main

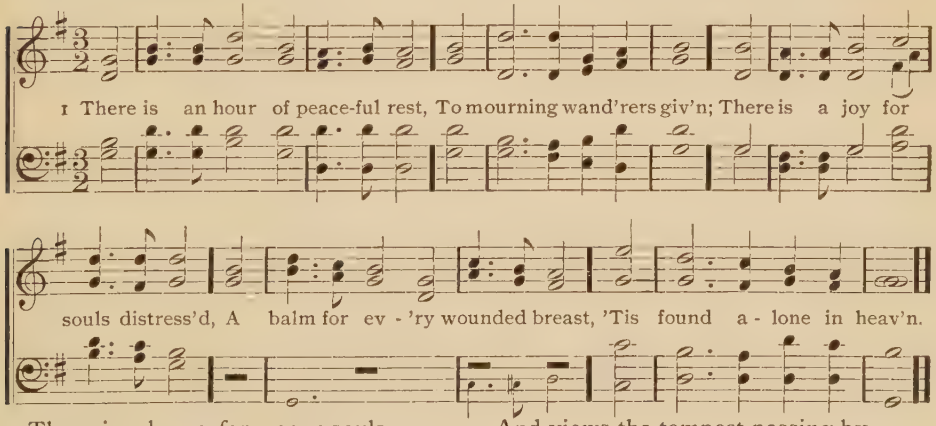
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. Walford, 1846.

760 WOODLAND. C. M.

J. E. Gould.



2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous [shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom
And joys supreme are given,
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan, 1829.

Chants.

761 TERSANCTUS.

CONTRIBUTED.

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Je-ho-vah of hosts, the whole earth is full of thy glo-ry, the whole earth is full of thy glory. Holy, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God the Al-might-y, Lord God the Al-might-y, who wast and who art, who wast and who art, who wast and who art, and who art to come. A - - - men.

762 GLORIA PATRI. No. 1.

GREATOREX COL. IRR.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther and to the Son and to the Ho-ly Ghost, as it was in the be-gin-ing, is now and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. . . . . A-men, A-men.

763 SERAPHIC HYMN.

HOWARD.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba-oth; heav-en and earth are full, are full of the maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry. Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est. Blessed is He that com - eth in the name of the Lord. Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high-est.

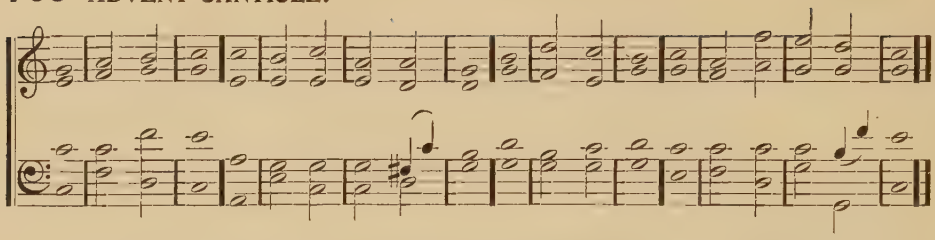
764 TRISAGION.

R. TAYLOR.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts; heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most high. A - men, A - - men.

765 ADVENT CANTICLE.

H. S.



1 Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the | end of the | earth, || ye that go down to the sea, and | all that | is there- | in.
Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift | up their | voice; || let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout | from the | tops of the | mountains.

2 Let them give glory unto the Lord and declare his praise a- | mong the | heathen. || The Lord hath | comforted | his— | people.
He hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of | all— | nations; || and all the ends of the earth shall see the sal- | vation | of our | God.

3 Say to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy sal- | vation | cometh; || behold, his reward is with Him | and his | work be- | fore Him.
Fear thou not, for | I am | with thee; || be not dismayed, for | I am | thy— | God.

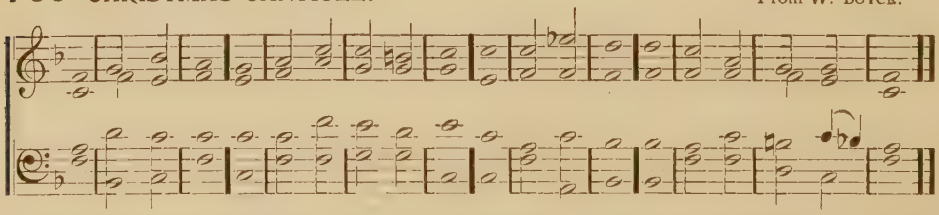
4 I will strengthen thee, yea, I will | help— | thee. || Unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with | healing | in his | wings.
The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all | flesh shall | see it. || Death shall be swallowed up in victory, and God will wipe a- | way all | tears from our | eyes.

5 And it shall be said in that day, Lo, | this is our | God; || we have waited for Him, | and— | He will | save us.
This is the Lord; we have | waited for | Him; || we will be glad and re- | joice in | his sal- | vation.

6 Sanctify and prepare yourselves to look upon the glory of our God; for the | Lord— | cometh. || Prepare ye the way of the Lord and | make his | paths— | straight.
Let us serve Him with gladness, and come before his | presence with | singing. || Blessed is He that cometh in the | name— | of the | Lord.
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A- — | men.

766 CHRISTMAS CANTICLE.

From W. Boyce.



1 Behold, I bring you good tidings | of great | joy; || for unto you is born this day a Saviour, | which is | Christ the | Lord.
Glory to God | in the | highest, || and on earth, | peace, good- | will toward | men.

2 The Lord hath remembered his | cove- | nant || and sent sal- | vation | to his | people.
Israel is saved | by the | Lord || with an | ever- | lasting sal- | vation.

3 This is the Lord's doing, and marvelous | in our | eyes. || This is the day the Lord hath made; we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.

Let the voice of rejoicing and sal- | vation be | heard || in the taber- | nacles | of the | righteous.

4 Blessed is He that cometh in the name | of the | Lord. || Blessed be the kingdom of our father David. Ho- | sanna | in the | highest.

Open to me the gates of righteousness, I will enter in and | praise the | Lord, || and say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth. Let the multitudes of the | isles be | glad there- | of.

5 Let the heavens rejoice and let the | earth be | glad. || He shall judge the world with righteousness and the | people | with his | truth.

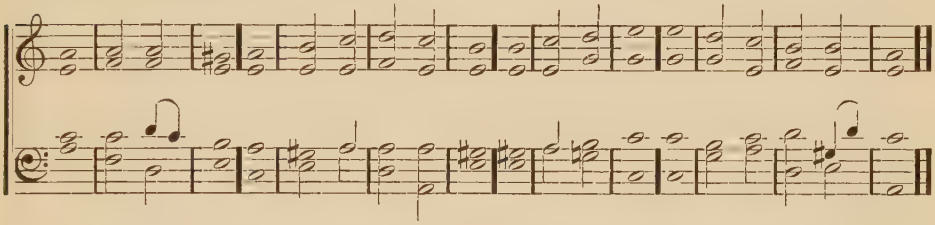
Blessed be his glorious name for- | ever and | ever; || and let the whole earth be | filled with | his— | glory.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A-— | men.

767 GOOD FRIDAY CANTICLE.

From S. Bach.



1 Christ our Passover was offered for us | on this | day. || He was delivered for | our of- | fen-— | ses.

He bore our sins in his own body | on the | tree, || and the Lord hath laid on Him the in- | iquit-y | of us | all.

2 He hath trodden the winepress alone, and of the people | there was none | with Him. || He was taken from prison and from judgment; He was cut off | out of the | land of the | living.

Thou wast slain, and hast re- | deem-ed | us || out of every kindred and tongue and | people | and— | nation.

3 Thou hast loved us, and washed us from our sins in | thine own | blood, || and hast made us unto our God | kings— | and— | priests.

Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain || to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory, for | ever and | ev-— | er.

4 Now is come sal- | vation and | strength, || and the kingdom of our God and the | power of | his— | Christ.

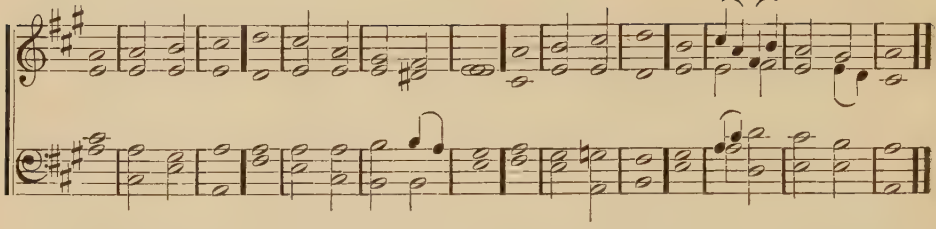
Death shall be swallowed | up in | victory, || and God shall wipe away all | tears— | from our | eyes.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A-— | men.

768 EASTER CANTICLE.

J. F. Petri.



1 Christ our Passover | has— | risen. || He was dead, and behold He is alive forevermore, and hath the keys of | hell— | and of | death.
Christ our Passover was dead, a sacrifice | for our | sins. || He was put to death in the flesh, but was | quickened | by the | Spirit.

2 Christ is risen from the dead, and henceforth | dieth no | more; || death hath no more do- | minion | over | Him.
He died unto sin once, but now He liveth | unto | God; || the Prince of life could not be | holden | of— | death.

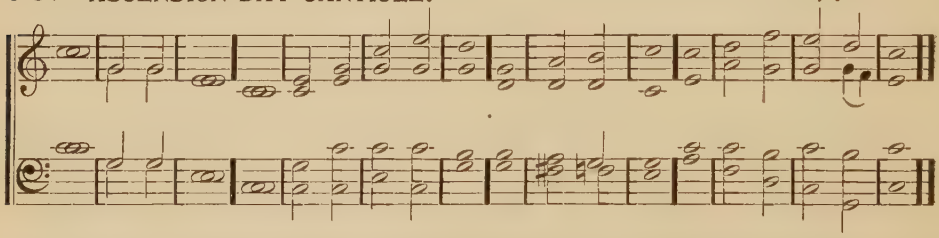
3 God did not leave his soul | in the | grave, || nor suffer his holy One to | see— | cor- — | ruption.
Christ is risen, the first-fruits of | them that | slept. || Since by man came death, by man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.

4 Death is swallowed | up for- | ever. || O death, | where— | is thy | sting?
O grave, | where is thy | victory? || Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, | through our Lord | Jesus | Christ.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A- — | men.

769 ASCENSION DAY CANTICLE.

Arr. by J. F. P.



1 O clap your hands, | all ye | people. || Shout unto God with the | voice— | of— | triumph.
God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound | of a | trumpet. || Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of | glory | shall come | in.

2 Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord, strong and mighty; | He is the | King of | glory.
Sing praises to God and unto our King, | sing— | praises, || for He is the | King of | all the | earth.

3 God reigneth | over the | heathen; || He sitteth upon the | throne of | his— | holiness.
Let all the world bow | down be- | fore Him, || and all the angels of | God— | worship | Him.

4 Thy throne, O God, is for- | ever and | ever; || the scepter of thy kingdom | is a | right— | scepter.

Thou lovest righteousness and | hatest | wickedness; || therefore God, thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of | gladness a- | bove thy | fellows.

5 Thou hast ascended on high; Thou hast led captivity captive. Thou hast received | gifts for | men. || Thou hast entered into thy Father's house to pre- | pare a | mansion for | us.

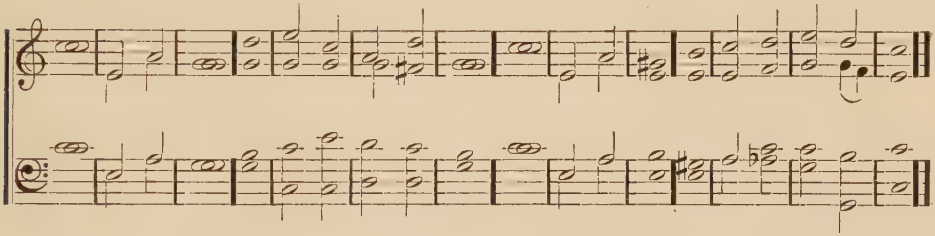
Thou hast prepared thy throne | in the | heavens, || and thy kingdom | ruleth | over | all.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A- — | men.

770 WHITSUNDAY CANTICLE.

J. F. Petri.



1 Let us praise the Lord, and ex- | alt his | goodness. || Let us come before Him with songs of | praise and | hymns of thanks- | giving.

God hath raised up his holy child Jesus, who, being by his right hand exalted, shed forth the promise of the Holy Ghost up- | on the a- | postles, || so that they spake with new tongues, and wrought signs and | wonders | in his | name.

2 He gave power to the testimony | of his | servants. || The kingdoms of the earth, the people and | nations have | heard his | voice,

And have rendered obedience | unto our | Lord || and | to— | his— | Christ.

3 We render thanks unto | Thee, O | Lord, || who art the Alpha and Omega, the | first— | and the | last,

That Thou hast re- | vealed thy | power || and entered | upon | thy— | kingdom.

4 Thou hast sent unto | us the | Comforter, || even the Spirit of truth, that He may a- | bide with | us for- | ever.

Thou hast sent the Spirit of thy Son into our hearts, whereby we cry unto Thee, | Abba, | Father. || It is the Spirit which witnesseth with our spirits that | we are the | children of | God.

5 The Spirit also helpeth | our in- | firmities, || and with groanings which cannot be uttered | maketh inter- | cession | for us.

We wait for the redemption | of our | body || and for the manifestation of the glorious liberty | of the | sons of | God.

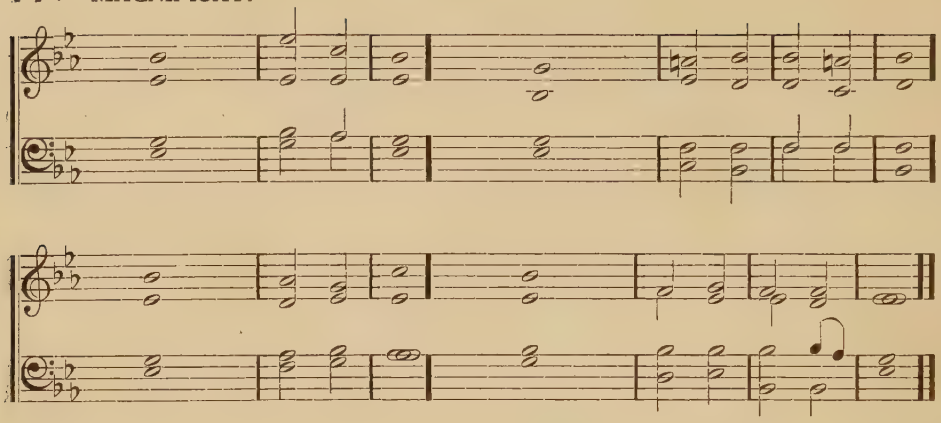
6 The Spirit is the earnest and pledge of | our in- | heritance, || whereby also we are sealed | unto the | day of re- | demption.

O Lord, we praise Thee, and | render Thee | thanks || that Thou hast | given | us the | Spirit.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A- — | men.

771 MAGNIFICAT.



St. Luke i: 46.

1 My soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord, || and my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.
For He | hath re- | garded || the low e- | state of | his hand- | maiden.

2 For behold, | from hence- | forth || all gene- | rations shall | call me | blessed.
For He | that is | mighty || hath done to me great things, and | holy | is his | name.

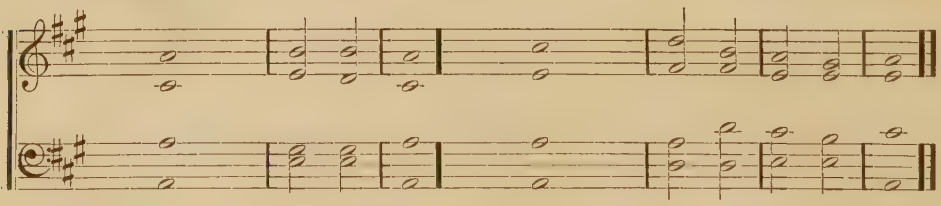
3 And his mercy is on them | that fear | Him, || from gene- | ration | to gene- | ration.
He hath shewed strength | with his | arm; || He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | nation | of their | hearts;

4 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats, || and exalted | them of | low — | degree.
He hath filled the hungry | with good | things, || and the rich He | hath sent | empty a- | way.

5 He hath holpen his | servant | Israel, || in re- | membrance | of his | mercy,
As He spake | to our | fathers, || to Abraham, | and his | seed for- | ever.
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be, || world without | end.— | A- | men.

772 BENEDICTUS.

HENRY SCHWING.



1 Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel, || for He hath visited | and re- | deemed his | people,

2 And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation | for us || in the house | of his | servant | David,

3 As He spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, || which have been | since the | world be- | gan,

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies || and from the | hand of | all that | hate us;

5 To perform the mercy promised | to our | fathers, || and to remember his | holy | cove- | nant,

6 The oath | which He | sware || to our | father | Abra- | ham,

7 That He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand | of our | enemies, || might | serve Him | without | fear,

8 In holiness and righteousness be- | fore— | Him, || all the | days— | of our | life.

9 And Thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet | of the | Highest; | for Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to pre- | pare— | his— | ways,

10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto his | people, || by the re- | mission | of their | sins,

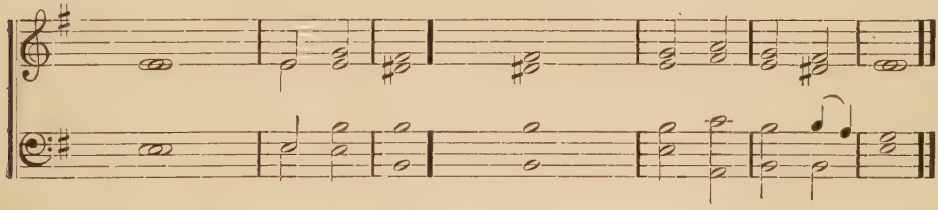
11 Through the tender mercy | of our | God; || whereby the day-spring from on | high hath | visited | us,

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the | shadow of | death, || to guide our feet | into the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A-— | men.

773 NUNC DIMITTIS.



1 Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant de- | part in | peace, || ac- | cording | to thy | word.

2 For mine eyes have seen | thy sal- | vation, || which Thou hast prepared be- | fore the | face of all | people,

3 To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles || and to be the glory of thy | people | Isra- | el. Glory be to the Father, etc.

774

Isaiah, 53.

1 He was wounded for | our trans- | gressions; || He was bruised for | our in- | iqui- | ties.

2 The chastisement of our peace | was upon | Him, || and with his | stripes— | we are | healed.

3 All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray; || we have turned every | one to | his own | way;

4 And the Lord hath | laid on | Him || the in- | iquity | of us | all.

5 He was oppressed and He | was af- | flicted, || yet He | opened | not his | mouth.

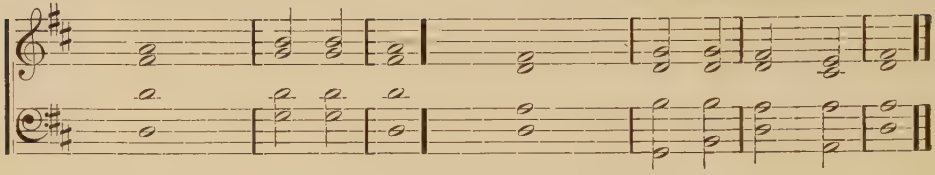
6 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her | shearers is | dumb, || so He opened | not his | mouth.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A-— | men.

775 DOMINUS REGIT ME.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.

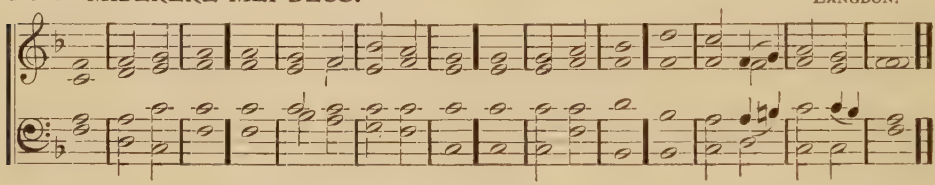


Psalm 23.

1 The Lord | is my | Shepherd; ‖ I | shall— | not— | want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in | green— | pastures; ‖
He leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters;
3 He re- | storeth my | soul; ‖
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his | name's— | sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil; ‖
For Thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort | me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies; ‖
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup— | runneth | over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of my | life; ‖
And I will dwell in the | house of the | Lord for- | ever.
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

776 MISERERE MEI DEUS.

LANGDON.

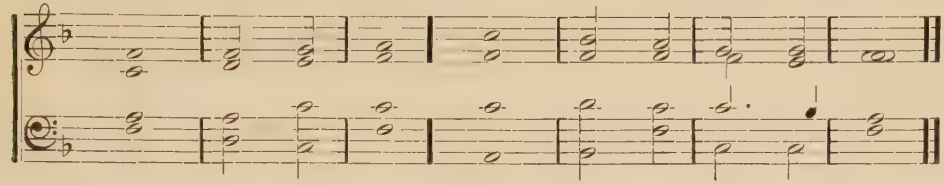


Psalm 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, | O— | God, ‖ according to | thy— | loving- | kindness;
According unto the multitude of thy | tender | mercies ‖ blot | out— | my trans- | gressions.
2 Wash me thoroughly | from mine | iniquity, ‖ and | cleanse me | from my | sin.
For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions, ‖ and my sin is | ever be- | fore— | me.
3 Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight; ‖ that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be | clear when | Thou judg- | est.
Behold, I was | shapen in | iniquity, ‖ and in sin did my | mother con- | ceive— | me.
4 Behold, Thou desirest truth in the | inward | parts; ‖ and in the hidden part Thou shalt | make me | to know | wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop and I | shall be | clean; ‖ wash me and I shall be | whi- — | ter than | snow.
5 Make me hear | joy and | gladness, ‖ that the bones which Thou hast | broken | may re- | joice.
Hide thy face | from my | sins, ‖ and blot | out all | mine in- | iquities.
6 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God, ‖ and renew a right | spirit with- | in— | me.
Cast me not | away | from thy | presence, ‖ and take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
7 Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation, ‖ and uphold me | with thy | free— | Spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors | thy— | ways, ‖ and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | Thee.
8 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of | my sal- | vation, ‖ and my tongue shall sing aloud | of thy | righteous- | ness.
O Lord, open | Thou my | lips, ‖ and my mouth shall | shew forth | thy— | praise.
9 For Thou desirest not sacrifice, else | would I | give it; ‖ Thou delightest | not in | burnt— | offering.
The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit; ‖ a broken and a contrite heart, O God, | Thou wilt | not de- | spise.
10 Do good in thy good pleasure | unto | Zion; ‖ build Thou the walls | of Je- | rusa- | lem.
Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and | whole burnt | offering; ‖ then shall they offer bullocks | upon | thine— | altar.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

777 DEUS MISEREATUR.

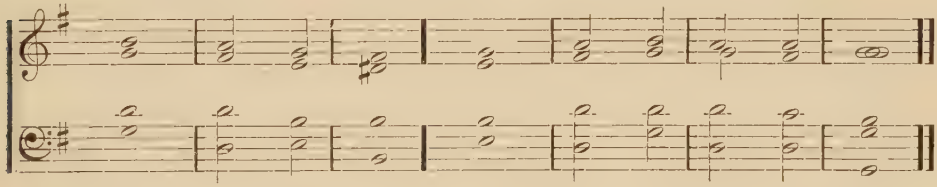
RICHARD FARRANT, 1530—1580.



Psalm 67.

1 God be merciful unto | us and | bless us,||
And cause his | face to | shine up- | on us;
2 That thy way may be | known upon | earth,||
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God,||
Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
4 O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy,||
For Thou shalt judge the people righteously and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
5 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God,||
Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase,||
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
7 God | shall— | bless us,||
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— | Him.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

778 QUAM DILECTA.

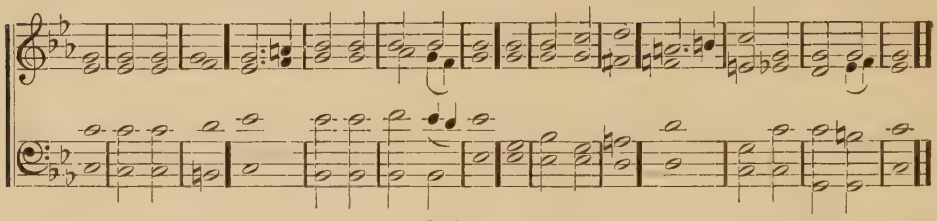


Psalm 84.

1 How amiable are thy | taber- | nacles,||
O | Lord— | of— | hosts!
2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the | courts of the | Lord;||
My heart and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.
3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may | lay her | young,||
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my | King— | and my | God.
4 Blessed are they that dwell | in thy | house;||
They will be | still— | praising | Thee.
5 Behold, O | God our | shield,||
And look upon the | face of | thine a- | nointed.
6 For a day in thy courts is better | than a | thousand.||
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the | tents of | wicked- | ness.
7 For the Lord God is a | sun and | shield;||
The Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from | them that | walk up- | rightly.
8 O | Lord of | hosts,||
Blessed is the | man that | trusteth in | Thee.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

779 DOMINE, REFUGIUM.

From BEETHOVEN. By J. GOSS.



Psalm 90.

1 Lord, Thou hast been our | dwelling | place || in | all— | gen-e- | rations.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth | and the | world, || even from everlasting to ever- | lasting | Thou art | God.

2 Thou turnest man | to de- | struction || and sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children of | men.
For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday | when it is | past || and as a | watch— | in the | night.

3 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they | are as a | sleep; || in the morning they are like | grass which | groweth | up;
In the morning it flourisheth and | groweth | up; || in the evening it is cut | down and | wither- | eth.

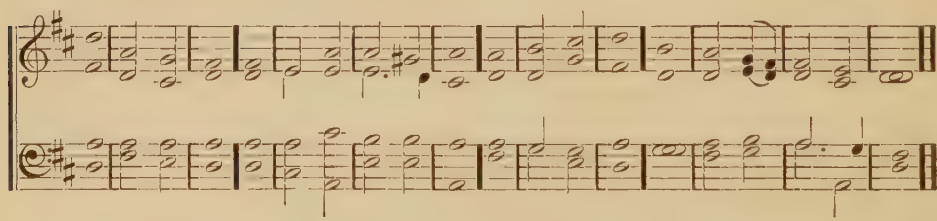
4 For all our days are passed away | in thy | wrath; || we spend our years as a | tale— | that is | told.
The days of our years are threescore | years and | ten; || and if by reason of | strength they be | fourscore | years,

5 Yet is their strength | labor and | sorrow, || for it is soon cut off | and we | fly a- | way.
So teach us to | number our | days, || that we may apply our | hearts— | unto | wisdom.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ev-er | shall be, || world without | end.— | A- — | men.

780 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

DR. BOYCE.



Psalm 95.

1 O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || let us make a joyful noise to the | rock of | our sal- | vation.
Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || and make a joyful noise | unto | Him with | psalms.

2 For the Lord is a | great— | God || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth; || the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

3 The sea is his | and He | made it, || and his hands | formed the | dry— | land.
O come, let us worship | and bow | down, || let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | maker.

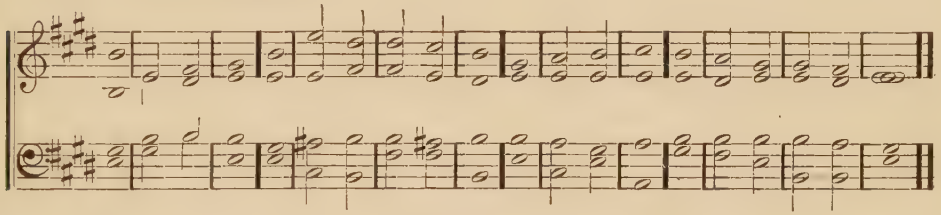
4 For He | is our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture and the | sheep of | his— | hand.
To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts as in the provocation, and as the day of temptation | in the | wilder- | ness, || when your fathers tempted me | proved me and | saw my | work.

5 Forty years long was I grieved with this gene- | ration, and | said,
It is a people that do err in their heart and they | have not | known my | ways,
Unto whom I sware | in my | wrath,
That they should not | enter in- | to my | rest.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

781 CANTATE DOMINO.

DR. RANDALL.



Psalm 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a | new— | song, || for He hath | done— | marvelous | things;
His right hand and his | holy | arm || hath | gotten | Him the | victory.

2 The Lord hath made known | his sal- | vation; || his righteousness hath He openly showed in the | sight— | of the | heathen.
He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the | house of | Israel; || all the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.

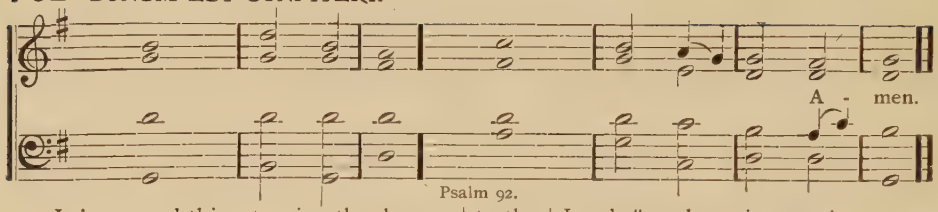
3 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth; || make a loud noise and re- | joice— | and sing | praise.
Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp, || with the harp and the | voice— | of a | psalm.

4 With trumpets and | sound of | cornet || make a joyful noise be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.
Let the sea roar and the | fulness there- | of, || the world and | they that | dwell there- | in.

5 Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord; || for He | cometh to | judge the | earth.
With righteousness shall He | judge the | world, || and the | people | with— | equity.

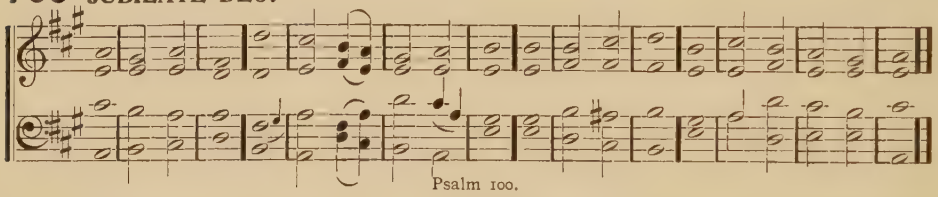
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A- — | men.

782 BONUM EST CONFITERI.



1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord, || and to sing praises unto thy | name,— | O Most | High,
2 To show forth thy loving kindness | in the | morning || and thy | faithfulness | every | night,
3 Upon an instrument of ten strings and up- | on the | psaltery, || upon the harp | with a | solemn | sound.
4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | work; || I will triumph in the | works— | of thy | hands. Glory be to the Father, etc.

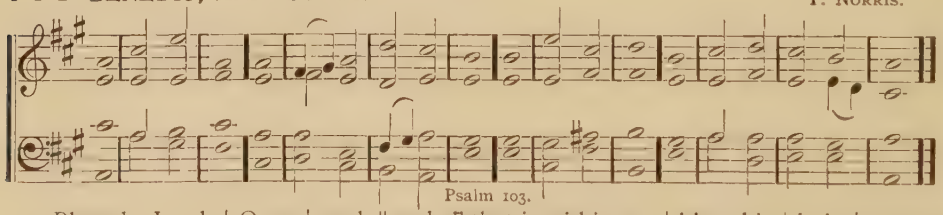
783 JUBILATE DEO.



1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands. || Serve the Lord with gladness; come be- | fore his | presence with | singing.
Know ye that the Lord | He is | God; || it is He that hath made us, | and not | we our- | selves;
2 We | are his | people || and the | sheep— | of his | pasture.
Enter into his gates | with thanks- | giving, || and | into his | courts with | praise.
3 Be thankful | unto | Him, || and | bless— | his— | name.
For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ever- | lasting, || and his truth endureth to | all— | gene- | rations. Glory be to the Father, etc.

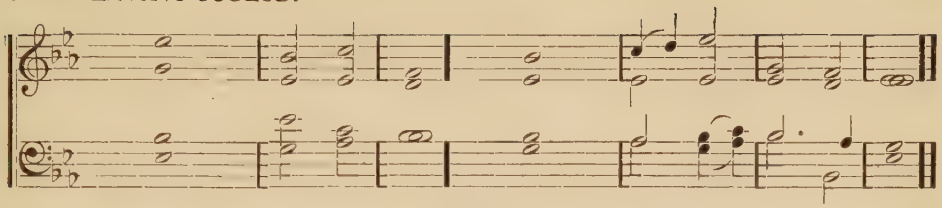
784 BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

T. Norris.



1 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and all that is within me | bless his | holy | name.
Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and forget not | all his | ben-e- | fits;
2 Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities; || who | healeth all | thy dis- | eases;
Who redeemeth thy life | from de- | struction; || who crowneth thee with loving | kindness and | tender | mercies.
3 The Lord hath prepared his throne | in the | heavens, || and his kingdom | ruleth | over | all.
Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that ex- | cel in | strength, || that do his commandments, hearkening unto the | voice of— | his | word.
4 Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts, || ye ministers of | his, that | do his | pleasure.
Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of | his do- | minion; || bless the | Lord,— | O my | soul. Glory be to the Father, etc

785 LEVAVI OCULOS.



Psalm 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help. ||
My help cometh from the Lord, | which made | heaven and | earth.

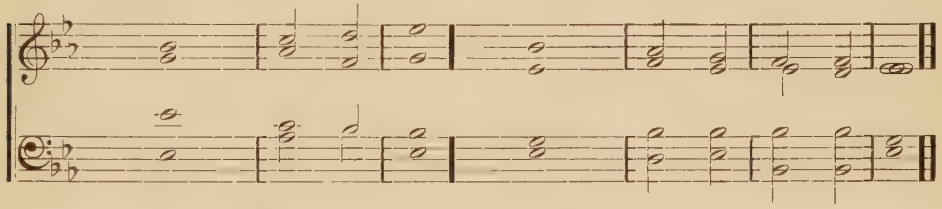
2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber. ||
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall | neither | slumber nor | sleep.

3 The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon | thy right | hand; ||
The sun shall not smite thee by day | nor the | moon by | night.

4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall pre- | serve thy | soul. ||
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and | even for- | ever- | more.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

786 LAETATUS SUM.



Psalm 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the | house of the | Lord. ||
Our feet shall stand within thy gates, | O Je- | rusa- | lem.

2 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city ||
That | is com- | pact to- — | gether,

3 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes | of the | Lord, ||
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks | unto the | name of the | Lord.

4 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, ||
The | thrones of the | house of | David.

5 Pray for the peace | of Je- | rusalem; ||
They shall | prosper that | love— | Thee.

6 Peace be with- | in thy | walls ||
And prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.

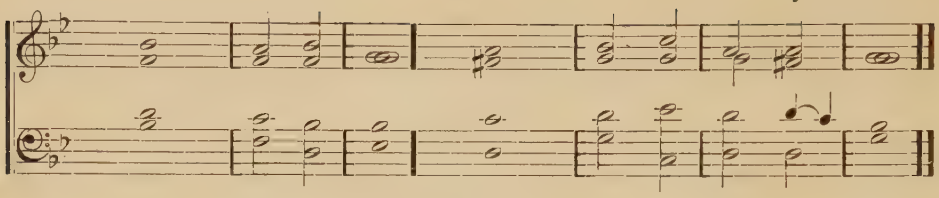
7 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, ||
I will now say, | Peace be with- | in— | thee.

8 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God ||
I will | seek— | thy— | good.

Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A- — | men.

787 DE PROFUNDIS.

J. F. PETRI.

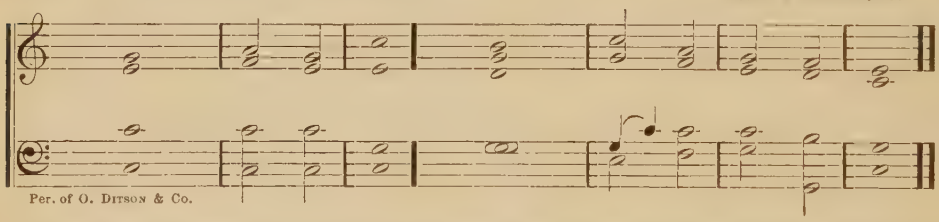


Psalm 130.

1 Out of the depths have I cried unto | Thee, O | Lord. || Lord, | hear— | my— | voice.
2 Let thine ears | be at- | tentive || to the voice of my | suppli- | cations.
3 If Thou, Lord, shouldst | mark in- | iquities, || O | Lord,— | who shall | stand?
4 But there is for- | giveness | with Thee, || that | Thou— | mayest be | feared.
5 I wait for the Lord, my | soul doth | wait, || and in his | word— | do I | hope.
6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch | for the | morning; || I say more than | they that | watch for the | morning.
7 Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord | there is | mercy, || and with | Him is | plenteous re- | demption.
8 And He shall re- | deem— | Israel || from | all— | his in- | iquities.
Glory be to the Father and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A- — | men.

788 I AM THE RESURRECTION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

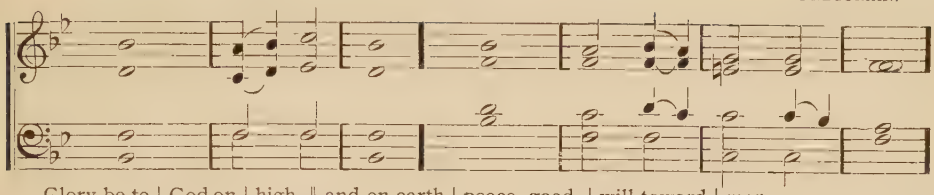


Per. of O. DITSON & Co.

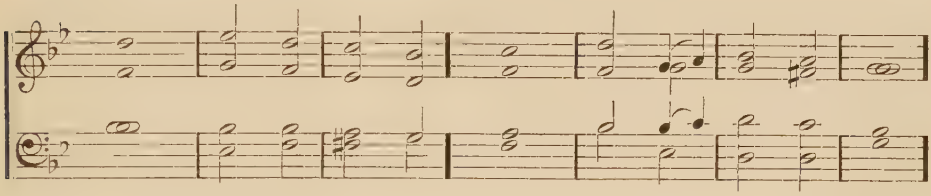
1 I am the resurrection and the life, | saith the | Lord; || he that believeth in Me, though he were | dead, yet | shall he | live.
2 And whosoever | liv- — | eth || and believeth in | Me shall | never | die.
3 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth | to him- | self; || for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we | die un- | to the | Lord;
4 Whether we live therefore or die, we | are the | Lord's; || for to this end Christ both died and rose and revived, that He might be Lord | both of the | dead and | living.
5 And now is Christ risen | from the | dead, || and become the first- | fruits of | them that | slept.
6 O death, where | is thy | sting? || O grave, where | is thy | victo- | ry?
7 Thanks be to God, which giveth | us the | victory || through our Lord | Jesus | Christ. A- | men.
Glory be to the Father and | to the Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A- — | men.

789 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

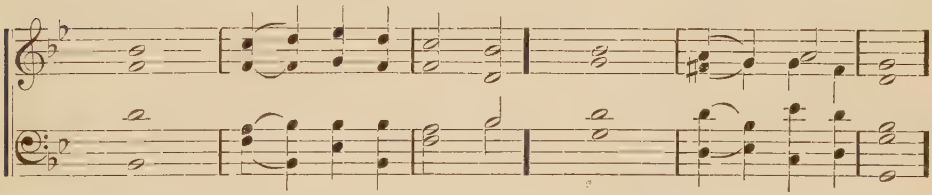
GREGORIAN.



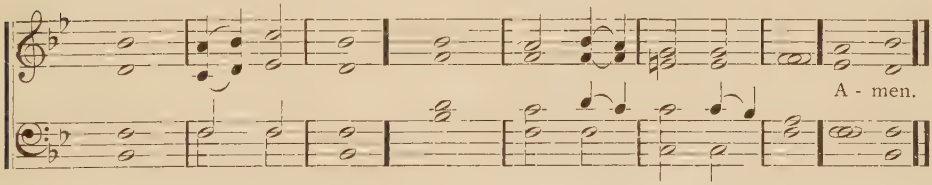
Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee, ‖ we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | thy great | glory.



O Lord God, | heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty,
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son— | of the | Father,



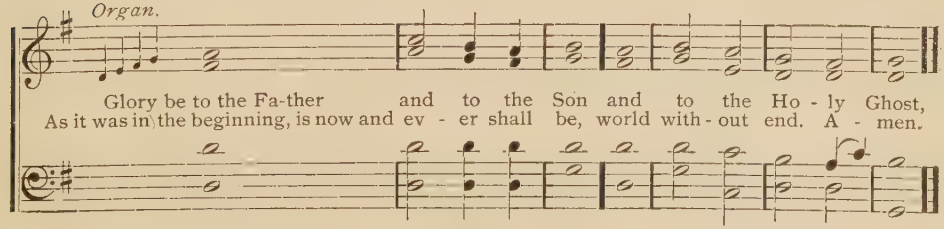
That takest away the | sin of the | world, ‖ have mercy | up-on— | us.
Thou that takest away the | sin of the world, ‖ have mercy | up-on— | us.
Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world, ‖ re- | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God, the | Father, ‖ have mercy | up-on— | us.



For Thou only | art— | holy, ‖ Thou | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. ‖ A- — | men.

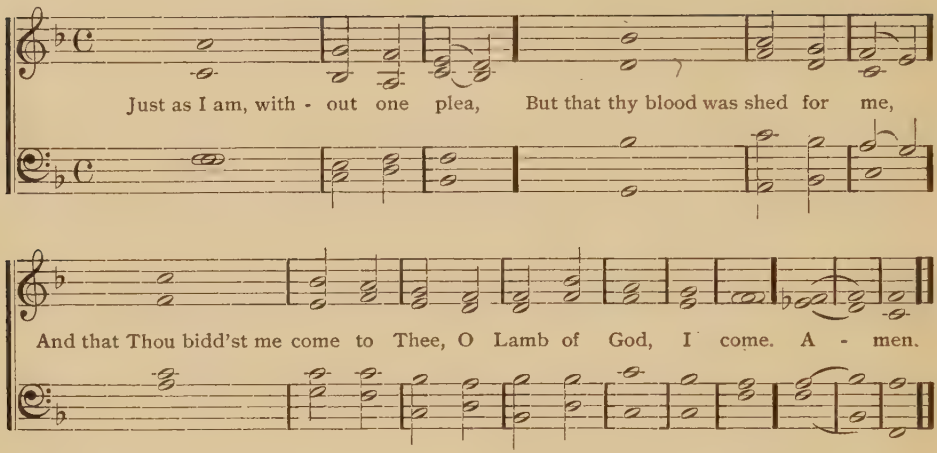
GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.

Organ.



Glory be to the Fa-ther and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

790 JUST AS I AM.



2 Just as I am, and | waiting | not
To rid my soul of | one dark | blot,
To Thee, whose blood can | cleanse each | spot,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

3 Just as I am, though | tossed a- | bout
With many a conflict, | many a | doubt,
Fighting and fears with- | in, with- | out,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

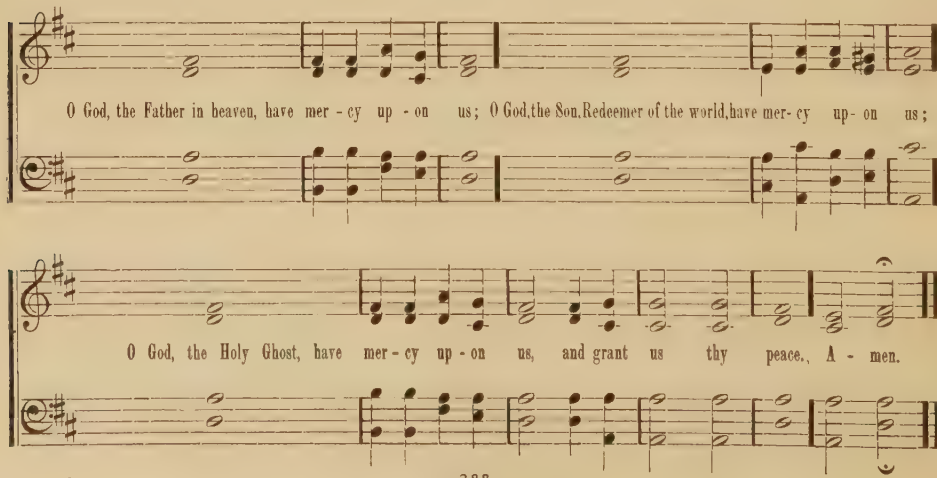
4 Just as I am, poor, | wretched, | blind,
Sight, riches, healing | of the | mind,
Yea, all I need, in | Thee to | find,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

5 Just as I am Thou | wilt re- | ceive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, re- | lieve;
Because thy promise | I be- | lieve,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

6 Just as I am; thy | love un- | known
Has broken every | barrier | down;
Now to be thine, yea, | thine a- | lone,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

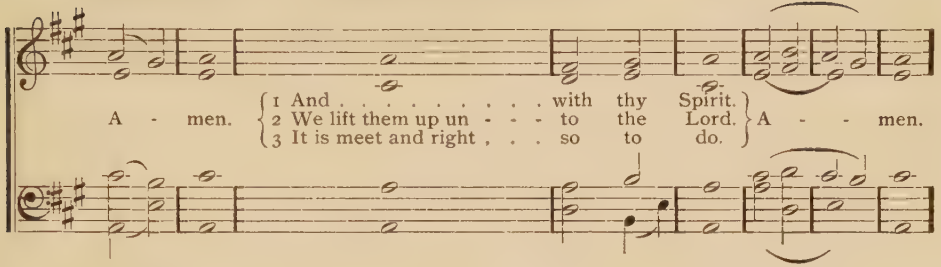
791 KYRIE.

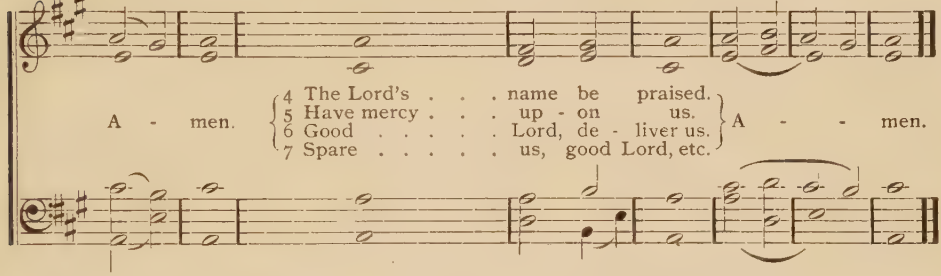


Responses and Chants.

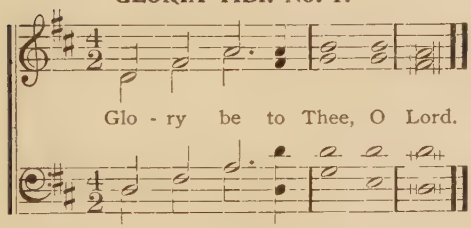
RESPONSES IN THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

H. S.





GLORIA TIBI. No. 1.



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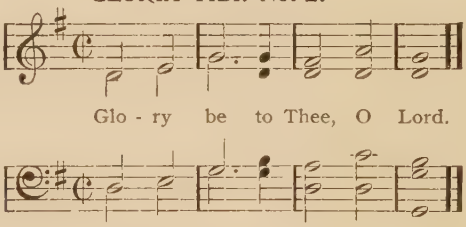

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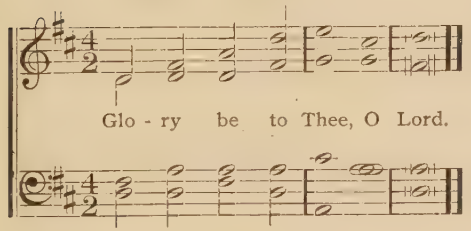

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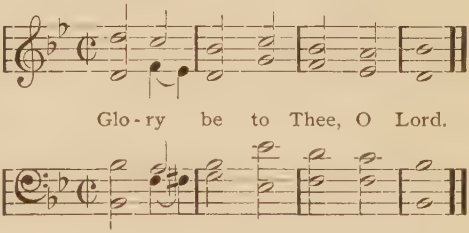

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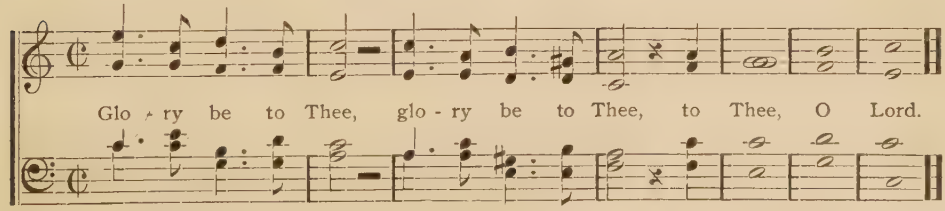
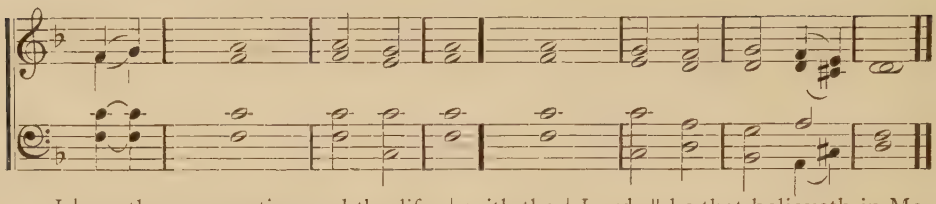
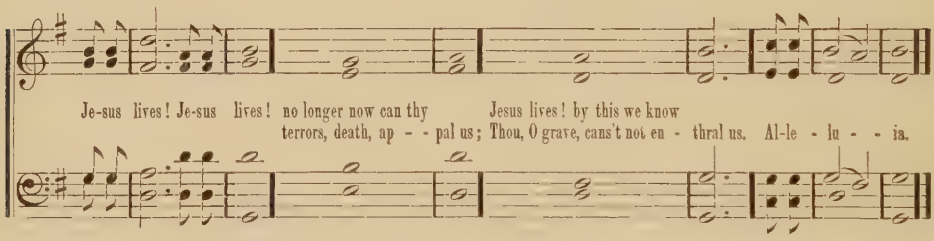


792 FUNERAL CHANT.



1 I | am the resurrection and the life, | saith the | Lord; || he that believeth in Me, though he were | dead, yet | shall he | live.
2 And | whosoever | liv- — | eth || and believeth in | Me shall | never | die.
3 None of us | liveth to himself, and no man dieth | to him- | self; || for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we | die un- | to the | Lord.
4 Whether | we live therefore or die, we | are the | Lord's; || for to this end Christ both died and rose and revived, that He might be Lord | both of the | dead and | living.
5 And | now is Christ risen | from the | dead, || and become the first- | fruits of | them that | slept.
6 O | death, where | is thy | sting? || O grave, where | is thy | victo- | ry?
7 Thanks | be to God, which giveth | us the | victory || through our Lord | Jesus | Christ. A- | men.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

793 JESUS LIVES.



2 Jesus lives! | henceforth is death
But the grace of life im- | mortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy | portal.
Alleluia.

3 Jesus lives! | for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus | living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour | giving.
Alleluia.

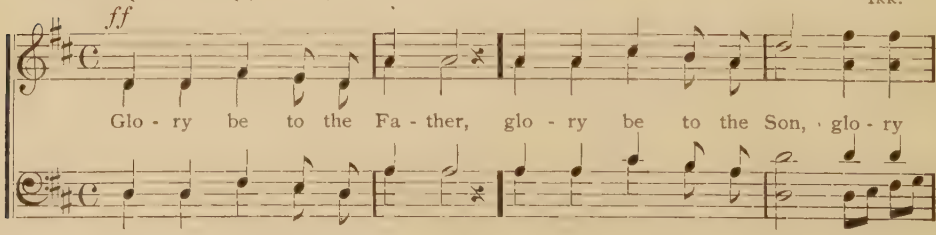
4 Jesus lives! | our hearts know well
Naught from us his love shall | sever;
Life nor death nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping | ever.
Alleluia.

5 Jesus lives! | to Him the throne
Over all the world is | given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in | heaven.
Alleluia.

C. F. Gellert, 1757. Tr. by Frances E. Cox, 1841.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 3.

IRR.



be to the Ho - ly Ghost, as it was in the be - gin - ning, is

As it

now, as it was in the be - gin - ning, is
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, As it

now, is now and ev - er shall be, world
was in the be - gin - ning,

without end, . . . world without end, . . world without end, . . world without end, world
A - men, A-men, A-men,

without end, world without end, Amen, A-men, A - men, world with-out end, A - men.

794 SANCTUS.

OLD ENGLISH.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of

Sab - a - oth! Heav'n and earth are full, full of thy glo - ry;

Heav'n and earth are full, are full of thy glo - ry; . . . .

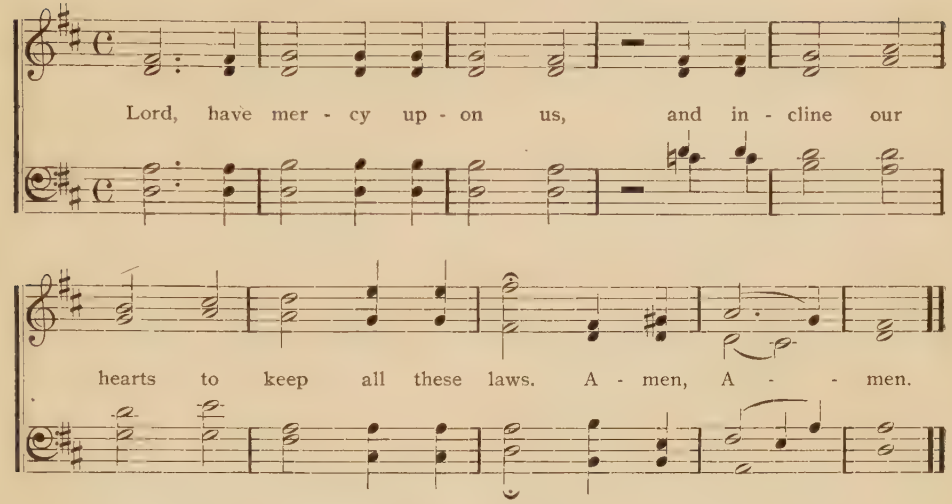
glo - ry be to Thee, glo - ry be to

glo - ry be to Thee, glo - ry be to Thee,

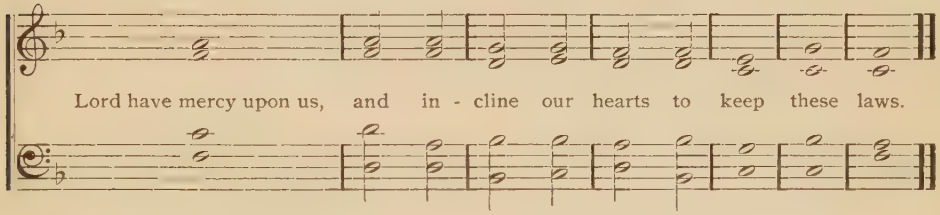
Thee, to Thee, to Thee, O Lord . . . . most high.

glo - ry be, etc.

RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 1.

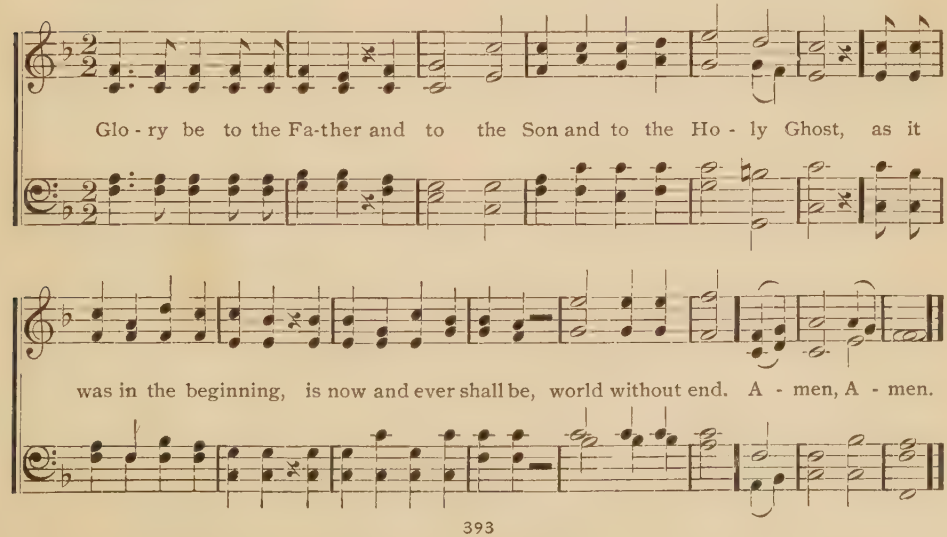


RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No, 2.



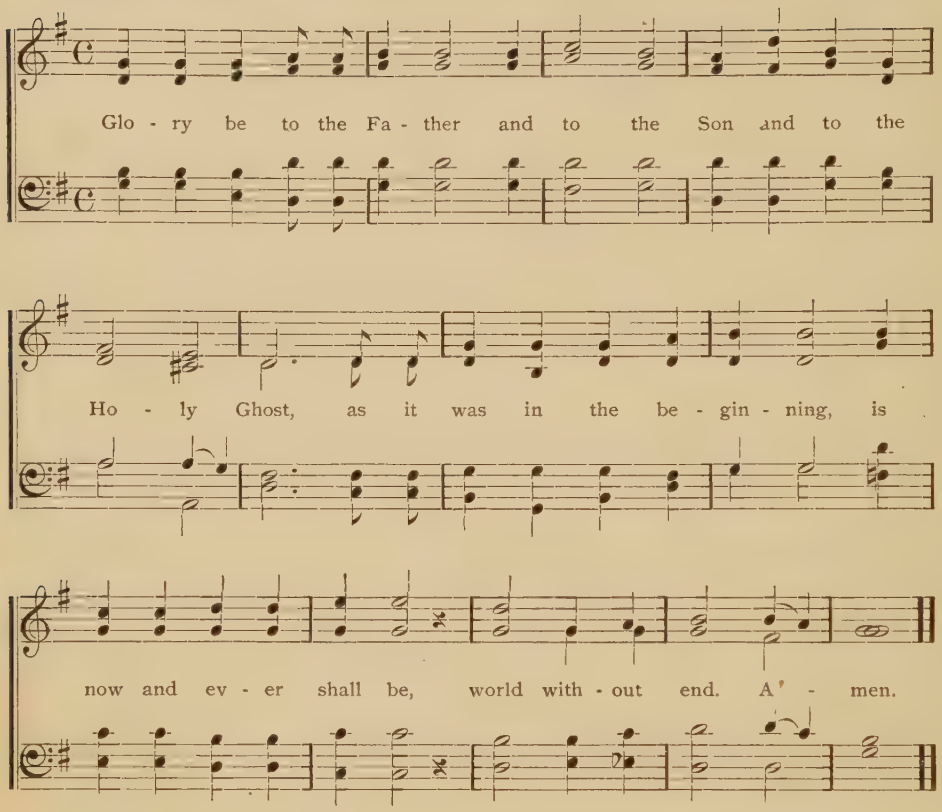
GLORIA PATRI. No. 4.

GREATOREX COLL, IRR.



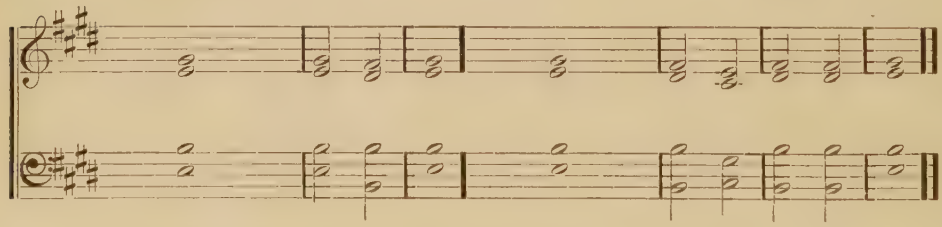
GLORIA PATRI. No. 5.

IRR.



795 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THOMAS TALLIS.



Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come; thy will be done in | earth as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this day our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.

Doxologies.

L. M.

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

L. M. 6 lines.

2 To God the Father, God the Son
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now and shall be evermore.

C. M.

3 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now
And shall be evermore.

C. M. D.

4 The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-divine,
The One in Three and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

S. M.

5 To the eternal Three,
In will and essence One,
To Father, Son and Spirit be
Co-equal honors done.

H. M.

6 To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise,
Glory to God, the Son,
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

6s & 4s.

7 To God, the Father, Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given;
Crown Him in every song,
To Him our hearts belong,
Let all his praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.

7s.

8 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

7s. 6 lines.

9 Praise the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

7s. D.

10 Praise our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on his word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
Pilgrims walking in his light;
Glory to th' eternal One,
Glory to his only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now and through eternity.

8s & 7s.

11 Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

8s, 7s & 4s.

12 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory to th' eternal Son;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises,
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One.

7s & 6s.

13 Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise Thee evermore;
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to Thee.

10s.

14 To Father, Son and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addrest;
From age to age, ye saints, his name
adore, [no more.
And spread his fame, till time shall be

rit.

A - - - men, A - - - men, A - - - men.

Index of Tunes.

		Page.
Adeste Fideles	P. M.	36
Ahira	S. M.	24
Aletta	7s	164
Alexander	L. M.	264
Alexander	S. M.	320
Alexandria	C. M.	188
All Good Gifts	7s, 6s	288
All to Christ	P. M.	337
Alphege	7s, 6s	20
Alton	8s, 7s, 4s	8
Amantus	S. M.	216
America	6s, 4s	282
Ames	L. M.	237
Amsterdam	7s, 6s. D.	228
Anastasius	L. M.	324
Angelica	8s, 7s, 4s	44
Angelic Song	P. M.	335
Angels	L. M.	234
Angelus	8s, 7s. 61	99
Angel Voices	P. M.	326
Antioch	C. M.	25
Anvern	L. M.	214
Apollos	S. M. D.	263
Appelton	L. M.	213
Ariel	C. P. M.	210
Arlington	C. M.	327
Armenia	C. M.	97
Arthur	L. M.	77
Arundel	C. M.	231
Ashwell	L. M.	252
Aurelia	7s, 6s. D.	218
Austria	8s, 7s. D.	196
Autumn	8s, 7s. D.	98
Avon	C. M.	80
Azmon	C. M.	27
Baca	L. M.	91
Badea	S. M.	94, 344
Balerma	C. M.	200
Bankoke	S. M.	239
Barby	C. M.	166
Barkley	8s, 7s. 41	16
Batty	8s, 7s	278
Bavaria	8s, 7s, D.	153
Baxter	6s	362
Bedell	7s	290
Bedford	C. M.	258
Beethoven	L. M.	236
Belmont	C. M.	204
Bemerton	C. M.	199
Bera	L. M.	260
Berlin	10s	219
Berwick	C. M.	205
Bethany	6s, 4s	105
Bethune	7s, 6s	155
Blumenthal	7s, D.	169
Boardman	C. M.	90
Bonar	S. M. D.	12
Boush	8s, 7s, 61	43
Bowen	L. M.	319
Boylston	S. M.	182, 258
Braden	S. M.	55
Bradford	C. M.	241
Brandenburg	7s, 8s, 7s	184
Brattlestreet	C. M. D.	187
Bray	C. M.	225
Bread of Life	6s, 4s	248
Brest	8s, 7s, 4s	10
Bridegroom	P. M.	346
Brightest and Best	11s, 10s	
Brown	C. M.	192, 310
Brownell	L. M., 61	230
Burford	C. M.	104
Busche	L. M.	269
Byefield	C. M.	51
Calvary	8s, 7s, 4s	116
Cambridge	C. M.	143
Caritas	8s, 7s, D.	176
Carol	C. M. D.	35
Carol, Carol, Christians		336
Caswall	6s, 5s	112
Cherith	C. M.	276
Chimes	C. M.	82
China	C. M.	276
Chopin	C. M.	61
Christmas	C. M.	230
Christmas Eve	8s, 7s, D.	332
Clarenden	C. M.	208
Clarion	7s	33
Clever	8s, 6s, 8s, 4s	147
Come, ye Disconsolate	11s, 10s	95
Communion	10s	248
Compline	L. M., 61	325
Conqueror	6s, 4s	152
Cooke	8s, 7s	16
Coronae	8s, 7s, 4	151
Coronation	C. M.	139
Coronet	8s, 7s, D.	158
Coventry	C. M.	26
Cowper	C. M.	103
Craig	6s, 4s	277
Creation	L. M. D.	50
Cross and Crown	C. M.	139
Crucifix	7s, 6s, D.	253
Crusader's Hymn	P. M.	328
Cutting	6s, 4s	75
Cyprian	L. M.	115
Cyprus	7s	235
Dallas	7s	292
Daliba	L. M., 61	15
Darley	L. M.	76
Darwall	H. M., 136	182
Dauchy	7s, D.	364
Daughter of Zion	11s	214
Dawn	S. M.	308
Dayman	10s	293
Dayspring	7s	292
Dedham	C. M.	40
Dedication	C. M.	261
De Fleury	8s, D.	370
Denfield	C. M.	321
Dennis	S. M.	86
Desire	L. M.	170
Devizes	C. M.	6, 256
Diademata	S. M. D.	285
Dijon	7s	148
Dix	7s., 61	259
Doddridge	S. M.	65
Dort	6s, 4s	248
Dover	S. M.	52, 217
Downs	C. M.	212
Dresden	8s, 7s, 7s	127
Duke Street	L. M.	4, 60
Dulce Carmen	8s, 7s, 61	134
Dundee	C. M.	275
Easter Hymn	7s	129
Ebrard	P. M.	284
Ecclesia	8s, 7s, D.	132
Eckhardtsheim	C. M.	97
Eden	7s, 6s	119, 367
Edna	8s, 7s	39
Eisenach	L. M.	109
Elsabethtown	C. M.	82
Eliesdie	8s, 7s, D.	246
El Paran	L. M.	206
Eltham	7s, D.	66
Elvey	7s, D.	32
Elvey's Rest	8s, 4s	327
Endless Praises	7s	340
Ernan	L. M.	237
Evan	C. M.	81
Even Me	8s, 7s, 3s	345
Even Song	8s, 7s	312
Eventide	10s	140
Ewing	7s, 6s, D.	21
Faben	8s, 7s, D.	365
Faber	7s, D.	165
Fatherland	6s, 4s	13
Father, Lead Me	7s	344
Federal Street	L. M.	251
Felton	7s, 61	179
Ferguson	S. M.	262
Firor	7s, 31.	95
Forest	L. M.	242
Frederick	11s	363
Galilee	L. M.	92
Geer	C. M.	161
Geneva	P. M.	253
Geneva	C. M.	204
Gerhardt	7s, 6s, D.	22
Germany	L. M., 261,	296

		Page.
Gethsemane	7s, 61	122
Gertrude	C. M. D.	10
Gilead	L. M.	286
Gilgal	L. M.	52
Give	C. M.	157
Gladstone	L. M.	269
Glad Tidings	10s, 11s	38
Golden Hill	S. M.	198
Gorton	S. M.	17
Goshen	11s	141, 190
Gratitude	L. M.	297
Greatorex	7s, 61	121
Greenville	8s, 7s, 4s	323
Greenwood	S. M.	273
Grigg	C. M.	268
Gring	S. M.	299
Grostete	L. M.	11
Guide	7s, D.	164
Guidance	8s, 7s, D.	117
Haddam	H. M.	208
Hall	H. M.	168
Halle	7s, 61	54
Hallett	7s, 61	149
Hamburg	L. M.	114
Happy Day	L. M.	243
Harlem Square	S. M.	368
Harmony Grove	L. M.	46
Harwell	8s, 7s	7
Harwell	8s, 7s, D.	150
Harwich	H. M.	196
Haven	5s, 4s.	107
Haven	7s, 41	126
Haydn	S. M.	64
Hayes	7s	124
Heavenly Father	7s, 5s	250
Heber	C. M.	185
Hebron	L. M.	306
Heidelberg	C. M.	43
He Leadeth Me	L. M.	227
Helena	C. M.	200
Helfenstein	C. M.	111
Hendon	7s	128, 180
Henley	11s, 10s.	18
Henry	C. M.	183
Hermann	C. M.	224
Hermon	C. M.	309
Higbee	L. M.	108
Holley	7s	257
Hollingside	7s, D.	120
Holy Cross	C. M.	354
Holy Night	Carol	336
Home	11s	362
Hopkins	10s	56
Horton	7s	124
Houghton	10s, 11s	366
Howard	C. M.	265
Hursley	L. M.	307
Hyatt	L. M.	207
I am coming	P. M.	348
I am Jesus' little lamb	P. M.	331
Illa	L. M.	83
I need Thee every Hour		360
Iteger	11s, 5s.	6
Invitation	C. M. D.	353
Italian Hymn	6s, 4s.	220
I think when I read		346
Jazer	C. M.	29
Jerusalem	C. M.	212
Jesus loves Me	8s, 7s.	328
Jewett	6s, D.	96
Judea	C. M.	232
Judgment Hymn	P. M.	14
Keep Thou my Way	S. M. D.	229
Kenan	7s	138
Kentucky	S. M.	300
Kirke	L. M.	162
Kozeluch	7s	303
Kuecken	7s	118, 302
Laban	S. M.	226
Lake Enon	S. M.	223
Lanesboro	C. M.	143
Langran	10s	125
Last Beam	P. M.	308
Laud	C. M.	137
Lebanon	S. M. D.	345
Leighton	S. M.	45
Lenox	H. M.	41
Life	8s, 7s, 7s	360
Lisbon	S. M.	74
Lischer	H. M.	135
Logos	6s, 4s	369
Long Home	7s, 8s, 7s	172
Longwood	11s	142
Louvan	L. M.	146
Love	C. M.	177
Love Divine	L. M.	236
Loving Kindness	L. M.	295
Luther	P. M.	79
Luther	S. M.	198
Luton	L. M.	140, 296
Lutzen	C. M.	268
Lux Benigna	10s, 4s.	226
Lyons	10s, 11s.	202
Lyte	6s, 4s.	349
Magdalene	C. M.	238
Magill	11s.	12
Maidstone	7s, D.	49
Maitland	C. M.	111
Manoah	C. M.	98
Market Street	S. M.	270
Marlow	C. M.	173
Martyn	7s, D.	88
Maud	P. M.	326
May	6s, 4s.	106
Mear	C. M.	275
Medfield	C. M.	58
Medway	L. M.	295
Mehul	7s, 6s.	109
Meinhold	7s, 8s, 7s.	277
Melita	L. M. 61	194
Melton	10s	249
Mendelssohn	7s, D.	34
Mendon	L. M.	173, 206
Mercy	7s.	123
Meribah	C. P. M.	30
Merton	C. M.	144
Messiah	7s, D.	290
Middleton	8s, 7s, D.	73
Migdol	L. M.	154
Miles Lane	C. M.	282
Miriam	7s, 6s, D.	87
Missionary Chant	L. M.	59, 262
Missionary Hymn	7s, 6s, D.	70
Mission Song	8s, 7s, D.	72
Moukland	7s.	266
Monson	C. M.	260
Moore	S. M.	64
More Love	6s, 4s.	179
Mornington	S. M.	222, 350
Moultrie	8s, 7s, D.	175
Mozart	7s.	149
Munich	7s, 6s, D.	32
My Redeemer	P. M.	356
Naille	S. M.	44
Namur	L. M.	113
Naomi	C. M.	201
Nauford	P. M.	254
Navarin	C. M.	241
Neale	10s, 6s.	122
Neander	P. M.	294
Near the Cross	P. M.	347
Nestor Chant	L. M.	361
Nettleton	8s, 7s, D.	324
New Haven	6s, 4s.	245, 322
New Year's Hymn	P. M.	48
Nicea	P. M.	168
None but Jesus	P. M.	359
Nottingham	C. M.	40
Nunda	L. M. D.	66
Oberlin	L. M.	304
Old 124th	11s. 10s.	18
Old Hundred	L. M.	4, 317
Old, Old Story	7s, 6s, D.	341
Olives Brow	L. M.	252
Olivet	6s, 4s	203
Olivet	L. M.	105
Olmutz	S. M.	223
Olney	S. M.	161
Onido	7s, D.	5
Oriel	L. M.	92, 274
Orland	L. M.	195
Orrington	S. M.	197
Ortonville	C. M.	178
Osgood	8s, 7s, 4s.	101
Osman	S. M.	300
Otto	8s, 7s, D.	54
Our Leader	6s, 5s.	329
Our Lord Hath Arisen		338
Our Ruler	8s, 7s, 7s.	238
Ozrem	S. M.	24
Paraclete	7s, 5s	167
Paradise	P. M.	31
Park Street	L. M.	47
Paschal	7s, D.	130
Passion Chorale	7s, 6, D.	118
Pass Me Not	8s, 5s	352
Patria	H. M.	288
Paulina	11s	279
Pax Dei	10s	323
Peace	S. M.	192
Pentonville	S. M.	197
Pentz	7s, 61	170
Peterboro	C. M.	225
Philbrook	8s, 7s, D.	302
Phillips	C. M.	188
Phuvah	C. M.	233
Pilesgrove	L. M.	270
Pilot	7s. 61	350

PAGE.
Pleyel's Hymn .....7s.....89, 234
Precious Name.....8s, 7s.....354
Promise .....8s, 7s, D.....150
Providence.....P. M.....366
Prudent .....8s, 7s.....330

Rapture .....C. P. M.....312
Rathbun.....8s, 7s..... ...102
Raven .....S. M. D.....156
Rebough.....S. M.....130
Redhead .....7s.....120
Refuge.....7s, D..... 88
Regent Square.....8s, 7s.....7, 174
Remsen.....C. M..... 36
Rest .....L. M.....272
Resurrection.....7s, 6s, D.....128
Resurrection Joy....11s, 12s.,.....138
Rescue the Perishing.....358
Retreat .....L. M.....318
Rhine .....C. M.....211
Ripley .....8s, 7s, D.....219
Ripple .....6s.....344
Rockingham (Mason) .....L. M.....243
Rockingham (Webbe).....L. M.....115
Rolland.....L. M.....163
Rosedale.....L. M.....370
Rosefield .....7s, 61..... 53
Rothwell.. . .....L. M..... 68
Russian Hymn.....L. M.....286

Sabbath .....7s, 61.....301
Safe in the Arms.....348
St. Agnes.....C. M..... 34
St. Albans.....6s, 5s, D..... 74
St. Albinus .....7s, 8s, 4s....,137
St. Ann's.....C. M.....191
St. Brides.....S. M. 273
St. Chad.....8s, 7s, D.....100
St. Cross.....L. M.....126
St. Cyprian.....11s.....112
St. Drostane.....L. M..... 77
St. Finbar.....8s.....112
St. Gertrude.....6s, 5s.....330
St. Hilda .....7s, 6s, D.....351
St. Jerome .....L. M.....306
St. John..... .....C. M.....256
St. John's .....C. M.....267
St. Joseph.....8s, 7s, 7s..... 93
St. Leonard .....C. M. D.....314
St. Lucian.....6s, 5s.....104
St. Martin..... ..7s.....166
St. Martin's.....C. M..... 62
St. Olaf.....S. M.....162
St. Oswald.....8s, 7s 244
St. Peter.....C. M.....178
St. Stephen's .....C. M.....191
St. Theodulph .....7s, 6s.....108
St. Thomas.....S. M.....215
St. Vincent.....L. M.....305
Salvator1.....7s, 6s.....134
Salzburg.....8s, 7s, 4s..... 33
Samson.....L. M.....264

PAGE.
Santolius.....8s, 7s, D....247
Saxony.....8s, 7s.....153
Schaeffer.....C. M.....321
Schilling.....P. M.....334
Schubert.....8s, 7s.....283
Schuman.. .....S. M.....299
Scotland.....12s..... 28
Scudamore.....7s.....245
Seasons .....L. M.....186
Seelye .....8s, 7s, D.....160
Segur .....8s, 7s, 4s.....228
Seir .....S. M.....289
Selvin .....S. M.....216
Sessions .....L. M.....287
Seymour.....7s..... 90
Shawmut .....S. M..... 17
Shepherd .....8s, 7s, 4s.....147
Shining Shore.....P. M.... 355
Shirland.....S. M.....103
Sicily 8s, 7s. 233
Siloam .....C. M.....240
Silver Street.....S. M.....320
Skyles .....S. M..... 23
Smile Praises.....Carol 338
Solid Rock .....L. M. D..... 8
Solway .....C. M.....184
Something for Jesus .....6s, 4s.....106
Song .....8s, 5s.....244
Southminster .....7s..... 48
Spanish Hymn.....7s, D..... 89
Spohr .....C. M. D.....231
Stanton .....S. M..... 86
State Street .....S. M..... 63
Steele.....8s, 7s, 4s..... 78
Stella ....L. M. D. 47
Sterling .....L. M.....194
Stillingfleet .....S. M. 254
Stillwater.....10s, 11s. 148
Stockwell .....8s, 7s.....313
Stonefield .....L. M..... 76
Super.....12s, 11s 60
Sutherland.....H. M.....266
Swanwick.....C. M.....189
Sweet hour of Prayer.....L. M. D.....371

Tallis' Evening Hymn.....L. M.....304
Talmar.....8s, 7s.....116
Tampico.....C. M. 189
Tappan.....C. M.....220
Taylor .....8s, 11s..... 30
Tell it out .....P. M..... 68
Tell the story .....7s, 6s, D 342
Tempestas Sedata..8s, 3s..... 56
Thanksgiving Hymn .....10s.....281
Thatcher .....S. M.....193
There is a Green Hill.....C. M. D.....340
There's a Friend.....P. M.....331
The Roseate Hues..C. M. D.....311
The Story of Love..7s, 6s, D.....329
Toplady .....7s, 61.....102

PAGE.
Trinity.....L. M.....171
Truro .....L. M.....50, 136
Trusting.....7s.....353
Tulford .....7s, D.....291

Uxbridge..... .....L. M.....186

Valeland.....C. M. 211
Valentia.....C. M.....110
Van Hall's Hymn..L. M..... 26
Varina.....C. M. D.....315
Vesper Hymn .....8s, 7s D.....203
Victory.....8s, 4s.....131
Vigil.....S. M.....274
Vigils.....C. M.....255
Vox Dilecti .....C. M. D.....316

Waken Christian Children.....333
Walsal .....C. M..... 41
Walter.....C. M..... 31
Waltham.....8s, 7s, 61.....265
Ward.....L. M..... 19
Ware .....L. M..... 93
Wareham .....L. M..... 67
Warsaw.....H. M.....287
Wartburg.....L. M.....318
Warwick.....C. M.....298
Wasserquelle .....8s, 7s, D.....159
Watchman .....S. M. 239
Watchman, Tell us.7s, D..... .. 14
We will Carol.....339
Webb.....7s, 6s, D..53, 71
Webster.....L. M.....180
Weller.....S. M.....221
Wellerd .....L. M.....174
Wellesley .....8s, 7s..... 39
Wells.....L. M.....368
Welton .....L. M. ..85, 145
Wesley.....11s, 10s 42
What a Friend.....8s, 7s, D.....352
While Shepherds.....333
Whitefield.....S. M. 160
Whiter than Snow.....357
Williamson.....S. M. 145
Willoughby.....C. P. M..... 78
Wilmot.....8s, 7s...100, 181
Winchester .....L. M..... 20
Windham.....L. M.....250
Wirtemburg .....7s.....132
Wonderful Words..P. M.....343
Woodland.....C. M.....371
Woodstock.....C. M..... ... 57
Woodworth.....L. M..... 84
Work Song.....P. M..... 75

Yoakley.....L. M., 61.....65

Zephyr.....L. M.....94, 271
Zerah.....C. M..... 37
Zion.....8s, 7s, 4s..9, 73

Index of Meters.

L. M.

PAGE.

Alexander 264
Ames 237
Anastasius 324
Angels 234
Anvern.....214
Appleton 213
Arthur 77
Ashwell 252

Baca 91
Beethoven 236
Bera 200
Bowen.....319
Busche 269

Cyprian 115

Darley 76
Desire 170
Duke Street.....4, 60

Eisenach 109
El Paran 206
Ernan 237

Federal Street 251
Forest 242

Galilee..... 92
Germany 261, 296
Gilead 286
Gilgal 52
Gladstone 269
Gratitude 297
Grostete..... 11

Hamburg 114
Happy Day 243
Harmony Grove 46
Hebron.....306
He Leadeth Me.....227
Higbee 108
Hursley 307
Hyatt.....207

Illa 83

Kirke.....162

Louvan.....146
Love Divine.....236
Loving Kindness.....295
Luton.....140, 296

Medway 295
Mendon.....173, 206
Migdol.....154
Missionary Chant 59, 262

Namur 113
Nestor Chant 361

Oberlin 304
Old Hundred.....4, 317
Olives Brow 252
Olivet 105

PAGE.

Oriel.....92, 274
Orland.....195

Park Street 47
Pilesgrove 270

Rest 272
Retreat.....318
Rockingham (Mason) 243
Rockingham (Webbe) 115
Rolland 163
Rosedale 370
Rothwell..... 68
Russian Hymn.....286

St. Cross.....126
St. Drostane 77
St. Jerome 306
St. Vincent 305
Samson 264
Seasons 186
Sessions 287
Sterling 194
Stonefield 76

Tallis' Evening Hymn 304
Trinity 171
Truro 50, 136

Uxbridge.....186

Van Hall's Hymn... 26

Ward 19
Ware 93
Wareham..... 67
Wartburg 318
Webster.....180
Wellerd 174
Wells 368
Welton 85, 145
Winchester 20
Windham 250
Woodworth..... 84

Zephyr 94, 271

L. M., 6 lines.

Brownell 230

Compline 325

Dalliba 15

Melita 194

Yoakley 65

L. M., Double.

Creation 50

Nunda..... 66

Solid Rock..... 8
Stella 47
Sweet Hour of Prayer 371

C. M.

PAGE.

Alexandra 188
Antioch..... 25
Arlington 327
Armenia 97
Arundel 231
Avon 80
Azmon 27

Balerma 200
Barby 166
Bedford 258
Belmont 204
Bemerton 199
Berwick 205
Boardman 90
Bradford 241
Bray 225
Brown 192, 310
Burford 104
Byefield 51

Cambridge.....143
Cherith 276
Chimes 82
China.....276
Chopin 61
Christmas 230
Clarenden.....208
Coronation 139
Coventry 26
Cowper 103
Cross and Crown.....139

Dedham..... 40
Dedication 261
Denfield 321
Devizes 6, 256
Downs..... .. .212
Dundee.....275

Eckhardtsheim 97
Elizabethtown 82
Evan 81

Geer 161
Geneva 204
Give 157
Grigg 268

Heber 185
Heidelberg..... 43
Helena 200
Helfenstein 111
Henry 183
Hermann 224
Hermon 309
Holy Cross.....354
Howard 265

Jazer 29
Jerusalem 212
Judea.....232

PAGE.

Lanesboro 143
Laud 137
Love 177
Lutzen 268

Maitland 111
Magdalene.....238
Manoah 98
Marlow 173
Mear.....275
Medfield..... 58
Merton 144
Miles Lane.....282
Monson 260

Naomi 201
Navarin 241
Nottingham 40

Ortonville.....178

Peterboro 225
Phillips 188
Phuvah 233

Remsen 36
Rhine 211

St. Agnes..... 34
St. Ann's.....191
St. John.....256
St. John's 267
St. Martin's..... 62
St. Peter 178
St. Stephen's.....191
Schaeffer.....321
Siloam 240
Solway 184
Swanwick 189

Tampico 189
Tappan 220

Valeland 211
Valentia 110
Vigils 255

Walsal 41
Walter 31
Warwick.....298
Woodland 371
Woodstock 57

Zerah..... 37

C. M., Double.

Brattlestreet.....187

Carol..... 35

Gertrude 10

Invitation 353

St. Leonard.....314
Spohr 231

PAGE.

There is a Green Hill 340
The Roseate Hues...311
Varina 315
Vox Dilecti 316

C. P. M.

Ariel....210
Meribah.... 80
Rapture....312
Willoughby.... 78

S. M.

Ahira.... 24
Alexander 320
Amantus 216
Badea 94, 344
Bankoke 239
Boylston....182, 258
Braden 55
Dawn....308
Dennis 86
Doddridge 65
Dover 52, 217
Ferguson 262
Golden Hill....198
Gorton 17
Greenwood 273
Gring....299
Harlem Square....368
Haydn.... 64
Kentucky 300
Laban 226
Lake Enon....223
Leighton 45
Lisbon 74
Luther....198
Market Street....270
Moore 64
Mornington 222, 350
Naille 44
Olmutz....223
Olney....161
Orrington....197
Osman....300
Ozrem.... 24
Peace....192
Pentonville 197
Rebough....130
St. Brides....273
St. Olaf....162
St. Thomas....215
Schuman....299
Seir 289
Selvin....216
Shawmut.... 17
Shirland....103
Silver Street....320
Skyles.... 23
Stanton.... 86
State Street.... 63
Stillingfleet....254
Thatcher....193
Vigil....274
Watchman....239
Weller....221
Whitefield 160
Williamson....145

S. M., Double.

Apollos.... 263
Bonar.... 12
Diademata....285
Keep Thou my Way.229
Lebanon....345
Raven 156

H. M.

Darwall 136, 182
Haddam....208
Hall....168
Harwich 196
Lenox.... 41
Lischer 135
Patria....288
Sutherland 266
Warsaw....287

5s, 4s.

Haven....107

6s.

Baxter....362
Ripple....344

6s, Double.

Jewett.... 96

6s, 4s.

America....282
Bethany....105
Bread of Life....248
Conqueror....152
Craig....277
Cutting.... 75
Dort.... 284
Fatherland.... 13
Italian Hymn....220
Logos.... 369
Lyte 349
May 106
More Love....179
New Haven....245, 322
Olivet....203
Something for Jesus106

6s, 5s.

Caswall....112
Our Leader....329
St. Albans.... 74
St. Gertrude....330
St. Lucian....104

PAGE.

7s.

Aletta 164
Bedell 290
Clarion 33
Cyprus....235
Dallas....292
Dayspring....292
Dijon 148
Easter Hymn....129
Endless Praises....344
Father lead me....344
Haven....126
Hayes....124
Hendon....128, 180
Holley....257
Horton....124
Kenan....138
Kozeluch....303
Kuecken 118, 302
Mercy 123
Monkland....266
Mozart....149
Pleyel's Hymn...89, 234
Redhead....120
Scudamore....245
Seymour 90
Southminster.... 48
St. Martin....166
Trusting....353
Wirtemberg....132

7s, 3 lines.

Firor 95

7s and 5s.

Heavenly Father....250
Paraclete....167

7s, 6 lines.

Dix....259
Felton 179
Gethsemane 122
Greatorex.... 121
Halle.... 54
Hallett....149
Pentz 170
Pilot....350
Rosefield.... 53
Sabbath....301
Toplady....102

7s, Double.

Blumenthal....169
Dauchy....364
Eltham.... 66
Elvey.... 32
Faber....165
Guide....164
Hollingside....120
Maidstone.... 49
Martyn.... 88
Mendelssohn.... 34
Messiah....290
Onido.... 5
Paschal....130
Refuge.... 88
Spanish Hymn.... 89
Tulford 291
Watchman, Tell us.. 14

7s and 6s.

All good Gifts....288
Alphege.... 20
Amsterdam....228
Aurelia.... .218
Bethune....155
Crucifix 253
Eden....119, 367
Ewing.... 21
Gerhardt 22
Mehul....109
Miriam....187
Missionary Hymn.. 70
Munich 32
Old, Old Story....341
Passion Chorale....118
Resurrection....128
St. Hilda 351
St. Theodulph....108
Salvatori 134
Tell the Story....342
The Story of Love...329
Webb....53, 71

7s, 8s, 4s.

St. Albinus....137

7s, 8s, 7s.

Bradenburg....184
Long Home....172
Meinhold....277

8s.

De Fleury....370
St. Finbar....112

8s and 3s.

Tempestas Sedata... 56

8s, 4s.

Elvey's Rest....327
Victory....131

8s, 5s.

Pass me not....352
Song....244

8s, 6s., 8s, 4s.

Clever 147

8s, 7s.

Barkley.... 16
Batty....278

PAGE.

Cooke 16
Edna 89
Even Song 312
Jesus Loves Me 328
Precious Name 354
Prudent 330
Rathbun 102
St. Oswald 244
Saxony 153
Sicily 233
Stockwell 313
Talmar 116
Wellesley 39
Wilmot 100, 181

8s, 7s. 6 lines.

Angelus 99
Boush 43
Dulce Carmen 134
Harwell 150
Regent Square 7, 174
Waltham 265

8s, 7s, Double.

Austria 196
Autumn 98
Bavaria 153
Caritas 176
Christmas Eve 332
Coronet 158
Ecclesia 132
Faben 365
Guidance 117
Harwell 7
Middleton 73
Mission Song 72
Moultrie 175
Nettleton 324
Otto 54
Philbrook 302
Promise 150
Ripley 219
Santolius 247

PAGE.

Schubert 283
Seelye 160
St. Chad 100
Vesper Hymn 203
Wasserquelle 159
What a Friend 352

8s, 7s, 3s.

Even Me 345

8s, 7s, 4s.

Alton 8
Angelica 44
Brest 10
Calvary 116
Coronae 151
Greenville 323
Osgood 101
Salzburg 33
Segur 228
Shepherd 147
Steele 78
Zion 9, 73

8s, 7s, 7s.

Dresden 127
Life 360
Our Ruler 238
St. Joseph 93

8s, 11s.

Taylor 30

10s.

Berlin 219
Communion 248
Dayman 293
Eventide 140
Hopkins 56
Langran 125
Melton 249
Pax Dei 323
Thanksgiving Hymn 281

PAGE.

10s, 4s.

Lux Benigna 226

10s, 6s.

Neale 122

10s, 11s.

Glad Tidings 38
Houghton 366
Lyons 202
Stillwater 148

11s.

Daughter of Zion 214
Frederick 363
Goshen 141, 190
Home 362
Longwood 142
Magill 12
Paulina 279
St. Cyprian 112

11s, 5s.

Integer 6

11s, 10s.

Come, Ye Disconsolate 95
Henley 18
Old 124th 18
Wesley 42

11s, 12s.

Resurrection Joy 138

12s.

Scotland 28

12s, 11s.

Super 60

P. M.

Adeste Fideles 36
All to Christ 337

PAGE.

Angelic Song 335
Angel Voices 326
Bridegroom 346
Carol, Carol, Christians 336
Crusader's Hymn 328
Ebrard 284
Geneva 253
Holy Night 336
I Am Coming 348
I Am Jesus' Little Lamb 331
I Need Thee Every Hour 360
I think when I read 346
Judgment Hymn 14
Last Beam 308
Luther 79
Maud 326
My Redeemer 356
Nauford 254
Neander 294
Near the Cross 347
New Year's Hymn 48
Nicea 168
None but Jesus 359
Our Lord Hath Arisen 338
Paradise 31
Providence 366
Rescue the Perishing 358
Safe in the Arms 348
Schilling 334
Shining Shore 355
Smile Praises 338
Tell it out 68
There's a Friend 331
Waken, Christian Children 333
We will Carol 339
While Shepherds 333
Whiter than Snow 357
Wonderful Words 343
Work Song 75

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

THE FIGURES REFER TO THE HYMNS

Adoption.....128, 333, 402, 484
Adoration.....52, 59, 60, 415 to 420
Afflictions.....173, 387, 529, 731
Almsgiving. (See Charity.)
Ascension.....299 to 314
Aspiration.....118, 310, 478, 488, 494
Aspiration for grace.....157, 380
Assurance..20, 184, 366, 380, 381, 383
Atonement.....207, 210, 376, 377, 473

Baptism.493 to 501, 504, 505, 511, 512
Burial.....571 to 594

Charity.....346, 347, 353, 361, 447
Children.....685 to 721
Christ, abiding in.....472, 515, 531
" " " us.....107, 217, 278, 279, 410, 743
" adoration of..60, 209, 308, 310, 312, 351, 453
" first advent of.....44 to 88
" second advent of.....3 to 32
" Advocate.....291, 299, 308
" all in all.....124, 199, 220, 351, 371, 412 to 414, 452, 674
" ascension of.....299 to 314
" blood of.....159, 229, 245, 473
" childhood of.....125, 691
" circumcision of.....94, 95
" compassion of.....48, 174, 187, 400, 647
" the corner-stone....550 to 552
" crucifixion of....231, 234, 236, 238, 241, 253
" divinity of.52, 74, 88, 116, 212, 218, 475
" humanity of..95, 116, 178, 187, 400, 418
" the Judge...15, 31, 32, 53, 181, 415
" " King.....108, 109, 119, 132, 271, 280, 286, 300 to 302, 306, 311, 415
" Lamb of God.....161, 168, 176, 227, 242, 676
" the life..106, 257, 366, 452, 687
" " light..24, 40, 101, 113, 486, 684, 686, 687
" love of..102, 183, 215, 216, 251, 355, 356, 365
" love to..182, 201, 210, 246, 350, 352, 354, 565, 708
" manifestation of. 98 to 113, 122, 129
" the pattern..270, 400, 401, 418, 419
" presence of...294, 316, 365 534, 690

Christ, the Priest.....207, 421
" " Prince of Peace. 51, 61, 165, 314, 483
" " Prophet.....270
" " Redeemer...244, 281, 291, 309, 718
" our refuge... 49, 115, 124, 173, 177, 196, 202, 205, 208, 283, 284
" resurrection of. 257 to 275, 705 to 707
" rest in grave.....248, 249, 252 to 254, 256
" sacrifice of.....38, 41, 189, 209, 223, 231, 235, 236
" the Shepherd....270, 283, 290, 292, 293, 295, 467
" sufferings of.154, 224, 225, 231, 234 to 236, 240, 247, 521
" temptation of.....178, 388, 418
" triumphal entry of..219 to 222
" union with. 396, 397, 427, 429, 452
Christian encouragement 162,371, 375, 470, 473 to 475
" fellowship.....276, 357, 360, 370
" privileges 123, 183, 288, 289, 491, 493
" security of the...287 to 289, 461, 484
Christmas.....61 to 88, 697 to 704
Church, the.....431 to 446
" glory of the. 432, 433, 437, 441, 442
" triumph of. 141, 142, 434, 435, 454
Closing hymns. 656, 679, 680, 688, 704
Communion, the Holy..412, 517, 546
" preparation for. 522 to 525, 528
" of saints. 360, 426 to 429, 656
" with God. 499, 502. 503, 506 to 509, 514 to 516
Confession of sin...175, 403, 428, 460, 524, 533
Confirmation...499, 502, 503, 506 to 509, 514 to 516
Conformity to Christ...459, 460, 477, 478
Consecration of church....563 to 570
" personal...232, 410, 411, 514, 542, 626
Conversion.....457, 717, 718, 728, 753
Corner-stone laying.....558 to 563
Covenant, the.....204, 493, 496
Cross, of Christ.....205, 207, 226, 236, 237, 712, 721, 730

Decision.....499, 503, 506
Delay.....740, 741, 743

Easter hymns...257 to 275, 705 to 707
Eternity.....27, 28, 30, 715
Evening.....636, 640 to 644, 646 to 652, 659, 660

Faith.....110, 363, 364, 367 to 371, 407, 429, 738
Forgiveness.....169, 172, 395, 466, 631

God, attributes of.....339, 342, 405
" confidence in.....372 to 387
" Creator.....389, 670
" fortress.....153, 379
" love of.....348, 349, 359, 425
" merciful.....359, 409 to 411
" our refuge.....379, 382, 392, 431 to 433
Gospel the.....710, 711, 713
Grace.....162, 203, 377, 378, 393, 398, 399, 408, 716
Gratitude.....422 to 425, 489, 620 to 625

Harvest.....597, 598, 600, 602, 611, 613, 614, 616 to 619
" spiritual.....120, 557
Heaven .....35 to 39, 55, 651, 661, 714, 715, 760
" blessedness of...468. 479, 480, 714, 715
" home in.....27, 482, 593, 714, 760
" longing for..35 to 39, 479, 480, 494
" worship of...481, 485, 487, 537, 685, 754
Holiness.....80, 123, 325, 326
Holy Spirit.....317 to 333
" " the Comforter...296, 318, 327, 333, 390
" " descent of...317, 320, 325, 327
" " guide..318, 328, 390, 464 to 467, 469
" " promised...296, 298, 313
" " renewing.....317 to 325, 331, 389, 390, 474
" " sanctifying.....326, 330, 332, 389, 391
Hope.....41, 155, 366, 407, 439, 488
Humanity. 166, 170, 171, 174, 403, 540

Installation 548, 557, 754
Invitation 541, 731, 733, 758

Jerusalem, the new.....35 to 38, 50, 274, 430
Justification. (See Faith.)

Lent.....153 to 219
Litany hymns.....179, 191, 206, 245, 329, 390, 650
Lord's Day.....633, 637, 645, 671, 673
" Supper. (See Holy Communion.)
Love.....347 to 350, 353, 357, 360

Man, fallen.....49, 58, 211, 156, 163 to 167, 189
Marriage.....750, 751
Mercy-seat.....190, 197, 627, 661, 672, 729, 732
Ministry, the.....433, 445, 447, 548 to 557
Missions.....117 to 142
Morning.....620 to 635, 639, 655, 658

New Year.....89 to 93, 669

Obedience.....378, 424, 492, 514, 544
Opening hymns.....663 to 668, 681, 682
Ordination...150, 433, 548 to 556, 754

Passion hymns.....219 to 256
Penitence.....160, 162, 173, 174, 179, 198, 522 to 525
Pilgrimage.....200, 491, 734, 744

Prayer.....446, 451, 654, 716, 729, 732, 759
Providence...47, 51, 409, 411, 635, 748

Regeneration. (See Holy Spirit renewing.)
Repentance.....169, 171, 180, 194, 530
Resignation.....382 to 387, 744, 745
Rest.....28, 29, 218, 239, 440, 444, 687, 731, 760
Resurrection....14, 16, 17, 21, 26, 31, 53, 261, 273, 285

Saints, blessedness of...426, 427, 485, 487, 746, 754, 755, 760
" communion of...436, 438, 440, 476, 478, 742
Salvation.....49, 117, 238, 439, 740
Sea, at.....725, 726
Self-denial...419, 470 to 475, 514, 741
Soldiers, Christian.....136, 429, 462, 463, 465, 683
Star of Bethlehem....72, 87, 100, 128
Submission.....121, 192, 193, 250, 385, 386, 716

Temperance...419, 717, 723, 730, 736, 737, 748, 758
Tempest stilled.....103, 105, 114

Thanksgiving.....595 to 619, 624, 629
" harvest...597, 598, 600, 602, 611, 613, 614, 616 to 619
" national...599, 605 to 610, 615
Trials.....381 to 383, 431, 465
Trinity, adoration of.....334 to 345
Trust in Christ... 166 to 171, 454, 464, 465, 730
" " God....458, 459, 472, 490, 491, 530, 646, 649

Union, Christian...360, 396, 483, 532, 543, 662

Victory.....263, 306

Warfare..456, 462, 463, 470 to 476, 698
Warning. (See Invitation.)
Watchfulness.....450, 456, 562 to 564
Word of God.....120, 158, 391, 688
Work, Christian.....121, 137, 138, 144, 353 to 357, 361
Worship.....237, 406, 654, 670, 672
" joy in...357, 360, 362, 437, 438

Year, New..... 89, 92 to 97
" close of 90, 91, 379, 583
" of jubilee.....57, 63

Zion, triumphant.....141, 142

Index of Authors.

[The date here given is that of the Author's birth. In a few instances, indicated by a *, the probable date of the composition is given. Translations are marked, TR.]

ADAMS, SARAH F. MRS. (1805), 214.
ADDISON, J. (1672), 409.
ALDERSON, ELIZA S. (1868*), 346.
ALEXANDER, C. F. (1823), 30, 159, 252, 315, 655.
ALFORD, HENRY. (1810), 94, 129, 397, 480, 613.
ALFRED, KING. (849), 638.
ALLEN, OSWALD. (1816?), 323.
ALLEN, G. N (1849*), 226.
ALLEN, JAMES. (1734), 237, 754.
AMBROSE. (340), 309, 341, 639.
ANDERSON, M. F. MRS. (1819), 134.
ANSTICE, JOSEPH. (1808), 440.
AUBER, HARRIET. (1773), 127, 296.

BAKER, FRANCIS. (1616), 430.
BAKER, HENRY W. (1821), 88 TR., 454, 633, 714, 751.
BAKEWELL, THOS. (1721), 308.
BARING-GOULD, S. (1834), 693.
BARBAULD, A. L. MRS. (1743), 571, 617.
BATHURST, WM. H. (1796), 33, 368.
BAXTER, RICHARD, (1615), 375.
BAXTER, LYDIA. (1809), 733.
BEADON, H. W. (——), 43, 103, 122.
BEDDOME, BENJ. (1717), 112, 146, 172, 174, 220, 231, 289, 321, 322, 503, 550.
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (1091), 108, 420.
BERNARD OF MORLAIX (1122), TR. by JNO. M. NEALE, 35, 36, 37, 38.
BETHUNE, GEO. W. (1805), 312, 577.
BICKERSTETH, ED. H. (1825), 428, 546.
BLISS, P. P. (1838), 713.
BODE, JOHN E. (1816), 457.
BODEN, JAMES. (1757), 676.
BONAR, H. (1808), 19, 42, 50, 176, 193, 249, 374, 518, 593, 717, 731.
BONAR, —— MRS. (1811), 20.
BORTHWICK, JANE. (1813), 753, TR.
BOWRING, JOHN. (1792), 22, 207, 359, 745.
BRIDGES, M. (1800), 305, 390, 604.
BROWNE, S. (1680), 326.
BROWN, P. H. MRS. (1783), 654.
BROWN, WM. (1822*), 671.
BRUCE, MICHAEL. (1746), 584.
BRYANT, W. C. (1794), 147, 564.
BUNTING, WM. F. (——), 153, TR.
BURDSALL, R. (1735), 49.

CAMPBELL, THOMAS. (1777), 84.
CAMPBELL, R. (1850), 261, TR.
CAMPBELL, F. M. MISS. (——), 611.
CARLYLE, JOS. D. (1759), 583.
CARY, PHOEBE. (1820), 649.
CASWALL, E. (1814), 170, 209 TR., 229 TR., 352, 389 TR., 420 TR., 494 TR., 625 TR.
CAWOOD, JOHN. (1775), 69, 158.
CENNICK, JOHN. (1718), 482.
CHAMBERS, J. D. (——), 643.
CHAMBERLAIN, T. (——), 433.
CHAMBERLAIN, JOHN. (1806), 11, 46, 181, 309, 357, 562 TR.
CHARLES, ELIZABETH. (1828), 347, 706.
CLARKE, THOS. (1801).
CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. (200), 512.
CLAUDIUS, MATTHIAS. (1740), 611.
CODNER, E. (1861*), 718.
COLLINS, HENRY. (1852), 230.
COLLYER, W. B. (1782), 21, 131, 758.
CONDER, JOSIAH. (1789), 467, 547.
COOK, MARTHA W. (1864*), 749.
COPELAND, W. S. (——), 639.
COTTERILL, THOS. (1779), 4, 348, 477.
COWPER, WM. (1731), 47, 114, 157, 210, 541, 627, 757.
COX, FRANCES E. (1841), (273, 324) TR.
COXE, A. C. (1818), 139, 182 TR., 211.
CROSBY, FANNY J. (MRS. VAN ALSTINE.) (1823), 469, 721, 723, 728, 737.
CUMMINGS, JAMES J. (1849*), 206.

DARBY, JOHN N. (1861), 284.
DAVIES, SAMUEL. (1724), 508.
DAYMAN, E. A. (1807), 618.
DECK, J. G. (1802), 242, 677.
DENHAM, DAVID. (1791), 742.
DENNY, EDWARD. (1796), 187, 399, 445.
DEXTER, H. M. (1821), 512 TR.
DIX, W. C. (1837), 100, 266.
DOANE, GEO. W. (1799), 16, 106, 148, 640.
DODDRIDGE, PHILIP. (1702), 52, 64, 78, 92, 93, 268 TR., 269, 288, 349, 350, 396, 398, 402, 434, 445, 470, 493, 500, 509, 526, 554, 645.
DOWNTON, HENRY. (1843), 90.
DRAPER, B. H. (1803), 553.
DRUMMOND, —— (1585), 18.
DUFFIELD, GEO. (1818), 136, 246.
DUNCAN, MARY L. (1839), 694.
DWIGHT, TIMOTHY, (1752), 436, 603.

EASTBURN, J. W. (1797), 340.
EDDIS, E. W. (1863*), 253.
EDMESTON, JAS. (1791), 388, 466, 659.
ELLERTON, JOHN. (1826), 679.
ELLIOTT, CHARLOTTE. (1789), 166, 294, 383.
ELVEN, C. (1852*), 171.
EMERSON, GEO. D. (——), 595.
ENFIELD, W. (1741), 400.
ESLING, MRS. C. H. (1839), 29.
EVANS, JONATHAN. (1749), 238.
EVEREST, CHAS. W. (1814), 741.

FABER, F. W. (1814), 56, 245, 254, 329, 410, 684, 701, 747.
FAWCETT, JOHN. (1739), 360.
FELLOWS, J. (1780*), 497.
FORD, C. L. (1867), 519.

GELLERT, C. F. (1715), 278, 366.
GERHARDT, PAUL. (1607), 183, 241, 319, 385.
GILMORE, J. H. (1861*), 465.
GOODE, WM. (1762), 25, 678.
GRANT, ROB. (1785), 179, 387, 406.
GREGORY THE GREAT. (550), 170.
GRIGG, JOSEPH. (1720), 165, 188.
GURNEY, J. H. (1802), 401.

HALL, E. M. MRS. (1818), 588.
HAMERTON, S. G. (——), 699.
HAMMOND, WM. (1719), 394, 540.
HANAFORD, PHOEBE A. MRS. (1829), 138.
HANKEY, KATE. (——), 710, 711.
HARBAUGH, HENRY. (1817), 205, 257, 292, 452, 615.
HART, JOSEPH. (1712), 683.
HARTSOUGH, L. (——), 722.
HASTINGS, THOS. (1784), 75, 150, 216, 589.
HAVERGAL, WM. H. (1793), 9.
HAVERGAL, FRANCES R. (1836), 132.
HAWEIS, THOS. (1733), 194.
HAWKER, ROBT. (1753), 680.
HAYDN, MICHAEL. (——), 702.
HAYN, H. L. MISS. (1724), 696.
HEATH, GEO. (1781*), 463.
HEBER, REGINALD. (1783), 31, 54, 76, 86, 133, 334, 498.
HEGINBOTHAM, O. (1744), 199, 373.
HERBERT, GEO. (1593), 121.
HIGBEE, E. E. (1830), 26, 307 TR.
HILL, ROWLAND. (1745), 490.
HOPE, H. J. M. (1809), 724.
HOPPER, E. (1818, 725.
HOW, WM. W. (1823), 234, 361, 727.
HUMPHREYS, JOS. (1720), 484.
HUNTINGTON, COUNTESS. (1707), 53.
HYDE, A. B. MRS. (1799), 504.

JENKS, STEPHEN. (1800*),
JOHNS, JOHN. (1801), 39.

KEBLE, JOHN. (1792), 80, 598, 648, 750.
KEITH, GEO. (1787*), 378.
KELLY, THOS. (1769), 262, 286, 293, 303, 304, 509.
KEN, THOS. (1637), 622, 641.
KETHE, WM. (1562*), 606 (?).
KEY, F. S. (1779), 408, 610.
KING, J. (1788), 221.
KINGSBURY, WM. (1744), 306.
KNOLLIS, F. M. (1815), 580.

LANGE, J. P. (1802), 257.
LATHBURY, M. A. (1880*), 517.
LAURENTI, LAURENTIUS. (1660), 58.
LAVATER, J. K. (1741), 324.
LELAND, J. (1754), 636.
LLOYD, WM. F. (1791), 386.
LOWRY, ROBT. (1826), 738.
LUKE, J. MRS. (1813), 719.
LYTE, H. F. (1793), 99, 279, 384, 489, 514, 669.

MACDUFF, J. R. (1818), 356.
MACKAY, MARGARET. (1832*), 574.
MADAN, MARTIN. (1726), 355.
MADAN, JUDITH. (1763*), 600.
MANT, R. (1776), 10, 481, 657.
MARCH, HENRY. (1790), 137.
MARRIOTT, JOHN. (1780), 449.
MASON, J. (1683*), 654.
MATHEWS, R. S. (1859*), 506.
MAUDE, MARY F. (1820), 542.
MEDLEY, SAML. (1738), 417, 423, 620.
MEIGS, M. N. MRS. (——), 700.
MILLARD, J. E. (1821), 6 TR.
MILLER, EMILY H. (——), 692.
MILMAN, HENRY H. (1791), 222.
MONSELL, J. S. B. (1811), 12, 13, 175, 278.
MONTGOMERY, JAS. (1771), 27, 28, 57, 59, 79, 98, 247, 250, 283, 325, 392, 539, 549, 555, 559, 578, 602, 632, 670, 740, 746.
MOORE, THOS. (1779), 190.
MORELL —— (——), 548.
MORRISON, J. (1749), 66.
MOULTRIE, JOHN. (1799), 256.
MUHLENBERG, W. A. (1796), 67, 510, 744.

NEALE, JOHN M. (1818), 72, 74, 77, TR., 219 TR., 223, 267, 432, 520 TR., 529, 558, 560 TR., 565, 592, 697.
NEEDHAM, J. (1710), 674.
NELSON, EARL. (1823), 638.
NELSON, DAVID. (1793), 734.
NEVIN, E. H. (1814), 316.
NEWMAN, JOHN H. (1801), 464.
NEWTON, JOHN. (1725), 15, 224, 370, 443, 637, 656, 673, 674, 732, 748, 756.

ONDERDONK, H. U. (1789), 495.
OSLER, EDWARD. (1798), 298, 411, 424, 513, 534.

PALGRAVE, FRANCIS T. (1824), 642.
PALMER, RAY. (1808), 91, 281, 407, 442 TR., 516, 580.
PERRONET, EDWARD. (1780*), 277.
PHELPS, S. D. (1816), 215.
PHILLIMORE, G. (1863*), 104, 616.
PIERPONT, J. (1785), 569.
PORTER, THOS. C. (1859*), 341 TR., 619 TR.
POTT, FRANCIS. (1835), 263, 685.
POTTER, T. J. (1827), 141.
PRENTISS, E. P. MRS. (1818), 354.
PROCTOR, ADELAIDE. (1825), 660.
PRYNNE, G. R. 212.

RAFFLES, THOS. (1788), 403, 487.
RAWSON, G. (1807), 531.
REED, ANDREW. (1787), 332.
REESE, W. W. 218.
ROBINSON, C. S. (1829), 217.
ROBINSON, ROBT. (1735), 681.
RYLAND, J. (1753), 81.

SAVONAROLA. (1452), 202.
SCHEFFLER, JOHANN. ("ANGELUS SILESIUS.") (1624), 201.
SCHMOLKE, B. (1672), 192.
SCOTT, THOS. (1775*), 258.
SEAGRAVE, ROBT. (1693), 468.
SEARS, E. H. (1810), 62, 63.
SHRUBSOLE, WM. (1759), 145, 149.
SIGOURNEY, LYDIA H. (1791), 318.
SMITH, SAML. F. (1808), 135, 501, 599.
SMYTTAN, GEO. H. (1820?), 178.
STANLEY, A. P. (1815), 126.
STEELE, ANNE. (1716), 51, 156, 160, 196, 197, 291, 310, 404, 412, 413, 471, 527, 644, 651, 666.
STEGMAN, J. (——), 107.
STENNETT, SAML. (1727), 198, 351, 422, 479, 535, 672, 682.
STEWART, JOHN. (1803*), 528.
STOCKER, JOHN. (1776*), 330.
STONE, S. J. (1839), 441.
STOWE, HARRIET B. (1814), 515.
STOWELL, HUGH. (1799), 667.
STRONG, NATHAN. (1748), 614.
SWAIN, JOSEPH. (1761), 662.

TAPPAN, WM. B. (1704) 235, 760.
TATE, NAHUM. (1652), 382, 698.
TATE AND BRADY. (1696*), 5, 97.
TERSTEEGEN, GERHARD. (1697), 185, 753.
THRING, GODFREY. (1823), 105.
THRUPP, DOROTHY A. (1779), 295.
TOKE, EMMA. (1812), 82, 313.
TONALI, CHARLOTTE E. (1790), 726.
TOPLADY, AUG. (1740), 41, 208, 240.
TREGELLES, S. P. (1813), 60.
TURNER, DANIEL. (1710), 314, 363.
TWELLS, H. T. (1823), 647.

VAN ALSTYNE, F. J.—SEE CROSBY.

WALFORD, W. W. (1846*), 759.
WALKER, ANNA L. (1868*), 144.
WARDLAW, RALPH. (1779), 142, 653.
WARE, HENRY, JR. (1794), 275.
WATTS, ISAAC. (1674), 32, 44, 48, 71, 109, 110, 111, 116, 117, 123, 154, 155, 161, 162, 167, 169, 173, 189, 232, 236, 270, 285, 287, 290, 331, 335, 362, 364, 376, 377, 379, 380, 381, 395, 418, 419, 421, 437, 438, 453, 458, 461, 474, 475, 476, 492, 499, 521, 522, 537, 538, 543, 552, 556, 561, 566, 572, 573, 576, 579, 583, 596, 605, 612, 621, 623, 626, 630, 631, 634, 646, 661, 663, 664, 668, 688, 752.
WEISSE, MICHAEL. (1531*), 264.
WEISEL, GEO. (1855*), 344.
WESLEY, C. (1708), 7, 14, 24, 61, 70, 73, 83, 89, 101, 102, 118, 124, 177, 180, 186, 225, 259, 271, 299, 311, 336, 405, 425, 429, 448, 456, 462, 472, 473, 478, 483, 544, (?), 557.
WESLEY, J. (1703), 213, 327, 635.
WHITE, H. K. (1785), 87.
WHITING, W. (1825), 691.
WHYTEHEAD, T. (1815), 248.
WILLIAMS, W. (1717), 140, 200.
WILLIAMS, HELEN M. (1762), 372.
WILLIAMS, ISAAC. (1802), 191, 570.
WILLIS, N. P. (1807), 568.
WINKWORTH, CATHARINE. (1829), 40, (107, 113, 264, 344, 353, 601, 658) TR.
WOLCOTT, S. (1813), 143.
WOODFORD, J. R. (1820), 119 TR., 120, 125.
WOODHULL, A. A. (1810), 608.
WORDSWORTH, C. (1807), 239, 265, 276, 301, 317, 337, 367, 426, 447, 460, 486, 491, 507, 597.
WREFORD, J. R. (1800), 369.

XAVIER, FRANCIS. (1506), 182, 352.

YOUNG, W. (——), 115.

ZINZENDORF, COUNT. (1700), 184, 213.

Hymns Suitable for the Days of the Church Year.

1st Sunday in Advent: 12, 13, 22, 23, 44, 45, 54, 71, 78, 51, 58, 74
2d Sunday in Advent: 14, 16, 21, 24, 395, 663, 17, 53, 381
3d Sunday in Advent: 39, 44, 46, 47, 51, 22, 48, 50, 98, 108
4th Sunday in Advent: 26, 33, 34, 74, 18, 117, 118, 413, 101, 102
Christmas: 57-88, 697-702
1st Sunday after Christmas: 70, 83, 123, 161, 365, 407, 674
2d Sunday after Christmas: 64, 79-83, 188, 362, 514
Circumcision of Christ: 94, 95, 77, 118, 674, 677
New Year's Day: 89-92, 96, 97, 379, 382, 446
Epiphany: 72, 76, 87, 98, 100, 101, 109, 128, 113, 140
1st Sunday after Epiphany: 106, 111, 116, 125, 633, 691, 418, 421, 424, 512
2d Sunday after Epiphany: 107, 108, 122, 129, 365, 382, 750, 751, 119
3d Sunday after Epiphany: 104, 117, 118, 124, 177, 190, 196, 351, 668, 674
4th Sunday after Epiphany: 103, 105, 110, 115, 596, 453, 634, 177, 195, 368
5th Sunday after Epiphany: 92, 99, 112, 120, 121, 158, 612, 672, 24, 113
6th Sunday after Epiphany: 102, 121, 123, 126, 130, 267, 415, 655, 753
Septuagesima: 42, 154, 156, 164, 470, 198, 753, 158, 326, 753
Sexagesima: 158, 188, 200, 209, 232, 471, 398, 456, 688
Quinquagesima: 119, 183, 202, 204, 213, 215, 216, 349, 360, 176
Ash Wednesday: 170, 175, 179, 181, 156, 167, 176, 208, 99
1st Sunday in Lent: 169, 172, 178, 194, 214, 153, 418, 387
2d Sunday in Lent: 163, 186, 195, 197, 208, 211, 381, 739, 189, 227
3d Sunday in Lent: 153, 166, 196, 205, 206, 790, 167, 210, 118, 342
4th Sunday in Lent: 155, 182, 190, 201, 210, 364, 597, 420, 363, 220
5th Sunday in Lent: 161, 177, 189, 490, 176, 184, 207, 473, 735
Palm Sunday: 9, 168, 184, 219-223, 537, 77, 271
Passion Week: 225-256, 154, 159, 521, 574, 731, 308, 179, 102
Easter Eve: 218, 248, 249, 256, 378, 574
Easter Sunday: 3, 257-275, 234, 366, 705, 706, 789
Easter Monday: 276-281
1st Sunday after Easter: 272, 285, 284, 286, 277, 537, 273, 108, 453, 482
2d Sunday after Easter: 270, 290-295, 467, 694, 696, 454, 717
3d Sunday after Easter: 27, 271, 287, 294, 316, 666, 106, 384, 463
4th Sunday after Easter: 296, 714, 28, 299, 358, 41, 102, 157, 319, 404
5th Sunday after Easter: 286-289, 307, 598, 600, 455, 308, 482, 729
Ascension Day: 299-305, 258, 312, 286, 554
Sunday after Ascension: 300, 309-315, 298, 123, 566
Whitsunday: 317-333
Whitmonday: 318, 325-329
Trinity Sunday: 334-345
1st Sunday after Trinity: 347-349, 359, 373, 455, 456. 463, 200, 662
2d Sunday after Trinity: 360, 410, 538, 363, 364, 368, 369, 396, 547, 740
3d Sunday after Trinity: 250, 367, 390, 397, 424, 407, 537, 398, 408, 717
4th Sunday after Trinity: 399, 407, 427, 445, 454, 494, 514, 55, 173, 359, 393
5th Sunday after Trinity: 384, 396, 401, 433, 436, 488, 441, 435, 556, 449, 386
6th Sunday after Trinity: 452, 492, 456, 542, 250, 80, 419, 157
7th Sunday after Trinity: 220, 404, 442, 453, 459, 372, 379, 499, 617, 740
8th Sunday after Trinity: 375, 402, 427, 484, 634, 157, 326, 478
9th Sunday after Trinity: 389, 440, 464, 472, 480, 491, 21, 456, 463
10th Sunday after Trinity: 174, 323, 344, 506, 209, 292, 40, 74, 113, 400
11th Sunday after Trinity: 377, 403, 408, 478, 670, 675, 183, 732, 167
12th Sunday after Trinity: 417, 418, 423, 476, 224, 377, 408, 118, 731
13th Sunday after Trinity: 376, 400, 447, 458, 556, 493, 497, 166, 184, 288, 361
14th Sunday after Trinity: 319, 322, 432, 321, 675, 277, 118, 365, 208, 184
15th Sunday after Trinity: 386, 411, 443, 655, 474, 290, 382, 378, 409, 446
16th Sunday after Trinity: 394, 413, 414, 426, 387, 41, 194, 196
17th Sunday after Trinity: 336, 365, 477, 199, 376, 80, 400, 404, 419
18th Sunday after Trinity: 230, 406, 412, 415, 421, 428, 499, 108, 674, 675
19th Sunday after Trinity: 159, 351, 428, 473, 489, 688, 167, 169, 408
20th Sunday after Trinity: 185, 457, 482, 486, 518, 476, 166, 790, 453
21st Sunday after Trinity: 35, 379, 382, 406, 461, 462, 285, 393, 450, 463
22d Sunday after Trinity: 346, 358, 380, 420, 460, 714, 760, 418, 309, 631
23d Sunday after Trinity: 37, 50, 430, 481, 663, 439, 715, 121, 214, 419
4th Sunday before Advent: 30, 41, 48, 56, 395, 64, 273, 379, 789
3d Sunday before Advent: 31, 42, 55, 490, 574, 17, 485, 585, 19, 384
2d Sunday before Advent: 15, 43, 191, 14, 303, 21, 53, 55, 746
The Sunday before Advent: 36, 38, 57, 58, 27, 310, 35, 37, 456, 407

Index of Chants.

PAGE.

Abide in me, O Lord, and I in Thee 246
Advent Canticle 374
Ascension Canticle 376

Benedic, anima mea 384
Benedictus 378
Beyond the smiling and the weeping 279
Blessed are the dead 278
Bonum est confiteri 384

Cantate Domino 383
Christmas Canticle 374

Deus misereatur 381
De profundis 386
Domine, refugium 382
Dominus regit me 380

Easter Canticle 376

Gloria in excelsis 1, 387
Gloria Patri 372, 387, 390, 393, 394
Gloria Tibi 389
Good Friday Canticle 375

He was wounded for our transgressions 379

I am the resurrection 386, 390

PAGE.

Jesus lives, no longer now 390
Jubilate Deo 384
Just as I am, without one plea 388

Kyrie 388

Laetatus Sum 385
Levavi oculos 385
Lord's Prayer 394

Magnificat 378
Miserere mei Deus 380

Nunc dimittis 379

Quam dilecta 381

Responses 389, 393

Sanctus 392
Seraphic hymn 373

Te Deum laudamus 2
Ter-sanctus 372
The strain upraise 3
They're gathering homeward 280
Thy will be done 364
Tris-agion 373

Venite, exultemus Domino 382

Whitsunday Canticle 377

Index of First Lines.

HYMN.

Abide among us with thy grace..... 107
Abide in me, O Lord, and I in Thee..... 515
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide..... 279
Abide with us, the shades of eve..... 278
According to thy gracious word..... 539
A charge to keep I have..... 456
Adore the Father and the Son..... 343
A few more years shall roll..... 19
Again our earthly cares we leave..... 673
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed..... 154
Alas! what hourly dangers rise..... 471
Alleluia, best and sweetest..... 11
Alleluia sing to Jesus..... 266
Alleluia, song of sweetness..... 267
All glory, laud and honor..... 219
All hail, adored Trinity 338
All hail the power of Jesus' name..... 277
All is o'er, the pain the sorrow..... 256
All people that on earth do dwell..... 606
All praise to Thee, O Lord..... 122
All that I was, my sin, my guilt..... 374
Almighty God, thy word is cast..... 158
Always with us, always with us..... 316
Am I a soldier of the cross..... 475
And wilt Thou, O eternal God..... 567
Angels from the realms of glory..... 79
Angels, roll the rock away..... 258
Angels voices ever singing..... 685
A parting hymn we sing..... 532
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat..... 732
Arise, O King of grace, arise..... 566
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake..... 145
Art thou weary, art thou languid..... 529
Ascend thy throne, almighty King..... 146
As Jesus died and rose again..... 584
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep..... 574
As oft with worn and weary feet..... 388
As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs 444
Assembled at thy great command..... 131
As the sun doth daily rise..... 638
A strong tower is the Lord, our God..... 153
As with gladness men of old..... 100
At even ere the sun was set..... 647
At the Lamb's high feast we sing..... 261
A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill 18
Awake and sing the song..... 394
Awake, awake the sacred song..... 51
Awake, my soul, and with the sun..... 622
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve..... 470
Awake, my soul, to grateful lays..... 620

Beautiful Saviour, King of creation 689
Before Jehovah's awful throne..... 663
Before the Lord we bow..... 610
Behold a stranger at the door..... 165
Behold the sin-atoning Lamb..... 168
Behold the sure foundation stone..... 561
Behold, what wondrous grace..... 123
Behold, where in a mortal form..... 400
Be Thou, O God, exalted high..... 5
Beyond the glittering starry skies..... 314
Beyond the smiling and the weeping..... 593

HYMN.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord..... 591
Blessed are the sons of God..... 483
Blessed Saviour, Thee I love..... 246
Bless, O my soul, the living God..... 623
Blest are the pure in heart..... 80
Blest be the tie that binds..... 360
Blest Comforter divine..... 318
Blest Jesus, when my soaring thoughts..... 199
Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... 73
Body of Jesus, O sweet food..... 522
Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed..... 547
Break Thou the bread of life..... 517
Brief life is here our portion..... 35
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning 76
Brightly gleams our banner..... 141
Brightness of the Father's glory..... 639
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored..... 531
By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 498
By faith in Christ I walk with God..... 370
By the blood that flowed from Thee..... 245
By the first bright Easter day..... 329

Call Jehovah thy salvation..... 392
Calm on the listning ear of night..... 62
Captain of Israel's host and guide..... 472
Carol, carol Christians..... 703
Cast thy bread upon the waters..... 138
Children of the heavenly King..... 482
Christ above all glory seated..... 302
Christ for the world we sing..... 143
Christ is made the sure foundation..... 560
Christ is our corner-stone..... 562
Christ, the Lord, is risen again..... 264
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day..... 259
Christ, whose glory fills the skies..... 101
Come, all ye saints of God..... 676
Come at the morning hour..... 632
Come, ever blessed Spirit, come..... 507
Come, every pious heart..... 422
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove..... 326
Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell..... 752
Come, happy soul, approach your God..... 162
Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind..... 528
Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let..... 321
Come, Holy Spirit, come, With..... 322
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove..... 331
Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me. 281
Come, kingdom of our God..... 39
Come, let us anew our journey pursue..... 89
Come, let us join our cheerful songs..... 537
Come, let us sing of Jesus..... 312
Come, O Creator, Spirit blest..... 389
Come, sound his praise abroad..... 670
Come, Thou almighty King..... 448
Come, Thou fount of every blessing..... 681
Come to Calvary's holy mountain..... 740
Come unto Me when shadows darkly gather.. 29
Come, we that love the Lord..... 438
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish... 190
Come, ye thankful people, come..... 613
Commit thou all thy griefs..... 385
Crown Him with many crowns..... 604
Crown his head with endless blessing..... 25

HYMN.

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness..... 435
Day of judgment, day of wonders 15
Dearest of all the names above..... 377
Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat..... 197
Dear Lord, I give my heart to Thee..... 506
Dear refuge of my weary soul..... 196
Dear Saviour, bless us ere we go..... 684
Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray..... 504
Dear Saviour, we are thine..... 396
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall..... 160
Depths of mercy, can there be..... 180
Did Christ o'er sinners weep..... 174
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord..... 683
Do not I love Thee, O my Lord..... 350
Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord..... 520

Endless praises to our Lord..... 709
Eternal beam of light divine..... 186
Eternal King, enthroned above..... 525
Eternal source of every joy..... 93
Everlasting arms of love..... 356
Everything we love and cherish..... 590
Exalted high at God's right hand..... 485

Fade, fade each earthly joy..... 20
Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining.. 650
Fair vision, how thy distant gleam..... 50
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss..... 363
Faith is the brightest evidence..... 364
Far as thy name is known..... 437
Far beyond all comprehension..... 204
Far from these narrow scenes of night..... 651
Father, blessing every seed-time..... 600
Father, lead me day by day..... 716
Father of all whose love profound..... 339
Father of eternal grace..... 250
Father of mercies, bow thine ear..... 550
Father of mercies, condescend..... 548
Father of mercies, God of love..... 373
Father of mercies, send thy grace..... 349
Father, O hear me now..... 588
Father, our hearts we lift..... 83
Father, Son and Spirit hear..... 336
Father, 'tis thine each day to yield..... 411
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 404
Fierce raged the storm of wind..... 103
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep..... 105
Forever here my rest shall be..... 225
Forever with the Lord..... 27
For thee, O dear, dear country..... 37
Forth to the land of promise bound..... 480
For thy mercy and thy grace..... 90
Forty days and forty nights..... 178
From all that dwell below the skies..... 668
From every stormy wind that blows..... 667
From Greenland's icy mountains..... 133

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us..... 589
Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour..... 152
Give me a sober mind..... 450
Give thanks to God, He reigns above..... 624
Give us, O Lord, the eye of faith..... 367
Glorious things of thee are spoken..... 443
Glory be to God on high..... 7
Glory be to God on high (chant)..... 1, 788
Glory be to God, the Father..... 345
Glory be to Jesus..... 229
Glory, glory to our King..... 300
Glory to God on high..... 753
Glory to Thee, my God, this night..... 641
Glory to Thee, O Lord..... 82
God bless our native land..... 603

HYMN.

God bless the calm and holy cheer..... 12
God calling yet, shall I not hear..... 755
God eternal, Lord of all..... 6
God in his earthly temples lays..... 111
God is love, his mercy brightens..... 359
God is our refuge in distress..... 431
God moves in a mysterious way..... 47
God, my supporter and my hope..... 155
God of all power and truth and grace..... 391
God of mercy, God of grace..... 99
God of my life, my morning song..... 628
Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord..... 552
Go to dark Gethsemane..... 247
Grace, 'tis a charming sound..... 398
Gracious Spirit, love divine..... 330
Granted is the Saviour's prayer..... 327
Great God, attend while Zion sings..... 621
Great God, now condescend..... 497
Great God of nations, now to Thee..... 608
Great God, to Thee my evening song..... 644
Great God, we sing that mighty hand..... 92
Great God, what do I see and hear..... 21
Great is the Lord, our God..... 612
Great Prophet of my God..... 270
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah..... 200

Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord..... 342
Hail, Jesus, Israel's hope and light..... 45
Hail, my ever blessed Jesus..... 203
Hail the day that sees Him rise..... 299
Hail, Thou long expected Jesus..... 70
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus..... 308
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning. 75
Hail to the Lord's anointed..... 98
Hallelujah, hallelujah..... 265
Hark, a burst of heavenly music..... 700
Hark, a thrilling voice proclaiming..... 26
Hark, hark, my soul..... 701
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord..... 541
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices..... 303
Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes..... 52
Hark, the herald angels sing..... 61
Hark, the song of jubilee..... 57
Hark, the sound of angel voices..... 68
Hark, the voice of Jesus calling..... 137
Hark, the voice of love and mercy..... 238
Hark, through the courts of heaven..... 397
Hark, what mean those holy voices..... 69
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time..... 127
Health of the weak, to make them strong..... 390
Hear what the voice from heaven declares..... 582
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims.. 585
Heavenly Father, I would pray..... 523
He dies, the friend of sinners dies..... 232
He leadeth me, O blessed thought..... 465
He lives, the great Redeemer lives..... 291
Here at thy table, Lord, we meet..... 535
He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns..... 82
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face..... 518
High in yonder realms of light..... 487
High let us swell our tuneful notes..... 78
Holy and reverend is the name..... 675
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness..... 319
Holy Ghost the infinite..... 333
Holy, holy, holy Lord..... 337
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty..... 334
Holy Jesus, be my light..... 686
Holy night, peaceful night..... 702
Holy Saviour, we adore Thee..... 60
Holy Spirit, faithful guide..... 328
Honor and glory, thanksgiving and praise..... 618
Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn..... 9

HYMN.
Hosanna to the living Lord..... 54
Hosanna to the Prince of light..... 285
Hosanna to the royal Son..... 116
How beauteous are their feet..... 556
How blest the righteous when he dies..... 571
How charming is the place..... 672
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord... 378
How oft, alas! this wretched heart..... 156
How shall the young secure their hearts..... 688
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight..... 662
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds..... 674
How tedious and tasteless the hours..... 756
How welcome was the call..... 751

I am coming to the cross..... 730
I am Jesus' little lamb..... 696
If Christ is mine, then all is mine..... 289
I hear the Saviour say..... 704
I hear thy welcome voice..... 722
I heard the voice of Jesus say..... 731
I lay my sins on Jesus..... 176
I love Thee, O most gracious Lord..... 182
I love thy kingdom, Lord..... 436
I love to hear the story..... 692
I love to steal awhile away..... 652
I love to tell the story..... 711
In all our wanderings here below..... 491
I need Thee every hour..... 739
In some way or other the Lord will provide... 749
In the cross of Christ I glory..... 207
I saw the cross of Jesus..... 712
Is thy cruse of comfort failing..... 347
I saw one hanging on a tree..... 224
It came upon the midnight clear..... 63
I think, when I read that sweet story of old..... 719
I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God..... 213
It is not death to die..... 577
I was a wandering sheep..... 717
I will love Thee, all my treasure..... 201
I will sing of my Redeemer..... 735
I would not live alway..... 744

Jerusalem, my happy home..... 55
Jerusalem the golden..... 36
Jesus, and shall it ever be..... 188
Jesus Christ is risen to-day..... 260
Jesus Christ, our Saviour..... 691
Jesus, exalted far on high..... 477
Jesus, I live to Thee..... 452
Jesus, I love thy charming name..... 64
Jesus, I my cross have taken..... 514
Jesus invites his saints..... 543
Jesus, keep me near the cross..... 721
Jesus lives and so shall I..... 366
Jesus lives, no longer now..... 273
Jesus, Lord, we kneel before Thee..... 206
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee..... 484
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 177
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me..... 690
Jesus meek and gentle..... 212
Jesus, most loving Lord..... 570
Jesus, most merciful and kind..... 358
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace..... 288
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all..... 230
Jesus my love, my chief delight..... 488
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me..... 687
Jesus, my Shepherd, let me share..... 292
Jesus, o'er the grave victorious..... 307
Jesus, our soul's delightful choice..... 371
Jesus, refuge of the weary..... 202

HYMN.
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me..... 725
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..... 109
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me..... 694
Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep..... 293
Jesus, the spring of joys divine..... 666
Jesus, the very thought of Thee..... 365
Jesus, Thou art my righteousness..... 473
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts..... 220
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness..... 184
Jesus, thy boundless love to me..... 183
Jesus, thy Church with longing eyes..... 33
Jesus, thy name I love..... 677
Jesus, to thy cross I hasten..... 205
Jesus wept, those tears are over..... 187
Jesus, we sing thy matchless grace..... 414
Jesus, we thus obey..... 544
Jesus, where'er thy people meet..... 627
Jesus, with all thy saints above..... 161
Join all the glorious names..... 421
Joy to the world, the Lord is come..... 44
Just as I am, without one plea..... 166

Keep Thou my way, O Lord..... 469
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong..... 605

Lead, kindly Light..... 464
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us..... 466
Let me be with Thee where Thou art..... 294
Let saints below in concert sing..... 429
Let songs of praises fill the sky..... 320
Let us adore the eternal Word..... 538
Let us awake our joys..... 306
Let Zion praise the mighty God..... 607
Lift up to God the voice of praise..... 653
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates..... 344
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high..... 275
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart..... 445
Light of those whose dreary dwelling..... 24
Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky..... 280
Like Noah's weary dove..... 439
Lo, He comes, with clouds descending..... 14
Look from thy sphere of endless day..... 147
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious..... 304
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee..... 401
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing..... 680
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine..... 508
Lord I am vile, conceived in sin..... 163
Lord, I believe, thy power I own..... 369
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing..... 718
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear..... 630
Lord, in this thy mercy's day..... 191
Lord, in thy name thy servants plead..... 598
Lord, it belongs not to my care..... 375
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole..... 736
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar..... 234
Lord, like the publican I stand..... 403
Lord of glory, Thou hast bought us..... 346
Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise..... 563
Lord of the harvest, bend thine ear..... 150
Lord of the harvest, hear..... 557
Lord of the hearts of men..... 119
Lord of the worlds above..... 362
Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high..... 549
Lord, thine appointed servants bless..... 551
Lord, thy glory fills the heaven..... 10
Lord, what our ears have heard..... 496
Lord, we come before thee now..... 540
Lord, when we bend before thy throne..... 533
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee..... 408
Love divine, all love excelling..... 102

HYMN.
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned ... 351
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour ... 656
May we thy precepts, Lord, fulfil ... 424
Mid scenes of confusion and creature ... 742
Mighty Saviour, gracious King ... 298
More love to Thee, O Christ ... 354
Must Jesus bear the cross alone ... 226
My country, 'tis of thee ... 599
My days are gliding swiftly by ... 734
My dear Redeemer and my Lord ... 418
My faith looks up to Thee ... 407
My faith shall triumph o'er the grave ... 586
My Father's house on high ... 715
My God, accept my heart this day ... 502
My God, and is thy table spread ... 526
My God, how endless is thy love ... 626
My God, how wonderful Thou art ... 410
My God, I love thee, not because ... 352
My God, permit my tongue ... 634
My God, the spring of all my joys ... 380
My God, thy covenant of love ... 493
My Jesus, as Thou wilt ... 192
My Saviour, my almighty friend ... 376
My Saviour, whom absent I love ... 757
My sins, my sins, my Saviour ... 175
My soul, be on thy guard ... 463
My soul, repeat his praise ... 395
My spirit longs for Thee ... 743
My spirit on thy care ... 384
My times are in thy hand ... 386

Nearer, my God, to Thee ... 214
No change of time shall ever shock ... 97
No more, my God, I boast no more ... 492
No more sadness, no more fasting ... 697
Not all the blood of beasts ... 189
Not by the martyr's death alone ... 85
Not by thy mighty hand ... 120
Not to the terrors of the Lord ... 476
Now begin the heavenly theme ... 355
Now be my heart inspired to sing ... 416
Now from the altar of our hearts ... 654
Now I have found a friend ... 724
Now in a song of grateful praise ... 417
Now thank we all our God ... 601
Now with the rising golden dawn ... 625

O blessed God, to Thee I raise ... 665
O blessed Lord, the earth is thine ... 597
O bless the Lord, my soul ... 631
O blest Creator, God most high ... 643
O bow thine ear, eternal One ... 569
O bread to pilgrims given ... 442
O Christ, our true and only light ... 113
O Christ, Redeemer of our race ... 88
O Christ, Thou glorious King, we own ... 415
O come, all ye faithful ... 65
O come and mourn with me awhile ... 254
O come, O come Emanuel ... 23
O could I speak the matchless worth ... 423
O'er the distant mountains breaking ... 13
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness ... 140
O for a closer walk with God ... 157
O for a faith that will not shrink ... 368
O for a heart to praise my God ... 478
O for a sweet inspiring ray ... 310
O for a thousand tongues, to sing ... 118
O for the death of those ... 578
O garden of Olives, thou dear favored spot ... 228
O God of Bethel, by whose hand ... 446
O God, our help in ages past ... 379

HYMN.
O God unseen yet ever near ... 534
O God, we praise Thee and confess ... 629
O God, who lovest to abide ... 565
O guardian of the Church divine ... 433
O had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove ... 282
O happy day that stays my choice ... 509
O help us, Lord, each hour of need ... 195
O Holy Ghost, thy heavenly dew ... 324
O holy, holy, holy Lord ... 340
O holy Lord, our God ... 754
O Holy Spirit, come ... 323
O Jesus, God and Man ... 633
O Jesus, in thy torture ... 243
O Jesus, King most wonderful ... 108
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace ... 309
O Jesus, Saviour of the lost ... 428
O Jesus, thou art standing ... 727
O Jesus, Thou the beauty art ... 420
O Lamb of God still keep me ... 242
O light of life, O Saviour dear ... 642
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see ... 357
O Lord of health and life, what tongue can tell 104
O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills ... 558
O Lord, our God, arise ... 142
O Lord, refresh thy flock ... 440
O Lord, the wilderness to me ... 233
O Lord, when faith with fixed eyes ... 231
O love divine how sweet thou art ... 425
O Master, it is good to be ... 126
O mother dear, Jerusalem ... 430
Once more, O Lord, thy sign shall be ... 16
One sweetly solemn thought ... 649
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry ... 46
On Jordan's rugged banks I stand ... 479
On Tabor's top the Saviour stands ... 130
On the fount of life eternal ... 494
Onward, Christian soldier ... 693
O Paradise, O Paradise ... 56
O sacred Head, now wounded ... 241
O Saviour of our race ... 40
O Saviour who at Nain's gate ... 426
O Spirit of the living God ... 325
O tell me, Thou life and delight of my soul ... 297
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows ... 194
O Thou Majesty divine ... 251
O Thou, that hearest when sinners cry ... 167
O Thou, the Lord and life of those ... 459
O Thou, to whose all searching sight ... 185
O Thou, who by a star didst guide ... 72
O Thou, who didst prepare ... 726
O Thou, who gavest thy servants grace ... 86
O Thou, who makest souls to shine ... 432
O Thou, whose own vast temple stands ... 564
O Thou, who through this holy week ... 223
Our blest Redeemer ere He breathed ... 296
Our country's voice is pleading ... 134
Our God is love, and all his saints ... 348
Our heavenly Father calls ... 455
Our Lord hath arisen, the tempter is foiled ... 705
Our Lord is risen from the dead ... 311
Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid on Thee 253
O very God of very God ... 74
O what, if we are Christ's ... 454
O where shall rest be found ... 28
O worship the King all glorious above ... 106

Pain and toil are over now ... 252
Pardoned through redeeming grace ... 513
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour ... 728
Planted in Christ, the living vine ... 501
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair ... 48

HYMN.
Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits..... 669
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore..... 657
Praise to God, immortal praise..... 617
Praise to the Lord, He is King over all..... 619
Praise ye Jehovah's name..... 678
Praise ye the Father, for his loving kindness.. 8
Praise ye the Lord, all nature join..... 664
Prostrate dear Jesus, at thy feet..... 198

Redeemed from guilt, redeemed from fears.... 489
Rejoice, all ye believers..... 58
Rejoice, the Lord is King..... 271
Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise..... 96
Rescue the perishing..... 737
Resting from his work to-day..... 248
Rest of the weary, joy of the sad..... 218
Rest, weary Son of God, and I with Thee..... 249
Return, O wanderer, return..... 758
Ride on, ride on in majesty..... 222
Rise, glorious conqueror, rise..... 305
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings..... 468
Rock of Ages, cleft for me..... 208
Round the Lord in glory seated..... 481

Safe in the arms of Jesus..... 723
Safely through another week..... 637
Salvation, O the joyful sound..... 117
Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise..... 679
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing..... 659
Saviour, I follow on..... 217
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us..... 295
Saviour, sprinkle many nations..... 139
Saviour, thy dying love..... 215
Saviour, thy gentle voice..... 216
Saviour, when in dust to Thee..... 179
Saviour, who thy flock art feeding..... 511
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands..... 500
See the conqueror mounts in triumph..... 301
See the destined day arise..... 244
Shepherd of tender youth..... 512
Shepherd of thine Israel, lead us..... 467
Shine on our land, Jehovah, shine..... 596
Shout, for the blessed Jesus reigns..... 112
Shout the glad tidings..... 67
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive..... 169
Sing of Jesus, sing forever..... 510
Sing to the Lord most high..... 609
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands..... 71
Sing them over again to me..... 713
Smile praises, O sky..... 706
Softly now the light of day..... 640
Soldiers of Christ, arise..... 462
So let our lips and lives express..... 419
Songs of praise the angels sang..... 59
Son of God, eternal Word..... 486
Sovereign of all the worlds on high..... 402
Sow in the morn thy seed..... 555
Spirit divine, attend our prayer..... 332
Stand up, stand up for Jesus..... 136
Summer ended, harvest o'er..... 616
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear..... 648
Surely Christ thy griefs has borne..... 240
Sweet hour of prayer..... 759
Sweet the moments rich in blessing..... 237
Swell the anthem raise the song..... 614

Take me, O my Father, take me..... 516
Take the name of Jesus with you..... 733
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said..... 741
Teach me, my God and King..... 121
Tell me the old, old story..... 710

HYMN.
Tell it out among the nations..... 132
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled..... 587
Thanks be to God for his wonderful love..... 595
That day of wrath, that dreadful day..... 17
The Eastertide with joy was bright..... 272
The ancient law departs..... 95
The billows swell, the winds are high..... 114
The blest memorials of thy grief..... 536
The burden of my sins, O Lord..... 211
The Church has waited long..... 42
The Church's one foundation..... 441
The day is past and gone..... 636
The day of resurrection..... 268
Thee, O God, we humbly praise..... 341
Thee we adore, eternal Lord..... 4
Thee we adore, eternal name..... 583
The God of harvest praise..... 602
The God of love will sure indulge..... 575
The God of mercy warns us all..... 164
The golden gates are lifted up..... 815
The head that once was crowned with thorns.. 286
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want..... 283
The Lord is risen indeed..... 262
The Lord my Shepherd is..... 290
The Lord of glory is my light..... 287
The Lord of life is risen..... 257
The Lord, who truly knows..... 451
The Lord will come, the earth shall quake..... 31
The morning light is breaking..... 135
The perfect world by Adam trod..... 568
The pity of the Lord..... 579
There is a blessed home..... 714
There is a calm for those who weep..... 581
There is a fountain filled with blood..... 210
There is a green hill far away..... 708
There is a land of pure delight..... 661
There is an hour of peaceful rest..... 760
There is no night in heaven..... 580
There's a friend for little children..... 695
There's a wideness in God's mercy..... 747
The roseate hues of early dawn..... 655
The Saviour kindly calls..... 495
The Saviour, O what endless charms..... 413
The shadows of the evening hours..... 660
The solemn season calls us now..... 181
The Son of Man shall come..... 43
The strain upraise..... 3
The strife is o'er the battle done..... 263
The things of the earth in the earth let us lay 592
The voice of free grace cries..... 49
The voice that breathed o'er Eden..... 750
The whole creation groans and waits..... 427
The world is very evil..... 38
They're gathering homeward from every land 594
Thine early Sabbaths, Lord, we love..... 645
Thine forever, God of love..... 542
This child we dedicate to Thee..... 505
This is my body which is given for you..... 519
This stone to Thee in faith we lay..... 539
Thou art gone up on high..... 313
Thou art my portion, O my God..... 499
Thou art the way; to Thee alone..... 106
Thou, by heavenly hosts adored..... 615
Though faint yet pursuing..... 284
Though I speak with angel tongues..... 353
Though troubles assail..... 748
Thou hidden source of calm repose..... 124
Thou Lord of all above..... 172
Thou lovely source of true delight..... 412
Thou loving Saviour of mankind..... 170
Thou, who hast called us by thy word..... 457
Thou, who roll'st the year around..... 91

HYMN.
Thou, whose almighty word 449
Through all the changing scenes of life 382
Through every age eternal God 573
Through Israel's coasts in times of old 129
Thus far the Lord has led me on 646
Thy blood, O Christ, hath made our peace 94
Thy mighty working, mighty God 658
Thy way, not mine, O Lord 193
Thy will be done in devious way 745
Till He come, O let the words 546
'Tis by the faith of joys to come 110
Tis midnight and on Olive's brow 235
To Christ, the Prince of Peace 209
To God, the only wise 453
To Jesus, our exalted Lord 527
To the name of our salvation 77
To us a child of hope is born 66
To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes 461
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head 434
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night 521

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb 576
Uplift the banner, let it float 148
Upward I lift mine eyes 393

Vain are the hopes the sons of men 458

Waken, Christian children 699
Watchman, tell us of the night 22
Weeping will not save me 738
We give Thee but thine own 361
We give immortal praise 335
We in ourselves unrighteous are 460
Welcome, sweet day of rest 671
We lift our hearts to Thee 635
We need Thee, Saviour, when dear eyes 30
We plough the field and scatter 611
We praise Thee, O God (Te Deum) 2
We sing his love, who once was slain 490
We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God 227
We stand in deep repentance 530
We will carol joyfully 707
What a friend we have in Jesus 729
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone 399

HYMN.
What star is this with beams so bright 128
What strange perplexities arise 524
When all thy mercies, O my God 409
When from the city of our God 447
When gathering clouds around I view 387
When his salvation bringing 221
When I can read my title clear 381
When I survey the wondrous cross 236
When Jordan hushed his waters still 84
When, Lord, to this our western land 151
When marshalled on the nightly plain 87
When on Sinai's top I see 255
When overwhelmed with grief 173
When shades of night around us close 34
When the faithful were assembled 317
When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come 53
When two friends on Easter day 276
When waves of trouble 'round me roll 383
When wounded sore the stricken soul 159
Where two or three with sweet accord 682
While shepherds watched their flocks 693
While Thee I seek, protecting power 372
While Thou, O my God, art my help 115
Who are these in bright array 746
Who is there like Thee 720
Who is this that comes from Edom 239
Why should the children of a King 474
Why should we start and fear to die 572
With broken heart and contrite sigh 171
With humble faith and thankful heart 545
Within the Father's house 125
Witness, ye men and angels, now 503
Work, for the night is coming 144

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem 274
Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim 553
Ye saints, proclaim abroad 81
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim 405
Ye servants of the Lord 554
Yes, the Redeemer rose 269
Your harps, ye trembling saints 41

Zion, awake, thy strength renew 149
Zion, the marvelous story be telling 67